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PICTORIAL REVIEW

JUNE
1930

10 CENTS
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Beginning "THE SILVER SWAN"
by E. BERTRAND COLLINS
A brilliant novel of today quite frankly with international

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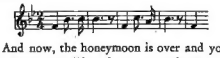
COLUMBUS OHIO

NOT TO BE READ UNTIL AFTER THE HONEYMOON!

THE GREAT DAY . . . Mother making the veil hang *just so* . . . Aunt Mary, her mouth full of pins, gathering in that stubborn tuck . . . Little sister, wide-eyed in admiration . . . Dreams of flowers and laces and bridesmaids—and him . . . That breath-taking pause at the head of the stairs . . . The first strains of the Wedding March . . .



And now, the honeymoon is over and you have come back to a new life and a new set of tasks.

Tasks that can be happy tasks. A home that is spic-and-span. Steaks broiled to just the right turn. Bright, curtained windows that sunlight streams through. Things clean and new and all your own to do with as you will.

You're going to be the "world's best housekeeper!" Of course you are—and that leads you straight to Fels-Naptha. For Fels-Naptha Soap gives you *extra* help that almost all the world's best housekeepers swear by.

Fels-Naptha, you see, is more than soap alone. It is unusually good soap, combined with *plenty* of naptha. These two brisk cleaners, working hand-in-hand, coax the dirt loose, and wash it away, leaving your clothes as snowy and fresh as new. There's no hard rubbing to wear out your clothes. Fels-Naptha helps keep your hands nice-looking, too. For the good golden soap and plentiful naptha, working together, get clothes clean so quickly that you don't have your hands in water so long.

Use Fels-Naptha in washing machine or tub. Boil or soak your clothes, just as you prefer. All soaps, of course, do their best work in hot water—but Fels-Naptha, unlike most other soaps, will also wash clothes sweet and clean in lukewarm or even cool water. Use Fels-Naptha Soap for general household cleaning, too. Put a few bars, or the convenient 10-bar carton, on your today's grocery list. And, P. S.—don't worry about your mother-in-law. If you've admired her housekeeping, she probably uses Fels-Naptha, too!

FREE—Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or have just now decided to try its extra help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha Soap into their washing machines, tubs or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. The chipper will be sent you free and postpaid, upon request. All you need to do is mail the coupon, or a post card.

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FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. P. N. 6-30

Please send me, free and prepaid, the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Fill in completely—print name and address

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

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JUNE, 1930

AN EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

For many months Pictorial Review has watched with frank concern the growing tendency toward substitution. There is, to-day, a determined effort under way to sell the public unknown, unadvertised articles in place of the known, advertised favorites.

Substitution is nothing new. It has gone on for years. But this present condition is more pronounced, more wide-spread, and more definitely organized than it has been before. It shows itself in many ways, familiar to every woman who shops for herself or her family.

Perhaps you ask for a certain advertised article by name, and the clerk will say, "Here is a new brand we just got in. Many of our customers like it. Would you care to try a package?"

Or, again, the clerk says, "We're having a special this week on so-and-so brand. Would you like to have that instead?"

Or, in some cases you are told that the store does not carry the brand you ask for, but that such-and-such a brand is just as good.

These are the common cases. One more also deserves mention. You may receive the article you ask for, and then be sold unknown brands for most of the other products on your shopping-list. Sometimes you order one brand, and find another in your package when you get it home.

Substitution! It is all done so smoothly, so easily, so politely that you may not realize what has happened to you.

Almost without exception, substitutions are made for a selfish reason. The store which substitutes has its own interest in mind rather than yours

It may substitute because the "just as good" brings a larger profit per unit sold than the article you want and ask for. It may do so because the store wants to offer what looks like a bargain price. This is particularly true when certain brands are sold by one group of stores exclusively. But how can you judge their prices when you do not know what others would ask for the same product?

This does not mean that unknown brands are always lower in price. They are not. Sometimes they are sold for more than advertised brands.

But in the one case you know what you are getting. In the other you can not be sure.

For many years Pictorial Review has dealt with the manufacturers of advertised goods. Like other publications, we insist upon knowing that every product presented in our pages deserves the confidence of our readers. We have visited the great modern laboratories where their products are developed. We have been in the immaculate kitchens where food products are tested. We have seen the meticulous care with which purity is safeguarded. We have felt by personal contact the conscientious desire of these companies to maintain the highest standards of excellence.

It is hardly necessary here to argue the advantages of such products. It goes without saying that these manufacturers believe in the quality they are offering you. That is why they publish a statement of that quality in the pages of newspapers and magazines.

The fact that manufacturers advertise to you is the best evidence that they want to win and keep your good-will. They put their case up to the public and they know that their goods must satisfy if they are to hold your trade. Naturally, they must maintain their quality, they must give full weight, they must do all the things necessary to protect their priceless asset of public acceptance.

Pictorial Review urges its readers to buy advertised goods.

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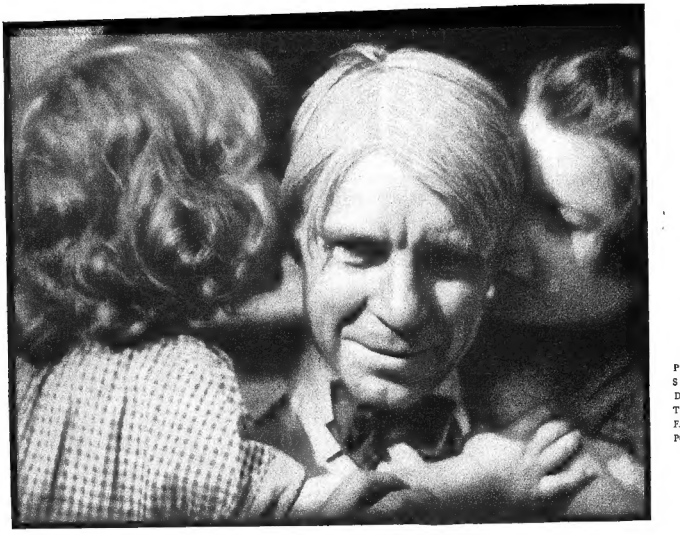

POSSIBLY CARL SANDBURG'S DAUGHTERS ARE TELLING THEIR FATHER WHAT A POEM SHOULD BE

EARLY MOON

A delightful talk by one who knows that poetry can be explained only by a poet

By CARL SANDBURG

WHAT is poetry? Is the answer hidden somewhere? Is it one of those answers locked in a box, and nobody has the key? There are such questions and answers.

Once a man reading a newspaper clipped a poem written by a small boy in a school in New York city. The lines read:

> There stands the elephant.
> Bold and strong—
> There he stands chewing his food.
> We are strengthless against his strength.

And the man has kept this poem for many years. He has a feeling the boy did a good, honest piece of writing. The boy stood wondering and thinking before the biggest four-legged animal on earth to-day. And the boy put his wonder and thought, his personal, human secret, a touch of man's fear in the wilderness, into the nineteen words of the poem.

He asked, "What does the elephant do to me when I look at him? What is my impression of the elephant?" Then he answered his own questions.

Once there was a boy who went to school and learned that any two-legged animal is a biped. He said, "Here I've been a biped all the time and I didn't know it." So there are people sometimes who talk poetry without writing it, but they don't know they are talking poetry. And every child, every boy and girl, sometimes has poetry in his head and heart—even tho it doesn't get written.

Once there was a wee curly-headed boy who tugged at a corn-stalk, tugged till he pulled the corn-stalk up all by himself, and told about it to his father, who said, "I guess you're getting to be a pretty strong boy now." The little one answered, "I guess I am. The whole earth had a hold of the other end of the corn-stalk and was pulling against me."

Should we say this boy had imagination and what he told his father was so keen and alive it could be called poetry? Perhaps he was a poet without knowing it, just like the boy who was a biped without knowing it.

Poetry is old, ancient, goes far back. It is among the oldest of human things. So old is it that no man knows how and why the first poems came.

When it shall happen some time that men gather their gifts and go to work and write a history of language, then it may be that we shall have at the same time a history of poetry. For the first poems of man probably came about the same time the first men, women, and children spoke the first human words on the earth.

Is any one surprized to hear that we do not have a history of poetry? Shall we believe that the learned men have written histories of all the important things of mankind? Surely there are many big histories yet to be written on big subjects. We do not have, for instance, a history of money that goes back to when money first began, telling how and why. We do not have a history of language which goes far back, telling how and why men first began to talk.

YES, poetry is old. The first men that walked the earth, before men had learned to write, must have talked poetry to each other sometimes. Among the oldest things we have to-day which tell us about the Indians, the Chinese, the Egyptians, how they loved and talked, thousands of years ago, are writings we know to be poetry. These writings have words that go along with time-beats, with rhythm, one-two, one-two, or one-two-three-four, one-two-three-four.

They had drums among the Indians, the Chinese, the Egyptians, thousands of years ago. And the words of their poetry move along like drum-beats, keeping time, now fast, now slow, drumming easy and slow at the opening of a war-dance, drumming faster and faster, wild and furious, till it is so swift only the best-trained warriors can stand the speed of the dance that is drummed.

We have old poems, some so old no man knows how far they go back in time. One beautiful ancient English poem has no author whose name we know. Where it came from no history-books tell us. It goes like this:

> On a misty, moisty morning, when cloudy was the weather,
> I chanced to meet an old man all clothed in leather.
> He began to compliment and I began to grin,
> "How do you do? and how do you do? and how do you do again?"

This is only one of many fine and strange poems we have out of the long ago. Nobody knows who wrote them or whether they were first spoken centuries before they were written down to meet our eyes in books.

What is poetry? This question no man has ever answered in such a way that all men have said, "Yes, now we know what poetry is." Many men have tried to explain what poetry is. Some men have written thick books so the question might be settled and made clear for all time. But they have all failed. Several fine poets have written essays and papers on what they believe poetry to be. Yet these poets did not do what they started out to do. They meant to explain in prose what poetry is and they ended up with writing poetry to explain poetry.

This is like a man inside of a strange house trying to tell people outside who have never been in the house exactly how it feels to be in that house, which is not scientific nor exact and which is like saying, "The way to write poems is to write poems." It is only clear and understandable to those who already understand and therefore need no explanations.

When Walt Whitman says, "The poet is the answerer," we are interested. If we could know just what he means by "the answerer" we would know what he means by "the poet." One poet says poetry must be "cold, lonely, and distant," not knowing that some readers of poetry are glad to have books which are warm, friendly, and so near that they almost breathe with life.

Another poet has said poetry is "emotion remembered in tranquillity." What does that mean? It is anybody's

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What have I done to deserve "pink tooth brush"?

WITH surprise and dismay, many a man still in his thirties, and many a woman younger than that, regards the tell-tale tinge of "pink" upon the tooth brush.

The brain brings up thoughts of pyorrhea, of gingivitis and kindred diseases . . . for gums that bleed, as any dentist will tell you, are often the first outward sign of ailments such as these!

This tinge of "pink" upon your tooth brush, however, does not of necessity mean that serious trouble has come to you. *But it does mean that you must watch out. You must give your gums the care they need to keep them firm and healthy!*

* * *

The soft foods so much in use today have robbed our gums of exercise and stimulation. They grow soft and flabby. Frequently they bleed. But an efficient new technique—with Ipana Tooth Paste—quickly restores to the gums the stimulation they so urgently need, and keeps them in sturdy, robust health!

Simply brush your gums when and while you clean your teeth with Ipana. Or massage them with your fingers—lightly at first, then harder. You speed the lagging circulation. You give new life and vigor to the tiny cells. For Ipana contains ziratol, the hemostatic and antiseptic that dentists themselves use in treating gum disorders.

And not only does Ipana keep your gums in sturdy health, but it makes teeth sparkling white. It has an unusually delightful taste. It gives an instant and refreshing sensation of cleanliness to the whole mouth!

A good dentist and a good tooth paste are not luxuries

If Ipana does cost a few cents more, it's worth it. Its extra protection and its extra benefits are well worth this slight difference. Get a tube today at your nearest drug store. Tonight, start the full month's test! Your gums will be stronger and firmer; your teeth will be whiter and brighter than ever before!

* * *

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. D-60
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

IPANA *Tooth Paste*

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KEEPING UP WITH THE TIMES

By
CORINNE LOWE

Extra Women

ALL women on the western front—thus one reflects sadly after hearing statistics from Europe. According to Constance Drexel, writing for the New York *American*, the most recent census on the other side reveals the fact that in Great Britain and Ireland there are 2,112,407 more women than men. Germany has an even heavier count—3,053,088. France trails along with 1,897,128. There is a distressing problem inherent in these statistics. Left in hopeless majority by the casualties of the War, European women must face a future denying to many of them husband and home. And they must face a present in which they compete with men for jobs that won't go round.

In Great Britain and Germany, where unemployment is much more acute than in more sparsely populated France, the competition between men and women for the same scarce job has, in the belief of Constance Drexel, set up a terrific sex antagonism. Not realizing that the single woman is compelled to support herself, comprehending still less that she whose creative force is frustrated of domestic outlets must have some channel of work, the German and the Englishman bitterly resent the feminine onslaught upon business.

There is, too, a deeper significance in the situation. The European man is become so scarce that he is now more than a man. He is a prize, a trophy. Woman has to compete for him. And if she can't have a whole man, she's willing to take what fraction she can get. It is obvious that the prestige of marriage has already been affected by such emotional needs.

Iceland Has a Birthday

IN JUNE, 930, sat the first Parliament of the first republic north of the Alps. It was called the Althing, and it was the Parliament of Iceland. Valiant stand of a valiant group of northmen against the autocracy of Europe, this Parliament has functioned with varying degrees of effectiveness for exactly one thousand years.

It is fitting therefore that it should have such a grand birthday-party as it has planned for this month. And it is particularly fitting that America should join in the celebration. For we must remember that Iceland is really our mother country. Just seventy years after the founding of the Althing Leif Ericson discovered our mainland, and subsequent efforts at colonization are recorded in the old sagas.

Many American tourists will leave for Iceland this June. Those of us at home should at least pay our tribute to a land that can boast of these things: an almost entirely literate population, an almost complete freedom from crime, a great art impulse, resulting in numerous Icelandic sculptors and artists, and, above all, a sustained tradition of the simple, heroic, and contemplative civilization which has almost disappeared before the pressure of an alert sophistication.

The Much-Praised Play

SOME New York critics of Mr. Marc Connelly's "The Green Pastures" have reminded me of certain whiskered friends of mine rolling in patches of catnip. They have been so intoxicated with this dramatic herb, they have uttered such delirious cries of joy over Mr. Connelly's production that I am tempted to irreverence. I feel like calling it "The Green Catnip."

Very well, then! The curtain goes up on an old negro talking to his Sunday-school class of little colored boys and girls, and the many scenes of the play unfold as his explanation of Old Testament mysteries. Throughout all of these scenes there is a successful attempt to reproduce the humanization of religious belief in the primitive negro mind.

God is a stately gentleman in a stately Prince-Albert coat who looks down on earth from his little office window and says, "Let there be cool air"; heaven is inhabited by winged colored folks who eat and drink as at their favorite festivities on earth; Noah is a dusky preacher grieved over the jazz of his generation; Moses and Aaron—also colored—obtain an audience with Pharaoh in his palace, hung with lodge banners because they are such good "tricksters." So, run through with a bright thread of humor, the cloth of heavenly things is woven of homely earth.

It is a good play, and it should not be missed. It attains, in the march out of Egypt and in *Hezdrel's* words, a real grandeur. The sets are miracles of imagination, and the singing of the negro spirituals by a marvelous negro chorus—these songs are introduced all through the play—is an indispensable element.

Yet it can not of course live up to the encomiums of its admirers. For what play could?

Half and Half

YOUR automobile stops at a stand where some woman is selling vegetables or sandwiches or coffee. You are no more impressed by this than you are by a dandelion. The woman vender and the flower spring up along the roadside with the same frequency.

Yet there is deep significance in this now familiar figure. Consider her simultaneously with the wife who earns a small income by tutoring her friends' children or "taking in" typewriting or teaching bridge. If you do you come upon a decided trend in modern economic life. This trend reveals the married woman more and more intent upon finding some kind of remunerative work which will not interfere with her duties as homemaker.

There are many things to be said in favor of the part-time or adjustable job for the married woman. Not only do extra earnings help out in those early periods of married life when pinching and scraping often make more difficult the difficult adjustment between two temperaments, but outside occupation gives relief from the housework which so many young wives find oppressive.

Two agencies, one in Philadelphia and one in New York, minister to women looking for part-time work. Both were organized by Miss Elizabeth Adler and, according to statistics of last year, they filled 13,000 jobs.

To-Morrow's Ocean Greyhounds

ENGINES with 150,000 horse-power! Turbines with 2,000 revolutions! These are the figures necessary for a liner crossing from Cherbourg to New York in exactly four days. So reported one of the members of the German Shipbuilding Society at its annual meeting in Berlin. What is more, he assures us that such ships are now possible.

Family Facts

"THE family," says Edward Sapir, professor of anthropology at the University of Chicago, writing for the *American Mercury*, "is no longer a self-sufficient castle in a semihostile world."

This author feels, in fact, that four battering-rams have been at work on this castle. The cramped modern dwelling, which renders it difficult for all the family group to gather together in one living-room; the prevalence of the automobile, always removing from the family several of its members; the economic independence of woman; and the labor-saving device—this is the devastating quartet.

But, altho the solidity of the family is disappearing Dr. Sapir feels no sense of alarm. The family, so he thinks, is going right on. It is merely molting some of the old weaknesses, among which are to be numbered the oversentimentality which fathers and mothers so often lavished upon their children at the expense of their own love relation, the automatic and unchallenging attitude which made people say, "She's my sister and therefore she's right," and, above all, that selfish tendency to regard one's own hereditary group as separate from all the rest of the human race.

Skirting Business Chances

IF YOU want a few food-pecker statistics here they are: Delicatessen dealers have multiplied three times as fast as the population between 1900 and 1920. Restaurant owners, during the same period, have increased three times as fast as the number of families.

This proves more than that we are eating easy and eating out. According to Mr. Mark Thorpe, editor of *Nation's Business*, it is to be dovetailed with another set of facts.

This latter group sets forth that several cities have a Woman's Chamber of Commerce, to which are eligible only those who run or manage a business. Also that the Zonta Club, a feminine organization approximating the men's Rotary Club, now has sixty-six different units.

Put these two and two together and what do you find? Merely that more and more women are deserting the kitchen for the swivel-chair. And of course with these statistics one can have no quarrel. When, however, Mr. Thorpe assures us sunnily that after interviewing a number of bank presidents, manufacturers, department-store heads, hotel managers, *et celera*, he is convinced that all these women now embarked upon business enterprises have an even chance of promotion with men, we fear he is too credulous.

His optimism is answered by the department stores and specialty shops alone. Here in New York, where women have proved themselves consummate buyers and sellers in various departments of merchandise, there is exactly one woman who can boast of being an executive in one of these great stores. Her name is Miss Mary Lewis.

Burbank Outdone

THE jimsons were never climbing plants. Yet they have made a new man of jimson. Perhaps by this time, in fact, he should be called Jameson. Also Mrs. jimson has had her face lifted. And the little jimsons may soon be running around with our best flowers.

A radium-needle, applied by Dr. Albert F. Blakeslee of Carnegie Institute, is responsible for this rise in the family.

By bringing this needle into contact with certain production-cells of the plant, he has altered, not only its appearance, but that of all descendants of two uplifted jimsons.

Other plants and also insects are now being treated to radium. We are on the eve of something more magical than Burbank's methods.

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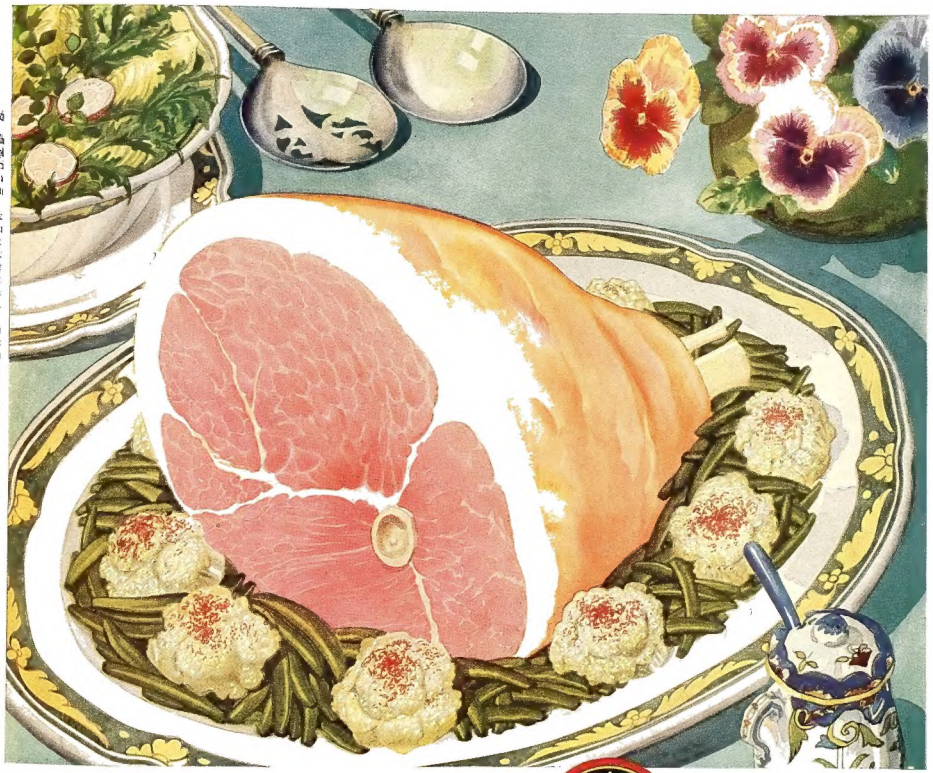
Savory—Swift's Premium with vegetables



THE shank end of a Premium Ham, boiled with vegetables, is one more delicious proof of Premium's importance in combination dishes. Women who create with flavors, as a painter creates with colors, are careful to choose Swift's Premium for such dishes. They know how well it blends with other foods, how its savor permeates the dish without destroying other flavors.

Swift & Company

Swift's Premium Ham Swift & Company U.S.A.

Swift's Premium seal—which identifies a complete line of foods of highest quality.

BE SURE IT IS SWIFT'S PREMIUM! *The new Premium "Savor-tite" Ham, ready cooked in the sealed container, bears the familiar blue Premium label. The uncooked hams and bacon carry other identifying marks as well—the word Swift in brown dots down the length of the side—the markings on the rind and parchment wrappers.*

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

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A vote of thanks from the dishes . . .

My new modern crystal and china look so festive and twinkling when they come out of Ivory suds. They seem to be trying to say —"We are so bright because Ivory rinses away so easily . . . and we're very glad you use a sweet-smelling soap." Yes, Ivory does seem nicer for dishwashing, and it certainly is kinder to my Jack-of-all-trades hands!

I could

if you think housecleaning

I wish I were a writer. For fifteen minutes I've been trying to think up some exciting way to talk to you about hands. So now I've decided to start in the middle, so to speak! I'm going to tell you what Jane L . . . said about my hands — because it leads right into a beauty secret for yours!

At the last bridge party Jane, who's a new member, refused to believe that I had just finished my housecleaning. She said my hands looked too smooth and too nice!

Well, Jane or no Jane, my hands had been in soap suds for practically a week. I washed my cretonnes and sponged the oriental rugs—then cleaned every bit of the woodwork (and there's plenty of it in a white Colonial cottage!). I cleaned all the cupboards and washed every dish and glass. And then I put the wool blankets and hooked rugs through tubs and tubs full of suds.

But here's my secret: they weren't ordinary suds. They weren't the suds of strong "kitchen" soaps that dry and redden and age the skin so. They were the gentlest suds I know of — *Ivory* suds!

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I wish

talk to you . . .

is hard on nice hands!

You see, Ivory treats my hands so kindly that they are smooth all the time — even after my busiest mornings. That's why they earn compliments like Jane's!

If you aren't quite happy about *your* hands, why don't you try Ivory for a while? In two weeks your hands will be thanking you — in the very nicest way that hands can! And first thing you know, your friends will be asking you what you do for them — what lotion you use — or whether you have a maid!

Every day Ivory proves to me that a pure, rich soap can do hard work well. And where a strong soap cleans and dulls (or bleeds the colors of clothes), Ivory cleans and *protects.*

Though Ivory's pure enough to be my baby's bath boat and my complexion soap—it's equally important to me in the kitchen and laundry. It turns clothes-washing and dishwashing and cleaning tasks into gentle Ivory baths . . . and that's the whole reason why even a spring housecleaning needn't be hard on one's hands!

CATHERINE CARR LEWIS

. . . kind to everything it touches — 99 44/100% *pure*

Beauty treatments for the home!

Some months I worry the budget to pieces, trying to squeeze out a new hat. But I never skimp on Ivory Soap and Ivory Flakes. Ivory pays for its upkeep in two ways—it keeps my hands as nice as if I had a maid—and it keeps my home as bright as new! People can hardly believe my linoleum is three years old. That's because Ivory suds have protected its surface. And my woodwork won't need repainting for many more housecleanings. In fact, it looks as glossy as if the painter were here yesterday!

Happier Mondays for colored clothes!

I like to make my baby's rompers and my own printed housefrocks—and they're too pretty to be washed by a soap that will fade their colors! So I use Ivory entirely on washday—and please my husband who's so finicky about his colored shirts. Cottons and linens cost more now—it only seems fair to give them as safe care as my baby's woolens or my own frivolous silk things!

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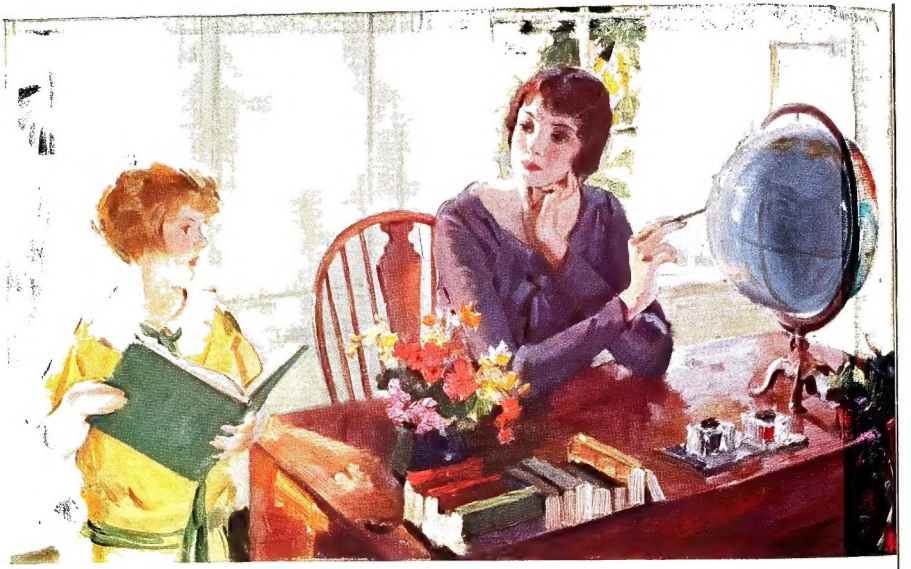

"Dere teacher" knew the capital of Siam ·· but she flunked a soap-test!

ANOTHER ACTUAL LETTER FROM A P AND G HOME

GENTLEMEN: I've always been a bit skeptical and amused at the glowing letters printed in your advertisements. Yet here I am—writing the same sort of letter and all because for the last few washdays I've been an enthusiastic user of P AND G soap.

I had taught school for several years before being married—knew nothing about laundry soaps—and must confess I wasn't much interested! I thought all soaps were alike, so on my first shopping trip I innocently asked for "laundry soap." I got it . . . and struggled along until a friend suggested I try P AND G.

Frankly, I doubted that all she said of P AND G could be true. But I used it. Behold, my washing was done in half the time with scarcely any rubbing. The dirt literally rolled out. And I was proud to hang my clothes on the line—which hadn't always been true!

Very truly yours, Ethel B. Kast, Eugene, Oregon

When I remember my first housekeeping days, I can smile *with* Mrs. Kast. It's so easy to think that all soaps are alike. But they aren't. Soaps deserve grades, as much as school papers! And I'm sure that Mrs. Kast could pass a soap test with honors now—she knows some soaps are only "fair"—and that P AND G Naphtha deserves "excellent"!

No hard rubbing—and sweet, crisp clothes whether the water's hard or soft, warm or cold! Safety for light-hearted colors—and *real* whiteness for white clothes. Do you wonder that more and more women are telling me that they prefer P AND G White Naphtha? Why then, you may ask, does this superior white soap often cost less than dingy-colored soaps?

This is the reason: P AND G White Naphtha is the world's most popular soap. So it is made in enormous quantities. And as you know—making a lot of soap at one time is far more economical than making a little now and then! That is why this quicker-working, *white* soap costs you less than ordinary soaps!

So P AND G White Naphtha Soap costs less because it is so popular. But remember—it is so popular because it *really is a whiter, better soap.*

ANN CUMMINGS

FREE! *Rescuing Precious Hours*—"How to take out 15 common stains—get clothes clean in lukewarm water—lighten washday labor." Problems like these, together with newest laundry *methods*, are discussed in a free booklet—*Rescuing Precious Hours*. Send a post card to Ann Cummings, Dept. NR-60, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio

For white clothes—white soap preferred! Women t day have more confidence in *white* soaps. Recent I found 3 out of 4 women in one Michigan co using P AND G. "Oh," one told me, "I want m white clothes to be *really* white—so I use real white soap—and that's my P AND G."

The largest-selling soap in the world

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"CLAIRE MADE HERSELF PARTICULARLY CHARMING TO CAPTAIN BULTEEL. SHE SIMPLY ADORED POLO"

BEGINNING—

THE SILVER SWAN

By E. BERTRAND COLLINS

Illustrations by OSCAR HOWARD

A story of a spoiled American girl who searched for sensations in Europe to escape from the ambitions of a domineering mother

THE band was playing in the Esbekiyeh Gardens as Lady Kitty Lloyd drove across the Opera Square and, past Ismail Pasha's palace, toward the Nile and the race-track. It was February, the height of the Egyptian season. Cairo was thronged with foreigners—Germans, English, French, Americans. Men in sun-helmets. Officers in khaki shorts. Fellaheen. Tarbooshed Egyptians staring covetously at the gaily costumed Western women. Copts in blue and black turbans. Dragomans in green and blue and purple robes.

A city of fantasy: Domes and minarets. Appalling modern hotels, in the Mediterranean bad taste of Nice and Beaulieu. Streets sinuous as black serpents, full of strange Oriental smells and stranger Oriental noises: drums and flutes and snarling sing-song voices. And high above it all the white walls of the Citadel, unreal as a mirage in the clear golden sunlight. A scarlet touring-car, bearing a man and a girl toward Shepheard's, shot past Lady Kitty's car and dashed in ahead of a Bedouin caravan.

Lady Kitty Lloyd turned to her companion. "There goes—your protégée," she said. Lady Kitty, whose husband commanded the Sixth Dragoon Guards, was one of those tall, good-looking, weather-beaten members

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of the British aristocracy who, at fifty-three, still hunted, danced, played tennis, and proposed to do so for another score of years. By day she wore a gauze scarf round her throat At night she produced a pearl dog-collar. By day and night a vast quantity of bangles rattled round both wrists. A large, hearty, intensely British individual, with a long neck, long nose, and long slow-moving legs.

Mrs. Robertson Ashton, to whom she spoke, sighed plaintively. She and Kitty Lloyd had known each other all their lives. Sometimes Connie Ashton felt that Kitty forgot that one was no longer a child. With advancing years criticism should become tempered with tact.

"You're so unkind about Claire Watson," she said.

"Stupid little thing. Hasn't even the wit to be nice to other women."

"But she's so pretty."

"Quite. At a ball. Or coming into a restaurant. But no one would ever mistake her for a lady. I can't imagine why you ever took her up, Con."

Connie Ashton was able to think of a great variety of things she would have preferred discussing. "She was great fun—on the boat," she began defensively. "So gay. So enthusiastic. All the men liked her so much. You're so insular, Kitty. You don't understand Americans."

"Oh, but I do! And I adore them. Nice Americans. I have masses of American friends. Nice Americans are the nicest people on earth. Much nicer than we are. Much! But that little Watson isn't one of them. She doesn't even know any of them."

"How do you know? Just because she comes from some place you've never heard of, means nothing. I'm sure I've known no end of nice people from Ohio."

"Possibly." Lady Kitty disliked opposition. "Anyway, being a lady isn't a matter of geography. What I mean is, Connie, no matter where she came from, she'd never be like those perfectly charming Currans, for instance, who were out last year. From San Francisco, weren't they? But this little thing." Lady Kitty shook her head. "I mistrust her. Too much money. No really nice girl would know how to spend so much money. I can't help feeling that one fine morning a large rich Greek gentleman will appear and all will be explained. No girl who was what one might call 'steeped in virtue' would look at every man she meets as that girl does."

"Kitty! Really! The child can't help having lovely eyes."

"Possibly not. But at least she can control them." The car halted to let a company of Egyptian soldiers pass. "Was that Ian Bulteel with her, did you see?"

Mrs. Ashton made a frightened murmur of assent.

"I'm afraid he thinks he wants to marry her. Poor boy! Really! Is there anything so blind about women as a very nice young man? No discrimination whatsoever! I've seen it happen so often. She probably has him out on Shepheard's terrace this very instant, asking him to order her an apéritif. Something so vulgar about women who have their *affaires* on terraces. Smacks of the demi-monde. And she has cocotte-ish little ways, Con. Yes, now, she has. No repose. Always asking some man to light her cigaret. Always touching some one. Taking some chap's arm. Or fussing with his tie——"

"My dear Kitty," said Mrs. Ashton stiffly, "you're talking as tho the girl were not respectable. I know all about her. Her people are extremely nice, and very important in—Columbia, Ohio, I think it is. Her father has factories. Makes things for motor-cars. The pneumatics. And her mama is quite the great lady of that part of the world. Her chaperon told me all about them. She may have been a trifle indiscreet with Jim Bothwell, but there's no harm in the child. She's very young, you know."

"IT WAS AFTER TWO THE NEXT MORNING. MISS BULKLEY WAS TALKING TO THE CONCIERGE AND THE ASSISTANT MANAGER WHEN CLAIRE RETURNED"

The car had drawn up before the entrance of the regimental stand. As Lady Kitty and Con Ashton entered the Sixth's box several officers rose to greet them.

"Oh, hello there! You're late."

"You've missed the first race."

"I know. Couldn't help it. What won the first race?"

"Ian Bulteel and Miss Watson were just here. Just gone in. She was afraid there was a sand-storm blowing up."

Lady Kitty smiled. "Yes. We passed them on the bridge."

"I shouldn't be at all surprized if that were a go. Quaint, seeing old Ian devoted to the ladies. Pretty girl, tho, isn't she?"

"Yes, isn't she?" Lady Kitty fell to marking her race-card. "Quite. What's running in this race? Anybody know?"

DRIVING back into town that evening, Lady Kitty said, "Con! I'm convinced that Watson girl will get Ian Bulteel to marry her. He's just sufficiently simple and unworldly." Mrs. Ashton refused to be inveigled into argument. "It's impossible to believe that her family can be people of position. No woman of any position would permit a daughter to run about the world with a hired chaperon. Why isn't her mother with her?" No answer. "And the way she treats that poor Miss Bulkley!" Still no answer. "I say, Con, where can I drop you? The Continental?"

"No. Shepheard's, if you don't mind. Claire Watson is dining with us to-morrow night." She hesitated, then went on in a more conciliatory manner, "I had rather thought of asking you and Lloyd, but——"

"Why, my dear, I shall be enchanted. And I promise you I shall be charming to her." The car had slowed down before Shepheard's. From beneath the arcades across the street sprang forth a group of dragomans.

"Lady! Go see Pyramid?"

"Very good dragomans, Ali, lady. Very good."

Lady Kitty pressed Mrs. Ashton's arm. "What did I tell you? There they are now!" At a table by the edge of the terrace sat a young Englishman and a girl with the face of a Spanish madonna. "Look at him! Bewitched! She raises those lovely brows, and he thinks it's naïveté. She droops those lashes, and he thinks it's modesty. She smiles up into his face and— Poor boy! Those eyes of hers! All the warmth of damp agates. She makes me think of one of Potou's mantikins who was out in Aix last year. Same identical bag o' tricks. My dear, look at her! I know her mother was a snake-charmer."

Lady Kitty erred. Claire Watson's mother was not a snake-charmer, but the daughter of a respectable nobody who ran a nondescript drug-store in the small Ohio town in which Wilbur Watson's father had been the banker magnate. A very pretty girl, Jenny Watson, when she married Claire's father, Slim, with the most disarming manner, the most seductive smile, and tiny bright black eyes.

An amazing creature, Jenny Watson. Suave. She never quarrelled. She never raised her voice. But behind those little eyes was a mind as brutal as the Fate of a Greek tragedy, with a touch of cunning to which the Fates never stooped. Shrewd. Ambitious. Indefatigable. Without education—literally—and capable of the most astounding solecisms. Madam Malaprop's daughter by Machiavelli.

Claire was the passion of her life Born one wild April night, Claire's first cry had aroused a species of primitive idolatry within her mother's breast. She could scarcely bear to let Wilbur take the little creature in his arms.

"Why, Wilbur! Don't you like her? Don't you think she's pretty? Here! Give her back to me!"

A thin, frail blond young man, with the years Wilbur Watson became a thin, gray fantom, immersed in books and etchings, carrying on the business his father had left him through a sense of duty—the irksome duty of amassing more and still more money for Claire and Jenny to spend. Life and his wife and daughter became too much for Wilbur. He hated confusion, and Jenny was confusion confounded. If she entered a house, immediately doors slammed, bells rang, the very walls crackled with electricity. Wilbur, seeking refuge in his club, would sigh loyally:

"Ah, yes, a most extraordinary woman, Mrs. Watson. A most extraordinary woman. I have never known a woman with such energy."

Up to the time of his parents' death Wilbur and Jenny led a most modest existence. A rented house in the shabby district west of lower Broad Street, a maid of all work, and a nurse for Claire. The elder Watsons had never looked with kindly eyes on Jenny. But with their demise came a distinct change. Norwood, a large white mansion in the best Colonial traditions, was erected beyond the country club. Cars, servants, governesses,

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who came and departed with startling rapidity. Then a school in Connecticut, and vacations in New York and at Virginia Hot Springs.

Claire was a beautiful child. A dryad. Eager. Alluring. Extremely precocious. Boys, then youths, then men caused endless scenes between herself and her mother. Jenny adored her, but never by any chance did they agree. When they were together, not a day passed without some incident kindling fires of discord. Endless scenes. The least hint of restriction roused Claire to rebellions which dissolved Jenny in histrionic tears.

From the instant of her birth, almost, men swarmed about Claire. She had all her mother's soft, seductive charm, but not Jenny's devious mind. Abstract things did not interest her. But if she desired anything—a hat, a dress, a man, an invitation—life was unendurable until she got it. Then, with equal vehemence, she craved something else. Very young, Claire had learned that Wilbur would give one almost anything, provided that one made a sufficient scene. Poor Wilbur!

Yet no one could be more fascinating to new people. Claire adored new people. New men. Fresh applause. It excited her. And in her half-unconscious desire to please she was irresistible.

She had been out a year when she determined to marry George Andrews. Not that she was really in love with him, but he was the most attractive young man in Columbus. The most sought after. Jenny, hearing of it, decided Claire should go round the world.

"Not that George isn't a perfectly splendid boy and all that, and I'm sure Mr. Watson and Mr. Andrews have been friends for years and years, but—"

Forthwith Miss Isabella Bulkley was discovered, a gentle, unworldly woman with twelve years' experience in chaperoning the daughters of wealthy American families about Europe. She met Claire and was enchanted with her.

"Such a sweet, charming manner! And such a beautiful girl!"

Jenny smiled. "You understand, of course, my dear Miss Bulkley, that this is not to be just a sightseeing trip. I want Claire to have a good time. To go about. Meet people. Interesting people."

Miss Bulkley was sure she quite understood, but scarcely had they sailed from San Francisco when she began to suspect that her idea of a good time and Claire's did not conform. Everywhere they stopped Claire collected dubious admirers as one gathers flowers by the roadside; types Miss Bulkley had never by any chance encountered.

"But, my dear, I don't see why you object. I wasn't in his stateroom five minutes. No, really. I just went in to see a shawl——"

IT WAS a great relief when, on the P. & O. liner from Bombay, Claire took up with the Ashtons. Obviously people about whom one need have no reservations. Major Ashton had been in the Sixth Dragoon Guards, was on the army reserve list, had a place in Perthshire, and ran the deck sports aboard ship. Mrs. Ashton played bridge with Miss Bulkley, lent her innocuous British novels, and laughed. She was a jolly little person who asked no more than that people be agreeable to her. India, according to Mrs. Ashton, was great fun. So was England, and so was Paris, and so was Claire.

"Such a pretty girl. So smart. Such fun. I can't keep my eyes off her. Really, now."

The Ashtons were going to spend the Winter in Egypt.

"Why don't you stop over?" Mrs. Ashton asked Claire one afternoon. "Oh, do! Rob's old regiment, the Sixth, you know, is out there now. No end of awfully nice young men. We could have such a jolly time."

Cairo. Quantities of nice young men. George Andrews's picture had become dim. Some one who knew all the right people to launch one. At first Miss Bulkley demurred. Claire insisted.

"But, my dear, why not? Oh, very well. If you won't come I'll go and stay with the Ashtons. Mrs. Ashton said she'd adore to chaperon me. And I'll cable the family that you left me."

Terrified, Miss Bulkley yielded. "It was not in the itinerary. I do hope your mother won't be annoyed."

"And if she is, what can she do about it, ten thousand miles away? Nothing. So don't be silly."

Claire landed in Alexandria with a sense of high adventure, of having forced the locks of some forbidden gate. Miss Bulkley's timorous opposition had lent it the glitter of an achievement. Claire stared about her, even as they passed the Customs, delighted with the sea, the sand, the palms, the yelling dragomans.

"Oh, my dear! Aren't you glad we decided to get off? Now, aren't you, really?" Miss Bulkley could only nod. "And this light! Isn't it divine? And the sand. Like gold. Oh, I'm so glad we came!" She stared out of the train window, fascinated by everything she saw: the mean river villages, the women by the Nile, jars balanced on their heads, their long black skirts trailing behind them in the sand. "I must get one of those long black shawls. I simply must. Aren't they graceful!"

For a day Claire dragged Miss Bulkley through Cairo, from mosque to mosque, in and out.

"What a pity they're so dirty once one gets inside! No, don't let's look at any more mosques. Let's go to the bazaars. I want to find one of those shawls."

They mounted to the Citadel to watch the sunset on the Pyramids. Claire went into transports of delight. "Oh, my dear! Now we must go out and see them. To-morrow. And up the Nile. We really must."

Miss Bulkley felt that perhaps Egypt might be simple, after all. They then went back to Shepheard's and out onto the terrace. It was the spéritif hour. At first Claire could not speak. The color came and went in her cheeks. The lights. The costumes of the crowd in the street beneath her. The music. Camels and Bedouin women. British officers with close-cut blond mustaches and childish eyes. "Oh, really!" she said finally. "Have you ever seen so many good-looking men? And don't you feel sorry for those poor Egyptians, sitting all by themselves? Haven't they the saddest eyes?"

From that evening till the morning they left Egypt Miss Bulkley practically never saw her charge. Miss. Bulkley went sightseeing, and Claire went about with the Ashtons, to the polo, and the races, and the Semiramis for tea, and to the Mena House to dine and dance and watch the Pyramids. The Ashtons saw that she met every one. The women Claire ignored. The men, especially the officers of the Sixth, she told Miss Bulkley, "are terribly sweet and good-looking, but, my dear, so dull! Slow. Are all Englishmen like that?"

Then Claire met Alistair Baillie, a nice, naive young Scotch chap in the Sixth, with round blue eyes and a pink-and-white complexion, and entrapped him into a flirtation which alarmed both Connie Ashton and Miss Bulkley. For a fortnight Claire rode and danced and dined with Allie Baillie, and sat with him on the terrace at Shepheard's until Lady Kitty Lloyd, as the wife of his colonel and a friend of his mother's, sent for him and asked him just what he thought he was about. More white and pink and rounder-eyed than ever, Alistair Baillie retired in confusion.

Jim Bothwell, the Sixth's adjutant, took his place. Another fortnight's flirtation. Then. Lady Bothwell arriving from England, Claire again found herself rather at a loose end. Both Lady Bothwell and Lady Kitty were very frank with Connie Ashton regarding the folly of launching unknown foreign ladies with predatory proclivities. Mrs. Ashton was

"'YOU WOULD COME,' DEREK REMINDED HER AND GRINNED. 'SO MUCH WISER TO HAVE BOUGHT A PRETTY POST-CARD AND PRESERVED YOUR ILLUSIONS.'"

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"IAN BULTEEL, WHO HATED WOMEN, WAS IN LOVE WITH HER. IT WAS SUPREMELY FLATTERING. HE WAS SUCH A SHY, UNWORLDLY DARLING. AT TIMES

naïve enough to try to advise Claire that English girls did not have flirtations with young married baronets.

Miss Bulkley felt the time had come for them to leave Cairo, and insisted they go up the Nile. Claire sulked all the way to Luxor and refused to go another step.

"But, my dear, this isn't what I came to Egypt for—a lot of sandy ruins and horrid tourists. I'm going back to Cairo. But why not? Oh, well, if people are going to believe everything that old cat of a Lloyd woman says—I think she's too awful. Yes, honestly."

It was on her return from Luxor that Claire met Ian Bulteel. The Ashtons had taken her out to polo. She was wearing a chiffon frock and a wide black hat with a drooping brim, looking extremely picturesque, and intensely aware of it. Between chukkers Connie Ashton came up with Captain Bulteel. Alistair Baillie and both Bothwells were standing just behind her. Claire made herself particularly charming to Captain Bulteel. She simply adored riding and racing and polo, particularly polo.

"It really is the only game, now, isn't it? Do tell me when you're going to play again. Now, do, really. I'm—going to ask Mrs. Ashton to bring me out to see you. I'm simply mad about that black pony you rode in the first chukker. Do tell me its name."

Driving into Cairo that afternoon, Claire told Con Ashton she thought Captain Bulteel quite the most attractive man she had ever met.

"Yes, isn't he a dear? And so good-looking. Such nice straight legs. I've known him ever since he was born. His sister, Sibyl Maitland, is a great pal o' mine. I'll see if I can't get him for dinner one night this week."

"Oh, yes, do! And do tell me something about him."

Ian Bulteel was, Claire learned, thirty-one. Very serious. Hated dances and all that sort of thing. Very shy. A marvelous soldier. Had done extraordinarily well in the War. His family had a place in Sussex, the name of which Claire promptly forgot. No matter. At dinner that next night Claire, sitting beside Ian Bulteel, was her most charming. Very gentle. Demure. She even went so far as to be polite to Lady Kitty Lloyd.

"That minx," said Lady Kitty to her husband as she drove home, "is after Ian Bulteel. I watched her—all through dinner. The ingénue. Too much so, in fact. Con Ashton is a fool. Any one with half an eye could see through that girl."

THE next afternoon, at tea-time, Lady Kitty encountered Claire and Ian at the Mena House. She hurried past them with a quick nod and a smile, feeling her worst fears verified. But when, the end of the week, she heard that the Ashtons had got up a trip into the desert, and had included Claire and Ian Bulteel, she descended on Connie Ashton.

"But what can I do?" wailed a tearful Mrs. Ashton at the end of a half-hour's excoriation. "I can't tell her she can't come now. And I like her! You're so prejudiced, Kitty. You're unfair to the girl. And as for Ian Bulteel, I should consider him a most fortunate fellow. Yes, I should."

"You'll have her running off with Ashton; that's what you'll have." Lady Kitty was vexed and apprehensive. "But don't come to me for sympathy, for you'll get none. I wash my hands of the whole affair."

They were gone ten days. Twenty times each day Claire exclaimed, "Oh, Mrs. Ashton, I've never had such a divine time, ever, in my life! Oh, really, it's all too marvelous!"

She adored everything. The camels. The Arab boys. The servants in their white robes and crimson sashes. The tents with their appliqué of bright Egyptian figures.

"The desert! Isn't it simply too gorgeous! All gold, and then all pink, and then, suddenly, all black. Why, yes, of course you can call me Claire. I wish you would. Please. I think it's too silly, our going on calling each other Captain Bulteel and Miss Watson way out here in the desert."

One day they lost their caravan. The men were anxious. Claire was in an ecstasy of high excitement. "If we're lost, I mean if we're really lost," she asked Ian, "what will we do? Maybe they won't find us for weeks and weeks. I think it's too marvelous! Honestly. Afraid? Why, of course not. Not with you, Ian."

He smiled tenderly, sure there had never been a woman like her, so brave and fragile and lovely.

The night after their return to Cairo, Claire walked into Miss Bulkley's bedroom and said, "My dear, Ian Bulteel's asked me to marry him!"

Looking up from her novel, Miss Bulkley murmured vaguely, "Not really! That attractive Captain Bulteel?"

"But, my dear," Claire cried, "you don't understand. He's in earnest. Dreadfully in earnest. He really means it. He's never asked any one to marry him before in his life. Honestly. And he wants to write father, and his father, and tell Colonel Lloyd, and I don't know what not. What on earth am I going to do?" She held out her hand to show Miss Bulkley an old-fashioned emerald ring. "Pretty stone, isn't it? Of course that gold setting is too awful, but I'll have Tiffany reset it. It was his mother's, you know."

"He would seem," Miss Bulkley hesitated, "to be a most honorable young man. But, Claire, you hardly know him. Or anything about him."

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THO, SHE RATHER WISHED HE WOULD NOT BE QUITE SO RESPECTFUL"

True, Claire did not. "But the Ashtons do. They know his family. His sister's one of Mrs. Ashton's greatest friends. And they have a great big place down in Sussex, so they must have money."

"I mean"—Miss Bulkley colored faintly—"his character. His morals."

Claire stared at her blankly. "His morals!" A light laugh. "Oh, my dear! Who cares about that sort of thing nowadays? Why, of course his morals must be all right or he couldn't be in the Sixth." She held the emerald to the light. "Much nicer than a diamond, isn't it? But what am I going to do, dear? What shall I tell him? I can't have him writing the family."

BY OBLIQUE inquiry Miss Bulkley gleaned that Claire had given Ian to understand that she had accepted him. "And do you think you love him, Claire?"

The question took Claire unawares. Ian Bulteel was by far the best match that had ever come her way. She could not imagine a more agreeable means of escape from Jenny's tyranny and the atmosphere of Norwood. "Why, yes," she stammered, "I suppose I do. That is—I mean I'm awfully fond of him. I mean he's terribly good-looking, and he's absolutely a gentleman, and he's awfully sweet. Really." For the instant she could think of no additional reasons why she loved Ian Bulteel.

Miss Bulkley, staring at her, put all coherent thought out of her mind.

"My dear child! Meeting an attractive young officer out here in Egypt is one thing. But marrying a foreigner, and going to live in a foreign land, amongst strangers—" She shook her head.

"Oh, how silly! Why should Ian be any different in England, say, than he is out here? The only thing is, if I marry him and he stays in the regiment, I s'pose I'll have to be nice to Lady Kitty and that Bothwell creature. And I simply can't stand them. So stupid. And satisfied. And so badly dressed. Their maids make all their clothes. I can't see why a man ever looks at one of them."

It was too much for Miss Bulkley. She could only shake her head and murmur aphorisms upon love, respect, and duty. Claire finally went into her room and shut the door. Miss Bulkley was a tiresome old woman. A dried-up old maid. Ian's character! Now, really! And why should Ian in England be any different from Ian in Egypt?

He had told her a great deal about England. It sounded quite delightful. One lived somewhere in the country, in a big house with no end of servants, and one went to house parties, and shot and hunted and went racing and danced at hunt balls. Some went to Scotland in August, and some to Norway. Claire decided she would prefer Biarritz, but had not told Ian so, as yet. The Sixth was going home in May, and was to be sent to the Western command in Holt.

"Good spot, Holt." Ian had assured her. "No end of shooting roundabout, and one can hunt four days a week."

For a week Claire wore his emerald and let him take her riding, and to the Mena House and to the Continental, and out on Shepheard's terrace for apéritifs, and to a ball or two. All the things she had done with Allie Baillie and Jim Bothwell. But now there was a difference. Ian was in love with her. Desperately. Almost in awe. Ian Bulteel, who hated women. It was supremely flattering. She reveled in his gentleness; revealed, too, in leading him past the women who had criticized her. He was such a shy, unworldly darling. At times, tho, she rather wished he would not be quite so respectful. Above all, she wished he would not keep reiterating that he must write her father.

"No, dear. Please. You don't understand. He'd be frightfully upset. I mean you don't realize how lots of people at home feel about Englishmen. He'd be completely thrown off and cable me to come right straight home. Much better let me explain everything to them when I get home."

This third affair at last reached such proportions that Con Ashton went to Miss Bulkley and asked her if she didn't think that Claire was making herself "just a little—well, you know how people talk in a place like Cairo."

MISS BULKLEY'S face assumed a piteous expression. "But don't I know? Haven't I been trying to get her away for the last fortnight? But—" She was under oath to tell no one of Claire's tentative engagement. Then Lady Kitty spoke to Ian as she had previously spoken to Allie Baillie. Ian blushed, and implied that he was of an age to arrange his own affairs. Lady Kitty replied that no man ever reached that age, but let him go, and went herself to Claire with an airy nonchalance she did not feel, and said:

"My dear, he's much too nice a boy to have his heart broken. Much too serious. Too unworldly. I'd never dream of saying this to you, my dear, if it weren't you'd told me all about that nice American fiancé of yours, George Andrews. Isn't that his name? And I know you don't mind a bit, because, you see, I've known Ian all my life. His sister, Sibyl Maitland, is one of my oldest friends."

Claire was furious, and told Ian that she considered Lady Kitty Lloyd the most impertinent old hag she had ever met, and that Lady Kitty had talked so terribly about her that now she must go home. Tears were shed. Ian was frightfully distressed. Miss Bulkley was made a confidant. But Claire insisted she must leave. Ian begged her to go through England on her way back to the States and visit his sister and his father. Claire took fright. Time enough to meet Lady Maitland when she was Ian's wife—that is, if she should decide to marry him.

"We'll never have to live with your family, will we, dear?"

"Oh, no. We'll have our own house wherever the regiment is stationed."

"And a little flat in London, so we can go up for week-ends," quickly.

"One doesn't go to town for week-ends, silly. One goes away."

"But for the season, Ian?"

"I dunno. We'll see. I'm not awfully keen on London, myself."

What he told her disturbed her, but not deeply. She would change those views. Ah, yes, they would have a flat in London, for the season, anyway, and go to Paris for Easter, and to St. Moritz or Monte Carlo after Christmas every year. Already she had heard enough in Cairo to know that that was what smart English people did. "You know, dear"—they were sitting in the garden of the Semiramis the night before Claire left—"I wouldn't care just to stay in one place and never move about. I really couldn't bear that, dear."

"Ah, but wait till you've been in England a bit and got into the swing of things." He launched forth on a semiarticulate eulogy of a Winter's hunting.

"But, Ian darling, I don't call that especially amusing. I wouldn't want to do that a whole Winter. No, really."

BOTH the Ashtons and the Lloyds came to the station as Claire and Miss Bulkley left. Claire was sorry she had not allowed Ian to say good-by to her at the hotel. In the station there was so much confusion that she had no chance to be alone with him. No chance to make one lovely tableau and leave him with a last, perfect picture of her, going home to win her family's consent. All she could do was arch her brows and shake his hand and smile.

As the train began to move out Lady Kitty came over to the window of Claire's compartment. Since the night she had spoken to Ian she had been convinced there was an understanding between Claire and himself.

"Good-by, my dear," she said, and, taking Claire's hand, gave it an affectionate squeeze. "I can't tell you how much I've enjoyed knowing you out here. Do let's meet soon again. In England. Now, do surely look me up if you're there this Summer. Now, really."

Driving back to the Continental with the Ashtons, she said, "If Ian's going to marry her—and I'm sure he is—then one must play the game. We can't let Ian down."

"I always knew, dear," murmured Connie Ashton, "that if you'd let yourself, you'd like her lots. She's such fun."

Lady Kitty gave her childhood friend an ironic glance. "Oh, quite," she answered. "Quite."

And as the boat-train slipped out across the Delta, Claire said to Miss Bulkley, "My dear, did you see Lady Kitty Lloyd come up to the window, just at the last moment, so that Ian couldn't say good-by to me alone? But I mean, have you ever known such an utter serpent?"

It was in the restaurant-car, going down to Alexandria, that Claire first saw Derek Barran. He came in, stood in the doorway a moment, and then walked casually toward her table and sat down. She did not actually stare at him, but no detail of him had escaped her observation. Tall. Lithe. A thin, sunburned face. Sunburned, reddish hair. Green-blue eyes and crooked eyebrows. Twenty-five, or perhaps twenty-eight. She glanced out of the window at the golden country, the golden villages, and tall, slim palms along the river-bank.

Some one was offering her the bread. She turned and smiled as she thanked him. One could not do less. At Alexandria a trunk was missing. He appeared out of the seething mob of yelling porters, asked Miss Bulkley if he could be of any assistance, retrieved the trunk, and saw it sent on board. Miss Bulkley thanked him, and he was beside them as Pompey's Pillar became a tall pink flame and vanished, together with the low coast-line, in the swift Egyptian night.

Such coincidental meetings in no way deceived Claire. She smiled, and thanked him again for having found their trunk, and congratulated herself that there was "some one" on board. Ian had been so much in her mind

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A WILDERNESS EQUATION

Here is a remarkable story of an animal's gratitude that rebaid a human kindness tenfold

By VINGIE E. ROE

Illustrations by UGO MOCHI

IT WAS early morning of a cool September day. The great hills, clad in their somber conifers dropped down for miles in all directions.

High up on a shoulder of Panther Mountain a piteous thing had happened, was happening. In a thicket of manzanita-bushes a doe lay dead.

She had been dead some days according to the state of her body, and she had been long in dying. To the eye of a hillsman this was instantly apparent in the broken bits of brush scattered about, the worn appearance of the ground where she had floundered. There was a blood-clotted hole in her side, its mate diagonally across. Her tongue was swollen and protruding, mute testimony of her thirst.

These things were sad enough, but sadder still was the young fawn who weaved on weak legs beside her, nuzzling continually at her sunken flank. He was a little fellow, scarce out of his spots, for he had been late-born, and he was in the middle stages of starvation.

The days had been long and lonely, the nights terrifying, but he had stayed in the manzanita-thicket, for he knew nowhere else to go.

It was strange how still his mother lay, how dry her dugs.

He tried to suck, weaved here and there, listened, cried, and tried to suck again, shivering with the mountain cold, his little back humped, his emaciated belly curved up under his staring ribs.

He cried with persistent and hopeless regularity, and a man, riding early from his saddle-camp on the flat below, pulled up and listened. The man was Bill Engleby from the High Ranch on the other side of Panther, and he was a good man. There were many things in Bill which others considered soft, but the big fellow only smiled. He never defended or justified.

Now he cocked an ear tensely, holding his breath to listen.

Once, twice, three times he caught the distant bleat, and, satisfied, he turned his horse that way. He knew before he came upon the manzanita-thicket and its poor tragedy just about what he would find.

When he parted the thick brush and looked down at the thrashed spot and what it contained his face grew very red and he said a full-mouthed epithet.

"Hunters! *Hunters!* Darned counter-hoppers from the towns who shoot at every moving bush and go see what they've got afterward! I'd like to get my hands on— Poor mother, poor old girl! Stayed by the baby. Couldn't even drag down to the spring for a drink! Wonder what she thought of when the light was going and the little shaver standing here alone. Panthers, maybe, or the coyotes."

He stepped off his horse and picked up the fawn, who was past all fright, dull in his extremity.

"H'm," he said, considering, "well, guess I'll have to go home. Did want to find that bunch of steers, but they can wait, and you can't, little chap. Let's go."

At the first spring he came to he wet a corner of his handkerchief and squeezed a few drops of water into the small dried mouth. The stringy little throat could scarcely swallow, so long had it been parched.

He repeated the process at every spring he found, and it was pitiful how the starving creature began to nuzzle his hand, to struggle, wild-eyed, for the liquid. It was past noon when he rode into his home corral and met the four children, all under eight years, all eager and laughing, who tumbled out to meet him. They caught his horse's legs, and Big Dan stepped carefully among them, so used was he to them. Ann Engleby came running out too, as eager and good to look at.

"Why, honey!" she cried, astonished happily, "I thought you'd be gone two days!"

"Yes," said Bill, "but I had to come back. See," and he handed the dangling little creature down to her. "He's about done for, but I think we can pull him through. Warm a little milk, about two-thirds water, and get me a spoon."

He pulled off Big Dan's saddle and followed his tribe to the house.

Squatted in a circle, they proceeded to trickle nourishment, drop by drop, into this latest treasure.

"Poor babe," said Ann, her brown eyes moist, "poor, starved baby!"

They put him in Youngest's creeping-pen and kept him in the house and tended him most carefully, but still he came near dying. The weak milk, mild as it was, set up an inner disturbance after the days of fast, and Ann fed him paregoric and boiled flour, dried and grated, and all the little simples which she fed her own babies in like troubles.

She got up at nights and tended him, and kept a hot-water bottle in his blanket bed, and heard his cry, as she did Youngest's, on the instant.

So the days passed, and the little creature of the wild land won through his struggle. His tiny nose became less pinched, his legs ceased to wabble, his small belly divorced his backbone.

And the children loved him. They all loved him—his eager quest for food, his pretty eyes, his antics of joy as he grew stronger. It was a never-ceasing source of amusement.

By the time Winter came down on the high country he had begun to grow prodigiously. He lost his fawn-red coat and took on a rough, dark one, and had he been out on the slopes with his kind he would have looked like them. His tiny hoofs were fine and narrow, sartiny hoofs were fine and narrow, sar-prizingly sharp, his long legs reed-thin, but strong and quick. He learned to drink from a little pail, and he was the children's shadow.

He was tame and coddling, nibbling with his soft lips at all the soft, small fingers, eating from their spoons along with them, flipping his tiny tail

'IN THREE SECONDS A BATTLE ROYAL TO THE VERY DEATH WAS ON"

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There was grave counsel as to a name, and Bill decided it.

"He's a little man deer," he told his gaping offspring, "and next year he'll have little horns, so we'll call him Spiky."

And Spiky he was from the beginning.

He grew with the Winter and the plentiful food, and it was a pretty sight to see the two smaller children and the baby buck curled up on the floor together behind the big wood-stove. Ann Engleby was a good housekeeper, and her scrubbed pine floors were exquisitely white, but she let the fawn live indoors without a murmur. It was too cold outside, especially without his mother to lie close beside.

The High Ranch was far from a town or other habitation, and when the Winter closed down it was apt to see no stranger till the Spring.

It was so this year.

Youngest was creeping when Spiky came to live in the cabin, and the two grew together, tho according to their ratio of life Spiky was a gangling youth by Spring, while Youngest was still a baby.

And it was Youngest whom the little buck loved the best, as if there were between them some freemasonry of helplessness. When Youngest lay asleep, sprawled fatly on the warm floor, Spiky was wont to lie beside her, slim legs doubled back, long ears ditto, his soft eyes drowsy with dreams.

What these were Ann often wondered, looking smilingly at the two.

Did memories come dimly to him of late Summer with the shadows of the manzanita making sweet, gold patterns of the sunlight? Did he remember the spring, fringed by tall pink lilies of the hills, where his mother led him down to drink? Did he think of the awful nights when that mother lay so very still, unheeding him who had been her greatest care?

Ann's eyes grew moist at that picture, and she stooped sometimes to rub the pretty head. But Ann was a busy woman, what with keeping her house so immaculate, feeding her brood, watching for her man's return, and spending hours of every day with Oldest and Two at the big table where the primers and arithmetics were spread that the youngsters might not grow up in ignorance. Three and Youngest were still in that blissful state where the days meant only warmth and food and Spiky to romp with.

So Spring came back again. First the terrible frosts let up a bit; the lowering gray skies of Winter lightened. There was a tremulous something in the heavy air that seemed to promise joy. Then, around the first of March, the chinook wind came down from the northwest ocean and blew magically across the snow-clad slopes, and the whole land began to sing. Streams that had lain like silver lances up along the great hills' breast, starkly frozen, melted and came pouring down; the river turned brown and began to rise in its middle, throwing its driftwood off to its edges. The sun came farther north and was very gracious.

A little later a faint fringe of yellow-green began to show at the bottoms of the hills' skirts, where the willows walked with the waters; the conifers, which had been always green, took on a pale glory of new tips, as soft as a lady's hair. Grass sprang anew.

In the house at the High Ranch doors were opened.

The young tribe tumbled out.

And with them Spiky.

Spiky, tall and gangling, sleek and graceful, his long neck held proudly under his little head, his eyes large and bright and very wide with all the new sights. He walked stiff-legged and flipped his short tail, which was lined with white, and kept close to the children exactly as he had kept close to his mother in those long past days.

And Summer was a glory. A great glory of growing life, of learning, of green food added to the never-failing milk, of running like wild all round and round the big paled-in space that was the home-ranch yard.

Spiky was very handsome, too, with his shining coat that was dark slate-blue and dusted thick with silver, and on his head, just above and a bit before his ears, two little sprouts were coming timidly up through the thick hair on his forehead. The children found them first and crowed delightedly to Bill.

"Horns!" they told him, dragging the little buck in for inspection.

"And sure enough!" laughed Bill, feeling over them with his big hands.

They weren't much, taken as horns, but they were a forecast of the future, and with their growth Spiky took on a certain cocksureness.

He liked to step about stiff-legged, shaking his head up and down, sniffing the air with his little nose. He had learned to ruffle the longer hair on his shoulders, too, and felt very proud of the feat.

Almost anything was an excuse to do it—a calf that got loose and ran into the yard; even the first time he saw the big turkey gobbler parade his tail, scratching his wings on the ground. This, in fact, seemed very insulting to Spiky, and he went, very stiff in the legs indeed, and

"ONE SHY CARESS, THEN THE SPELL WAS BROKEN"

pushed his breast out toward the great bird, who didn't mind at all.

And when this gesture failed Spiky did something that he had never done in his life before: he showed fight. He went close to the offender and, raising his right fore foot as if to shake hands, he struck down, lightning quick and vicious. Now Spiky's small hoofs were very slim and delicate, a seemingly negligible weapon, but where this one struck on the big bird's fat shoulder it left a long clean cut that went to the bone. The unexpected injury sent the gobbler shrieking to the house, his feathers clapped tight down, his vainglory done for, and Ann had to fix him up with her first aid.

Spiky, watching his retreat, shook his little head and ruffled his shoulders arrogantly. A neighbor, riding down

to the far-off store in the river-flat that Spring, had let his dog come too, and this dog, being a different canine from Old Rover with his shaggy hair, Spiky flew from him as from the plague, to stand behind the kitchen door and peer and snort. The children whooped with laughter and coaxed, but Spiky would have none of him. This dog was tall and broad, with wolf-like ears, and something in the little buck reverted to primordial instincts.

He showed no fight that day, but for hours afterward his shoulders ruffled at intervals as if at memory of this new foe.

As the Summer grew apace Spiky grew also. He was coming on for a yearling now, and was so full of life that the great enclosure of the yard could not hold him. The day he first leaped the white-peeled palings and faced the wilderness of pine and thicket and mountain-breast that came flush to the clearing, he was all arrogance and a certain contained excitement.

"H'm," said Bill at night when the tribe brought him the news, "we'll have to put a red collar on him and maybe a little bell."

And this he did immediately, with a strip of bright flannel and a bell that had been used for sheep. And Spiky liked the bell at once

He ran a bit, listened to the thin silver music, stopped, shook his head, and listened again for all the world like a baby with a rattle.

The little horns were growing, too, thin, lance-like blades that stood straight up from his forehead, and he was very proud of them. He took to tilting them toward things, bowing his neck—toward the turkeys, which gave him a wide berth, and toward Rover and even toward Big Dan's legs, that were like trees to him. But never toward the humans; neither Oldest, who romped with him in a boy's usual roughness, nor Two, who was almost as rough as her brother, nor little Three, who was so shy a lad, nor tiny Youngest, who crawled around and clung to his hoofs and tail, and took her first teetering steps with her small fists twisted in his short hair.

To all these who adored him Spiky was fawning, coddling love itself. He was always in the midst of them, eating with them, playing with them, sleeping with them. He was one of them, a member of the tribe.

But much as he belonged to the house in the clearing, Spiky belonged somewhere else too. Many times he leaped the palings that early Summer and ventured into the drowsing thickets to stare excitedly with his big eyes, to blow through his delicate nostrils, to stamp his small hoofs, and to listen. There were voices in the pine-woods for Spiky, ancient voices, and he knew them perforce.

But these voyages of discovery were short-lived, fraught with fear.

At the least untoward sound, the crackle of a dry twig, the bark of a squirrel, he would start and tremble, ready to fly. And once he did fly in all truth, like a bolt sped from its bar, down the hill with hackles stiff, clearing the manzanita with leaps that did him credit, for he had seen something. No odium to Spiky for this, for he had seen a round tawny head with two pale eyes of amber-yellow looking at him from a clump of blue buck-brush.

Now, Spiky had never seen a head like that in his little life, but his forebears had. It belonged to the coldest killer in all the country of the Blue Stone Ridge, Old Tawny Eyes, the panther.

Tawny Eyes, who was old before Spiky's mother's mother's mother was born, and who had accounted for more of his tribe than all the wolves on Panther Mountain, or all the snows of the many Winters, or the hunters who were beginning of late years to find the lonely land and what it held.

Tawny Eyes, the menace, the fear, the danger—Tawny Eyes, who was more cunning than ever this year—for a reason.

For a whole week after that Spiky stayed home and was a good little buck. Also he stayed home more weeks, because a terrible thing had happened. With the still, dry heat of late Summer the lovely little spikes suddenly loosened and fell off. Right at the head they fell off.

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"'SEE! HE'S ABOUT DONE FOR, BUT I THINK WE CAN PULL HIM THROUGH'"

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MAITLAND'S WIFE

It takes some husbands a long time to find out why success doesn't mean everything to a wife

By
ELAINE STERNE CARRINGTON

Illustrations by R. J. CAVALIERE

JAMES MAITLAND caught sight of his three sons at the station as the train pulled in. They were bobbing up and down with eager, excited faces, brown as Indians, hard as nails. He said to Jack Prescott, who was his guest for the week-end, "There they are."

The train coasted to a stop. Porters hopped off, bags were swept into a heap, passengers alighted. He could see the boys racing far up the platform, scanning every face. Suddenly Denny, the eldest, spied him and plunged toward him. Baxter and Nibby followed.

They hurled themselves at him. When Maitland presented them to his guest their volubility slipped away.

They became simply three tongue-tied boys. Handsome little beggars, he thought, in their white Eton collars, dark-blue coats, and short white-linen pants.

Friends greeted him. Smartly dressed women in motors waved to him. His chauffeur came forward and took his guest's baggage and golf-clubs. His car was one of a long row of glittering motors backed into the station platform. Denny and Baxter sat in front, but Nibby, who was still something of a baby, for all his eight years, perched on his father's knee.

"Well, fella," said Maitland, rumpling his hair, "how's everything?"

"Fine. Only Denny didn't want to come to the train to meet you. He wanted to stay and fix the boat."

Maitland frowned slightly. "Oh, I guess he wanted to come all right."

"No, he didn't. He kicked and yelled and said ——"

"Shut up!" said Denny over his shoulder. "I did so want to come. I wanted to like anything."

"Of course you did."

Nice kids, tho. Dark, like their mother. And all of them boys.

Prescott, who, unlike Maitland, was a small, wiry man, was saying, "And this is the whole brood, isn't it? You're not holding out on me, are you?"

"No. This is the works. We hoped to draw a girl, but no such luck." This, as a sop to Prescott, who had two grown daughters.

Prescott rose to the occasion. "Nothing like girls. I wouldn't change my girls for all the boys in the world."

Maitland smiled to himself. "Well, you had to say that. What else could you say?"

"Mother home?"

"Yessir."

Prescott put in, "I saw her over at Easthampton, at the horse-show. She was looking very well."

Very well! Very well indeed! What other woman had her slim, straight figure, her flair for dressing, her exquisitely small head, her eyes like brown flames, her delicious red mouth?

"Yes, I think she does myself."

Denny cried, "Oh, Dad, will you come and look at the boat?"

"Yes, I'll look at the boat. What's wrong with it?"

"I don't know. Bill's taken it all apart——"

"Bill? Bill Wheeler? Is Bill Wheeler down here?"

"Yessir. He's been down all week."

"You don't say!" He turned to Prescott. "My roommate, Bill Wheeler is here. You'll like him. He's a prince!"

Funny Esther had not said a word about his being down. Oh, well, Bill never batted very high with her.

"He says he thinks what the boat needs is a new engine," said Denny.

Queer chap. Turning up after months of absence. Taking up the friendship where he had dropped it. He had been best man at their wedding and got terribly fuddled and made love to Esther, who took it all charmingly. Good old Bill!

"What room's he got?" asked Maitland.

"The blue room."

"Been down all week, eh?"

"Yessir, and I hope he never goes home."

Great to see Bill again and hash over old times! They had been so close at college. And still were. There was nothing Bill could ask of him that he would not gladly grant. But Bill never asked. And he had been up against it. Wrote a book and never made a nickel on it, and turned around and wrote another. Good books, too. At least so Esther said. Maitland never finished them. Over his head. Deep stuff.

"Why can't Bill live with us always?" Nibby wanted to know.

Why, indeed? Bill had no family. He had never married and he had no ties. Foot-loose and fancy-free. Here, there, everywhere. Post-cards from Timbuktu, post-cards from Tibet, post-cards from Hindustan. Yet every so often he turned up, unheralded and unsung, and spent a week or two with them, completely capturing the boys' hearts. He played with them, hiked with them, swam with them, from morning till night. Then off again, nobody knew where. Funny fellow. A dreamer. A rolling stone, but a darned attractive one. So Bill was there, was he? Good old Bill!

The smell of the sea stung Maitland's nostrils. Nearing home. He slapped Prescott on the knee. "Smell that. Great, isn't it?"

He sniffed the acrid, salty air. Good air. Good for the boys. Good for them all. Health-building. The one place to put a house was on the shore. Private beach. Private ocean. That was the way to live, by gad, and to see that your family lived!

HE SMILED affectionately at the back of his sons' heads. Lucky shavers, if they only knew it!

Homes, spacious, costly, hugging the dunes. Rensen's place. Copper. Ogilvie's. Oil. Parsons's. Banking. Then he felt, as he always felt, a little rush of excitement at the sight of his own house, graceful, low-lying, with its twin gables and Norman roof.

"Here we are," he said to Prescott. "Bay in back where the youngsters can sail."

The car turned into the flower-filled courtyard, where the plash of a tiny fountain sounded pleasant and cool. They entered a door, and through a vista of rooms he saw his wife and three women at a card-table. She turned at the sound of the children's voices.

"Hello!" she called. "Just a second till I finish this hand."

She joined them in a moment, and Maitland kissed her lightly. She said, "You two must be dying of thirst. Go on out on the terrace, both of you, and I'll have tinkling ice and so forth set before you."

"Where's Bill?" Maitland asked. "I hear he's been down all week."

"Why, yes. He has."

"Where's he now?"

"I don't know. I haven't seen him this afternoon."

Denny volunteered. "He's in the boat-house, Dad. I'll go look him up."

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Prescott, whose eyes had never left Esther's face, said, "You have a beautiful place, Mrs. Maitland."

Maitland smiled as he noted his patent admiration for Esther. Well, she certainly was a contrast to his own faded wife.

Prescott continued, "I've always been most anxious to meet you, Mrs. Maitland, and to do so in such an ideal setting is an added pleasure."

He was actually flushing. Prescott, of all people. Maitland grinned.

She said, "How charmingly put, Mr. Prescott! Thank you so much."

She returned to the bridge-table, and the two men went on to the stone terrace. Prescott was looking at the ocean. "Jim, I understand your wife's an accomplished musician."

"Yes, she is. She gave up a concert career when we were married."

Which was not strictly true. She had given up what might have been a concert career because her father had refused to allow her to appear publicly. He and Maitland had often discussed the matter, and Maitland had agreed with him thoroughly.

"What she needs," her father had been fond of saying, "is to marry and settle down. Now, you're a level-headed young fellow, James, just the sort for her. Just the sort."

And again Maitland agreed with him. And so they were married. And he had discovered, after the first few days of bewilderment at finding her his own, that she was just like other girls; liked little attentions, little gifts, plenty of spending-money. Well, he had brought her all that. He was bound to admit that he had never given her cause to regret it.

Esther came out on the terrace. She laid a hand, slender, beautifully molded, brown from the sun, on Maitland's shoulder. "I'm going up to dress for dinner. I wondered if there was anything you wanted before I go."

"Oh, wait a minute. Sit down here and talk to Jack while I go look up Bill. How is he, anyway?"

"He seems about the same, to me."

"Great old boy!"

Prescott, he could see, was engrossed at the idea of entertaining her exclusively, running over in his mind the subjects which he thought might interest her. "I saw you a few weeks ago at the horse-show."

"Oh, did you?"

"I liked the way you handled your mount."

"You mean in the saddle class?"

"Yes. I'm glad to see the side-saddle come back. When I was a boy—" and he was off. Esther, in a chair beside him, gave him her full, unwavering attention. She could, Maitland knew, give her undivided attention to a man without hearing a word he said.

He went down the steps, whistling. The boat-house was across the road, on the wide, still inlet. It was built to resemble a Swiss chalet. Approaching it, he heard the sound of the boys' voices, and found Bill Wheeler, lean, swarthy, his face streaked with machinist's oil, in dirty blue overalls, shirt open at the throat, sleeves rolled back. He was bending over a pile of cogs, wheels, and springs which he had removed from the motor-boat, and the three boys, hovering around him, but not daring to come too near, clad as they were in the immaculate clothes which they had worn to meet the train, filled the air with the clamor of their suggestions.

Above the hubbub Maitland called, "Hello, Bill!" And Bill turned, dropped his tools, and sprang to meet him. He was utterly oblivious of his stained hands as he pumped Maitland's arm, thumped him, said, "You're getting fat, Jimmy. Too much high living and too little exercise."

He himself was as lithe as in college days. A handsome devil, with eyelashes as long and as thick as a woman's. The boys eyed the reunion sullenly. Bill climbed over the disemboweled boat and stepped out onto the balcony with Maitland.

Bill said, "Look at that sunset on the water, will you? Isn't that something to make you sit up nights?" Which was just like Bill. Instead of admiring the house and grounds he picked a sunset. Had to be different. With anybody else it would have been a pose. They stood at the railing, and Maitland said: "Well, what do you think of the youngsters? It's a dog's age since you've seen them."

"Fine chaps. Elegant. But you ought to let me take them hiking around the world one of these days before they're ruined by soft living."

Maitland smiled. There he was again. Poking fun at him.

"Good living won't ruin a man. Look at me."

Bill whacked his shoulder. "That's just what I am doing. That's the whole answer."

Maitland laughed at his nonsense. Probably as much impressed at everything he saw as Prescott was. Wouldn't admit it. That was all. Not Bill.

"Well, it's great to see you anyhow. Why didn't you let me know you were heading this way?"

"Because I'm not calling on you. I came to see Esther."

At which Maitland grinned. This was an old joke of Bill's. He pretended an interest in Esther. Ten to one he never saw a thing of her except at meal-times. Picture Bill sitting around with women when he could tinker with engines!

"Well, now that you've seen her, what do you think of her?"

Bill was suddenly quiet. The laughter died out of his face, and in the still light of the sun's last rays he looked older, thinner than Maitland had ever seen him. He said slowly, "Oh, gosh, how can any one answer that?"

Maitland slapped him on the shoulder. "Well, old man, we'll leave Esther out of it. What are you up to these days?"

Bill did not reply. He stood with his fists plunged deep in his pockets, and he turned a face, genuinely distressed, toward Maitland. "Do I have to tell you what I think of Esther?"

Maitland laughed. "No. Of course not. Forget it. What's new? Where did you come from and where are you off to?"

Bill seemed about to speak; then he snapped his lips shut. After a moment he said, "I'm writing a book."

"Oh, another?"

"Yes."

Maitland pulled out his watch and glanced at it surreptitiously. "Tell me about it, will you, on the way up to the house?"

As he dressed for dinner that night he thought a good deal about Bill. He was the living refutation of all college prophecies. Voted the most popular man in his class, the most likely to succeed, and here he was, thirty-five, at odds with the world, nowhere, while he, Maitland, who had been voted nothing, was on top of the heap.

Of course his father's fortune had given him a start, but, on the other hand, it might have acted as a deterrent. Plenty of rich men's sons squandered their money and went to the demnition bow-wows. He wondered as he tied his cravat if Bill ever thought of the prophecy and of his subsequent failure. Probably did. Probably envied him everything he had. Probably would give his eye-teeth for such a home and such a family.

What man would not? Take, for example, this evening. Dinner would be served presently in a perfectly appointed room by perfectly trained servants offering perfectly prepared food. Then a rubber or two of contract, and later the dance at Dowds'.

And his thoughts flicked to Alice Dowd. Nice woman. Not pretty, but amusing. Daughter of Timothy Burke who made his money in the Street. And hung on to it.

"SHE HAD HER EYES OPEN NOW. 'WHERE AM I?' SHE ASKED. 'WHAT'S THE MATTER? WHERE'S BILL?'"

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Illustration by James J. Bllmeyer

"AND MEN STILL TAKE THE SPOTLIGHT IN THE BUSINESS WORLD WHERE THE IMPRESSIVE PERSONALITY IS REQUIRED"

WHY I WOULD LIKE TO BE A MAN

By HELEN WOODWARD
Author of "Through Many Windows"

EVER since my seventeenth year I have been more or less in love. And when I was in love I wanted to be a part of the man I loved. When I was unhappy I fancied the man I loved unhappy too. I imagined that if I was gay he also must be gay. Often when he was ill I became almost ill myself.

Now, modern psychologists tell us that this is a common experience, that we get so mixed with those we love that we and they become one. Any woman who has been in love can tell you that over and over again she has wanted to be a part of the man she loved. Or any man for that matter. Even in ancient Palestine they knew about it, and they called it making a man and woman *one*.

There are masculine women who want to be men because they are built with muscular, powerful bodies. But I am not writing about these—merely about why I, as an individual, would like to be a man. When I was a very small girl I did not want to be a boy. But from the time I was seventeen or in love I wanted to be a man—not any man, but the particular man with whom I was in love for the moment. I wanted his experience. I am sure that when I am sixty and no longer in love with anybody I shall no longer want to be a man. Perhaps then I shall merely want to be a child.

Suppose, for instance, the man I love is far away. I have not seen him for a little while. Now I long so much to be with him that I imagine myself in his place—in the city where he is, in the house in which he is, eating at his table, reading the book in his hand. Well, in order to do all that, I have to imagine myself wearing his clothes, thinking his thoughts. I want him to be myself. I want to be one, not two.

If the man you love seems to be enamored of some other woman, that woman seems attractive to you. But as soon as you know he doesn't care anything about her, immediately she seems just a colorless person. In other words, you are seeing her through his eyes. It is amazing how powerful, seductive, and beautiful seems a woman when you are jealous of her, and how uninteresting when you have ceased to be jealous.

NOT long ago a friend of mine came to me in a sad state. Her husband seemed to be in love with another girl.

"But she's an insignificant nobody," I said in amazement. "She's not even pretty."

"You're wrong," insisted my friend; "she's a dangerous woman. I couldn't resist her if I were a man."

Later, when her husband's infatuation was over, she remarked to me that the girl, poor thing, looked hollow and old. To me the other girl—the dangerous woman—looked just as she had always. My friend was merely seeing her through her husband's now indifferent eyes.

So much for what I consider the profound reasons why women so often want to be men. But there are practical reasons also. In business, for instance. For years I was in the advertising business. When I began no one, with the exception of a few large department stores, would have a woman copy-writer. And since I was never able to write department-store copy I found my way pretty hard.

A man who could write good advertising simply went out and got a job as copy-writer, but I, because I was a woman, had first to take a job as a stenographer. This altho I was already able to write good advertising. As stenographer to the advertising manager I wrote ads when I could. Then, when he left, I was allowed to do part of his work at one-sixth of the salary.

When I got a chance I wrote an advertisement on speculation for a publishing-house. For this I was paid fifteen dollars. I continued writing advertising for that publishing-house for three years that way, at my own risk. No sure weekly envelop. And then the house was so certain of me that it gave me a job at sixty-two dollars per week.

When that petered out I set my heart on getting a job in an advertising agency, which I thought I would like. Again I had to repeat the same process. No advertising agency had women copy-writers in that day. Again I had to prove myself. Again I had to write advertisements on a speculative basis. After a year of such copy-writing at my own risk, the agency gave me the job at sixty-five dollars a week.

No man would have had to go through such a long trial. Employers would have taken something for granted in him. I as a woman had to prove every step of the way.

So far so good. But trouble began again several years later when I began to get my own advertising accounts. Once more I found that many companies would not give their advertising accounts to a woman. In this matter of getting advertising accounts you have to take the center of the stage. And men still take the spotlight in the business world.

Conditions have changed, and it is now easy for a woman to get a good job in the advertising business, but it is still very rare for her to have a big job. The firms which spend millions a year on advertising do not give their accounts to women, altho they allow women to do all the work in subordinate positions.

The same is true of banking and law and engineering—anything you will. While the department-store buyers are often a woman, how many chiefs of stores are women? No, where the impressive personality, the hot air is required the jobs still go to men.

In minor ways it would have been a help to be a man when I was working in offices. I never see a man pulling money or a pencil or a cigaret out of a pocket without wanting to be in his place. Men's clothes are more convenient to work in. But they are so ugly that I'd rather suffer a bit of inconvenience than wear them. Still, if the present involved styles keep on, women will be forced into wearing trousers. And trousers are comfortable. They have pockets.

Many men will tell you that women make up for their disadvantages in business by being able to use charm and lure to help themselves on. Fiddlesticks! Charm and lure may get you a fine job in the chorus or as a clerk in the reception-room, but it won't make you the head of a large business. It may sell a bill of goods for a hundred dollars, but it won't ever get you a chance to solicit a million-dollar account. The more charming a woman is the more men suspect her in a big job. They're afraid that they themselves are being blinded by that charm. And so out she goes.

Socially it is in some ways easier to be a man. A clever and modest young actor—yes, really, an actor, and both clever and modest—told me he thought that things were easier for women. I challenged him.

"SUPPOSE you meet an attractive girl at a party. Would you call her up in a day or two and ask her to dinner?"

"Sure," he answered.

"Would that seem at all unnatural?"

"Oh, no," he said. "What do you mean?"

"Wait a minute," I answered. "You'll see what I'm driving at in a minute."

"Suppose you met the same girl at a party, and two or three days later she called you up and invited you to dinner."

"Well, she wouldn't be likely to do that," he fenced. "She'd arrange a little dinner-party and invite me to it, or do something like that."

"But suppose," I insisted, "that out of a clear sky she said, 'Come and have dinner with me,' what would you think of her?"

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WHY I WOULD LIKE TO BE A WOMAN

By W. E. WOODWARD

Author of "George Washington," "Bunk," etc.

TO-DAY I had luncheon with a business man, a friend of long standing. To him I am a sort of curiosity for the reason that after I had been twenty years in business, and apparently settled or good in commercial ways and habits, I threw it all side and became a professional author.

Most women would understand and sympathize with hat kind of change, but very few men do. My friend arns the pages of my books with the amiable alertness f one who strokes the backs of strange animals, and when e looks at me there is a glint of perplexity in his eyes.

"What are you working at to-day?" he asked after ie waiter had taken our orders. Like many other people, e considers writing a mysterious literary magic. He is ll wrong, for authorship is, in fact, one of the simplest f occupations. To write anything one has only to sit own with pen and paper and put one little word after nother—taking care, of course, to select the right words.

"To-day," I replied, "I am getting ready to write article on 'Why I Would Like to Be a Woman.'"

"You are?" he replied. "What a subject! Can you ve any reasons for wanting to be a woman?"

"I think so," I said; then I had an idea. "Suppose this ticle was your job," I continued, "what reasons would ou give?"

He reflected a moment. "Well," he said eventually, don't want to be a woman; I want to be a man. But I had to write that article I think I could make a good owing. Women have the best of things, generally eaking."

"How?"

"Why, they're supported and looked after—I mean ost of them are—and that means a lot in this harsh orld. Even when they work they have a better break an the men——"

Here I interrupted to say that I did not agree with him that last statement. "In all kinds of employment that now anything about the women are paid less than the n in the same jobs," I remarked.

"Yes, that's usually so," he admitted, "but we don't pect as much of them. Besides, the men often have nilies to support, and ought to get more. Women are otected in lots of ways. The law is all in their favor. ey have to bear children, but if that's a hardship most men seem to stand it cheerfully enough.

"My goodness, you take the average well-to-do marid woman in any suburban town. Her life is just one nd picnic. Plays bridge or golf every afternoon, and es around in her car while her husband is in town rking like the deuce. She buys and he pays. She wears clothes and he's the boy who writes the checks. It's tty soft, let me tell you." He paused and smiled. low, there's an idea for your article," he said, waving hand generously.

Yes, it's an idea, and it expresses pretty clearly the erage man's opinion. But it doesn't express mine. My sons are not economic, but emotional. The thought being supported by somebody else does not thrill me the least, nor would I care to spend my time buying thes and watching my husband write checks.

These are not the advantages, but the disadvantages, being a woman—and I think most women consider m disadvantages. Any woman of energy and intelance would prefer to stand on her own feet and make nething of her own individuality.

Women are charming and beautiful, and I must con-, even tho I realize that I may be called a "sissy" on ount of my assertion, that I would like to be charming beautiful myself; but that can never be, for my face has the cast-iron contour and square jaw of the late John L. Sullivan.

I am more than a little tired of my hard, masculine countenance and of the growth of bristles that appears on it every twenty-four hours. I don't like my large hands and my large feet, even if I have become accustomed to them; and I don't like my clothes. They are stiff and ugly and conventional. When I go out in the street I look like every other man, and every other man looks like me. How gorgeous it would be to wear the velvets and satins that men wore in the eighteenth century; to have powdered wigs, and frills on one's shirt!

IN a world given over body and soul to science and mechanism and steel and stone it is woman alone who has kept alive the spirit of living beauty. I wonder if many women realize the startling incongruity between themselves and, let us say, the Ford plant at Detroit?

I have to travel around a lot, and when I get to a strange city I am always in a state of infinite boredom from the dust and smell of railways, and the journey's view of civilization in the act of progressing.

After going to a hotel and washing my face I take a walk in the streets just for the purpose of looking at the women. I do not know any of them; I do not attempt to flirt with them; I merely want to see them. It is like walking through a flower-garden. Then I come back to my hotel refreshed and ready to tackle the business in hand. Many other men do this. I am not the only one.

The first and most important duty of every woman, according to my judgment, is to look as beautiful as she can. There is already too much intellect in the world, too many grand projects, too much machinery, too many things that are impressive but not charming. There never can be too much beauty; and if woman doesn't furnish it I don't know who will.

This primary obligation of looking beautiful is one that the modern woman is taking very seriously, and that is most gratifying. At a dinner recently I sat next to the curator of a great and distinguished art museum. He remarked that the attendance at his museum was not what it used to be; fewer people come.

I told him that I thought people do not go to art galleries in such numbers any more because the women of to-day are living pictures. What is the use of looking at dead ladies in their frames on a wall when one may see fresh and vivid ladies in the street?

I am not vivid and beautiful, and the thought annoys me. My only recourse is to look at somebody else who is vivid and beautiful—and, thank Heaven, there are a lot of women to look at. I would love to be a lithe and slender woman, and wear one of those jaunty *cloche* hats, and a silver-gray frock, and shoes of the color of young, freshly minted gold. Futile wish, of course, but the charm of all futile wishes is that they allow one to go to the limit of the imagination.

However, that is not the only reason why I would like to be a woman. In my soul, deeply buried, I have a rather stifled consciousness of being a barbarian. Nearly all women are barbarians at heart. Perhaps that is why I feel so much at home with them. They have the gentle impulses, the generosity, the rhythm, and the poetry of the barbarian, besides being capable of a perfectly barbaric intensity of feeling.

LOVE gives a woman more emotional pleasure than it gives a man. She becomes surrounded by it and swims in it as a fish swims in the sea. No man can do that; he is always distracted by his wretched business, or his duty, or the telephone, or something.

But love is not woman's only emotional function. Women are able to keep up long sustained and ably conducted hates. They have a far greater range of feeling than men have, and I like that. They lay their cool hands on the fevered brow of humanity, altho now and then some of them drop a little poison in the coffee.

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Illustration by James L. Billmeyer

"THERE CAN NEVER BE TOO MUCH BEAUTY IN THE WORLD; AND IF WOMAN DOESN'T FURNISH IT I DON'T KNOW WHO WILL"

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"HE WASN'T MAN ENOUGH TO DISCHARGE HIS CHAUFFEUR. HE LEFT SUCH THINGS FOR HIS WIFE TO DO"

THE MAN WHO WOULD BE BRAVE

When Aleck Howard discovers that women admire courage more than anything else he resolves to become admired at any cost

By WALLACE IRWIN

Illustrations by HARRY BECKHOFF

ALECK HOWARD spoiled a dress collar attempting to stretch it the impossible fraction of an inch. He unfastened it at the back, held it up, regarded it as one would a stained conscience. "I'm letting myself get fat," he thought, "and at my age that's bad. A hundred and seventy is too much for five feet eight. I ought to play golf instead of bringing law-books home over week-ends. And that's a silly idea. If I didn't bring law-books home—huh."

In a bureau-drawer he found a quarter-size larger collar and began winding it, a white stripe, under his round, good-natured face. But there was a certain haunting anger in his eyes. Anger at himself. He resented the idea of bringing law-books home. Homework. The pun induced a bitter smile. With a little more home-work maybe he'd know what to do. A quick, rather guilty glimpse into the adjoining room showed the brilliant reflection of his wife, her Indian-black eyes absorbed in the mirror-gaze of women.

How young she looked! She hadn't changed a bit since the day they were married—only there was a kind of glory about her. You wouldn't take her for the mother of two children. But it was great to see her with the babies. He loved to think of her that way, running the place, playing with the kids. She was so satisfactory in everything, and he was so proud of her. Only if she'd get the idea——

Aleck Howard turned away for fear those mirrored eyes would catch him peeping. Carefully selecting a white tie—the Country Club dances were becoming formal this year—he worked absent-mindedly with the knot and wondered what he'd better do about Carol.

She wasn't the sort who would run away with another man or mess herself up as a lot of them might. She was good as gold, and loyal. But he wouldn't have her just sticking to him, being a martyr because of something the parson had said five years ago. In his heart he felt that he wasn't quite up to her, but he didn't want her to know that. He wanted her to think of him as ten feet tall, iron-sinewed, sternly chivalrous. He wanted her to think of him——

Heigh-ho! A tightness in his throat, a moisture in his eyes caught Aleck Howard off his guard, brought him up standing before his full-length mirror. He mustn't let himself give way like this. He had taught himself discipline, and that had won him professional respect, even tho he was still in his early thirties. But his reflection in the glass brought him small consolation; his widening waist, his cherubic cheeks— "Good land," he mourned, "I'll be an old man at forty! That won't do for Carol at all. She doesn't want a Cupid." Then, with something like a laugh, he added, "Mars is what Carol's looking for, if she only knew it."

"Aleck!" His name, lightly floating from the other room, brought him to immediate attention. There was a sweet overtone in that call, and his heart leaped as hastily he snapped up his suspenders and went in to where she sat before her dressing-table. Her black eyes were on herself as she wound pearls around an ivory neck. He decided not to speak first; an invisible something cautioned him against loose talk. As he waited he stroked a red scar on the side of his nose.

Finally, the mirrored face looked at him, pleasantly, rather distantly, and she asked, "Did you get rid of McCarthy?"

McCarthy was the Howards' chauffeur.

"Why—?" The able young jurist was at a loss for an argument, but something must be said. "No, I didn't, Carol." Pleasantly. "We shouldn't cut off our nose to spite our face, should we?" And because there was no answer he persisted, "Should we?"

"I suppose not." Artfully she drew powder across her chin.

"Of course not," he echoed, and his voice had grown a little higher. "If he goes to-night we'll have nobody to drive us to the club. And you know how nervous you are about my driving." Silence. If she shrugged her shoulders it was an invisible shrug, something under the skin, expressing more than a gesture could have done.

Unconsciously Aleck stroked the red scar; this had become habitual with him in moments of annoyance.

"I'll go out right now and throw him off the place," he stormed, visualizing the tall McCarthy, lean as a cat, muscled like Gene Tunney, flying headlong into the County Road.

"Aleck, please don't make a fool of yourself."

"Fool of myself?" In spite of calm resolution he was trembling. "You think I'm afraid of people. You think I'm yellow——"

"It's a little late now for you to make a scene," she told him, and her dovelike tone was distant. "It would have been better this afternoon. You heard what he said to me."

"You told him the car was dirty, and he said it wasn't. As a matter of fact——"

"Please, Aleck. Please." Her hands went up, a helpless protest. "If you'd only be as savage with other people——"

"I'm sorry, Carol." Poor Aleck was almost on his knees. The look she could give, at him and through him, left nothing more to be said. If only he could explain. Yet what was there to say?

"You'd better get on your coat, dear," she suggested. "We're late now."

Defeated then, he shuffled out of the room. Always like that. Let him utter a word in his own defense and she asked him to put on his coat. Queer, the way women can force a gag on you, thought Aleck Howard. Yet that very afternoon he had stood in Part Nine of the State Supreme Court and driven the words of a lying witness down his craven throat. But that again was different.

Quite silently then the Howards, piloted by the muscular, unchastened McCarthy, drove away from their modestly luxurious house on

"ALEK BENT OVER WITH THE WHITE SMILE OF A KILLER. 'WHAT HAVE YOU GOT ON THE PROGRAM?'"

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the slopes of Berry Hill. In pale moonlight it was imposing, like a little marble temple. Aleck, glimpsing it moodily, knew that in a few years of practise he would be able to buy something larger on higher ground. Not so massive, perhaps, as the broad mansion whose gables appeared on the crest, silhouetted by a rising moon.

Hugo Wyant, who lived up there, was Aleck's friend of friends. Hugo had his vanity, calling the place Bellestaire. And he had his troubles too, cooped up with that old maid sister who badgered the life out of him. No, sir, it wasn't all smooth with good old Hugo. Diana was a handicap. She certainly was.

Women are handicaps— Aleck interrupted this disloyal thought, remembering the adored woman at his side. Pale as ivory, her black hair glinting in a pallid ray, she sat quietly smoking. And he guessed her thoughts.

"Aleck Howard is yellow. He's just an apology for a husband. He gives me a home, brings me in money. But he's not a man—not really."

There was the affair of Rennie Falk—nearly a month old now, and never to be settled, since Rennie had gone to Canada. But he had been drinking too much that night at the club.

Certainly he hadn't meant to say the very personal thing which had turned Carol's eyes toward her husband with the mute question, "Why don't you hit him?"

And what had Aleck done? Just joked the big ruffian, given him another drink, helped put him to bed. And how Carol had looked at Aleck when he came downstairs, beaming with good humor, trying to laugh it off!

Gosh—even to-night, driving seremely toward the Country Club, he remembered the condemnation in her eyes. And why, instead of laughing it off, hadn't he buried his fists in the insolent puppy's ribs? Rennie, he knew, was a tiger when he fought. He could kill a man at a blow. What of it? Aleck had faced death before. But that was different somehow.

So up to the broad Spanish arcades of the new Country Club the Howards drove, their mood no less gloomy than that which carries many another couple into an evening of social enjoyment. From some brilliantly lighted cavern beyond a band was going full blare. "My Blue Heaven." "Toodle-doo," went the saxophone, striking Aleck on a raw nerve, but he grinned and dimpled and was his jolly self when Tommy Evans and Bill Whitmore, gossiping in the coat-room, held out congratulatory hands. They'd been reading all week about the Tarbox case.

"That was good stuff, Al," jubilated Tommy Evans. "I mean, I didn't think you'd have the nerve to get it thrown out of court."

"There's a little fight left in the old man," snickered Aleck. Then he felt himself coloring. He shouldn't have said that, not around Berry Hill. And he thought his friends were straining their voices putting too much stress on their compliments when they assured him that there certainly *was* a lot of fight in the old man. Look at the way he stood up and wouldn't let Judge Granning put anything over on him. Yes, sir. Berry Hill was proud of its boy champion.

A lot more like that until Aleck Howard turned and ran toward his wife, who was making her way into the ballroom. Curious, he thought, how your private life seems to knock everything else into a cocked hat. He should have been stepping high to-night. The Tarbox case was a feather in his cap. People were talking about it. Yet the cold, white ghost dogged his footsteps and Carol's. He'd let McCarthy make a monkey of him; he'd let Falk make a monkey of him. How many monkeys had he been in their five years of marriage?

The orchestra played. Carol was seized upon by an eager partner. Silk and lights and glancing feet gave the ballroom a care-forgetful moment. Yet Aleck Howard stood there, thinking of how Carol's eyes had looked at him out of the mirror. And now he watched her hungrily, circling around the floor in the arms of a sinewy collegian. She should have married such a man, he thought. Somebody big enough to stand up for her. Women like to be fought over; they're crazy about Lancelots. And if ever a woman was worth fighting for it was Carol. Reflectively he stroked the angry scar on his nose.

People swam by as in a dream.

"ALECK DISLIKED BUFFET LUNCHEONS, AND TO-DAY THE CONFUSION DID NOTHING TOWARD CALMING HIS TROUBLED MIND"

There was one of the Colt sisters—the pretty one who just broke her engagement. There were Flora Longtree, dancing very well for a grandmother, and tiny Felix Pense, skipping about with a tall girl. Morbidly, Aleck wondered what Felix would do if called upon to defend a lady's honor.

A moment later, almost touching him, a very pretty couple came his way: Hugo Wyant of Bellestaire, dark as a Spaniard, burly and graceful as a guardsman, was holding tightly to a little divorcée who had come back to Berry Hill, people said, to seize its prize bachelor. Her name was Alma Drumm, and she looked too kittenish for Hugo. Of all the people in the district Aleck preferred this self-appointed Laird of Bellestaire with his lazy kindliness and the sarcasms with which he masked a good heart.

WHEN Alma and Hugo swung by again, Aleck, in a fit of boldness, cut in. Deliberately he gave himself this task, and it was jolly to see Hugo's large mouth open as if to say, "Mouse, do your worst!" Readily enough he surrendered Alma—possibly he wanted to leave her while yet there was time. Or maybe it was another freak of generosity. Aleck liked to dance with little women; they made him feel so tall. But as they swung into the music she wordlessly informed him that his choicé had been a mistake; in his arms she felt like a cat that purrs and struggles to get away.

Yet she did purr. Purred about the meaningless things which dancing women pretend to be interested in. She'd not been away long enough to forget the jolly crowd at Berry Hill. And so many of the girls had gotten married.

"That's a habit they have," agreed Aleck, puffing a little with the exercise and wishing he hadn't cut in.

"All the old, familiar faces," purred Alma, her eyes wandering, possibly in search of Hugo. "My goodness, if there isn't one of the old guard! Rennie Falk, and disgraceful as ever."

Rennie Falk? Aleck missed a step, almost stumbled as he stared wildly around and saw the hated specter. Rennie Falk, his flat head thrust aggressively forward, slouched in an anteroom. He had just drawn a silver flask from his hip pocket; the motion was suggestive of the frontier bad-man. He was supposed to be in Canada. When did he get back?

Alma Drumm was reading Aleck's mind. "He came on the afternoon train," she prattled, and her baby stare looked up caressingly. "And I'll bet you weren't there to meet him." A giggle.

"Why should I be?" The jeer hurt him poignantly. So the news had gotten around to Alma Drumm. But she was ever so innocent when she explained.

Oh, nobody really wants him to come back. Hugo says he's going to be thrown out of the club. He isn't civilized. But I suppose it would take a lot of muscle, wouldn't it? They say Rennie's a perfect savage when he's— Oh, Jack, must you? Well, *au revoir*."

This with a feathery wave in Aleck's direction, for Jack McArdle had stepped in and snatched her away. Her abandoned partner stood an instant, numbed by her little poisoned words. She had spoken so sweetly, pointing out the man whom Aleck Howard, by every law of chivalry, should punish. And there, in an adjacent anteroom, stood Rennie Falk, his merciless head alert as an anaconda's, poised to strike a rabbit.

Something like murder was in Aleck's heart, but it turned his feet from his enemy. He wanted to get away from these inquisitive eyes, peering, laughing covertly. At the door he paused an instant and got a glimpse of Carol, her hair purple, her skin ivory, happy lights in her shadowy eyes. He was glad she was having a good time.

Alone on the veranda, he bit into a cigar and tried to give himself over to the poetry of a moonlit night. He loved quiet, and life had given him so little of that which should be the cheapest of commodities. Light as day, he thought, glancing up at the nectar-bowl swimming in the sky, then down at the misty blue rising from the golf-course like spray from an enchanted waterfall. The dance-music had become remote, and he was glad of that. Here was a breath of serenity.

But his mind was surging, lightning vomiting out of black clouds. They ought to move away from Berry Hill, he and Carol; the place was like a country village despite its metropolitan atmosphere. Howard's professional reputation was on the steep up-grade; in a year or so he ought to be a rich man, the way things were going.

With a sudden disgust he realized that he was trying to avoid the point at issue. Rennie Falk was back, drunk and swaggering. Aleck knew, as all Berry Hill knew, that he owed Rennie a beating. And that impertinent Drumm woman had been gibing him about it. Now he began to see why little men sometimes fly to firearms to defend themselves and their families. You can't fight a gorilla with your bare hands.

Aleck stood there numbly, considering what to do. He could, of course, go at it in the regular legal way: appear before the committee and have Falk expelled from the club. But there was something paltry in that sort of revenge; he saw far too much of it in his daily practise of the law. He owed Carol something better than that; she had a right to ask it. Um. Rennie Falk is up to me, he thought, and stared vacantly into the moonlight.

For a long time he leaned against a pillar, steeped in silence. Then suddenly behind him he heard the banging of a screen door and had a view of two figures framed in a square of yellow light. Carol, her look disturbed, angry—and who was that slim fellow with the serpentine head, gesturing, gibbering over her shoulder? Rennie Falk.

"You're tired of hop-toad, and you know it," came

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"AMONG THE SHOUTING SETONS, MAD WITH JOY, THE QUEEN RODE FOR HER LIFE, THE DOUGLASS

THE DUEL OF

Final instalment of a vividly colorful, historical romance

AT THE gate of the castle on its desolate islet Lady Douglas, their jailer, mother of the bastard Moray, met Mary Stuart, without obeisance and with angry brows. It was a glad moment to her when the legitimate daughter of her paramour was at her mercy; and as Mary glanced swiftly at the strong, handsome, narrow-jawed face, she knew well what she must expect, and prepared herself. Lady Douglas stepped in front of the queen with a jeer.

"And here we have you at last, madam the usurper, after all the good blood spilled for your worthless face in Scotland. Thank God that my son, the rightful king and King James's legitimate heir, is now to enjoy his own at last!"

Mary looked at her for a moment, smiling slightly. She spoke with deceptive gentleness.

"He is too honest himself to say so. Many lies he has uttered, but not that. Pass on, gentlemen!" And so swept by.

Lady Douglas was silenced, but her look of hate pursued that graceful retreating back. It was enough. War, and bitter war, was declared between jailer and prisoner. But in the face of provocation Mary Stuart could still carry her beautiful head even higher than when it wore the crown of Scotland. And after a while Mary Seton and one or two more of her faithful ladies were allowed to rejoin her. Since it was impossible that the queen should ever escape, and there were solid reasons for supposing that her life might not be long, it was judged politic to grant that small favor, especially as in such a prison not even Mary Seton could hope to send any intelligence to the outer world.

Perhaps Moray would have regretted his indulgence could he have hidden behind the curtains of the bed hung with green velvet, "made in the likeness of a chapel," where Mary lay asleep when Mary Seton rushed to her arms. After the first joy the Seton searched every inch of the bedroom, but only the stiff figures in tapestry on the walls were in a position to hear what she said. She knelt by the bed, holding the white hands in her own vibrant clasp.

"Take heart, Mary Stuart; take heart as never yet. Talk not of prison. Listen to the news I bring and strengthen your own quick wit and high heart. You shall yet sit in Stirling by the prince and scorn the villains. But listen!"

She produced a small paper from her bosom and unfolded it.

"You shall know better how to meet Moray when he comes with his snake's face to play the honest brother. This is yet another bond, the third, which the lords signed at the Privy Council the day they signed the warrant for your grace's imprisonment."

We declare that Bothwell, without fear of God or reverence for the person of his sovereign, beset her majesty's way, seized her most noble person, and led her away with him to Dunbar Castle, there detaining her prisoner. No nobleman nor other durst resort to her majesty, her chamber-doors being constantly watched with armed men.

We began to consider specially the preservation of the life of the fatherless prince, the righteous heir apparent of our sovereign, and her highness's shameful bondage with the said earl, and foresaw the great danger which the prince stood in because the murderer of his father, the ravisher of the queen, his mother, was armed with the principal strength of the realm.

At last, in the fear and name of God and in the lawful obedience of our sovereign, we have taken arms to revenge the said horrible and cruel murder upon the Earl of Bothwell and to deliver our sovereign from his hands.

"How after that shall they charge you with murder and adultery?" she ended triumphantly.

Mary snatched the paper and read it through.

"It is great news!" she said, drawing a long breath. "It is true. They can not say I am guilty either of the murder or Bothwell's love after this. And to sign it on the very day they dragged me to Lochleven—the liars! But how did you come by it?"

"Lethington's wife. She looks through his papers for us," answered Mary Seton. "But, my heart, I have better news still. The King of France is on your side, tho the cold queen mother sits still considering which way to jump and dreams of her son Anjou marrying the English witch. And yet again. Now smile for the first time for months! There is a glorious party of the Scots nobles for your grace gathering in arms. Herries is with them, and the Setons and many another, and I would say this ——"

But the queen interrupted Mary Seton by flinging her arms about her neck and stifling her with kisses. At twenty-four hope is seldom beyond the resurrection of glad news. She was not forgotten. Faithful hearts were planning for her, unresting night and day.

"But hear me!" said Mary Seton. "I am older than you, Mary Stuart. I shall reach the wise age of twenty-five two months before you. You are worn out by the horrors of this dreadful year. From the murder of Darnley king in February to that iron man-woman down-stairs! You have gone from one torture to another. Now let me tell you what this has done to you!"

"My glass tells me," Mary said sadly. "No need to press that truth, Mary Seton."

"Every need, Mary Stuart, and for a reason. It hollowed your cheeks and made them like colorless ivory. It left your eyes so large and dark that they overflow your white face. It made your nostrils transparent and your lips the color of the queen mother's rosary of white coral. But what I say is this. Since I saw you in Edinburgh your cheeks are less hollow; a little color has flowed into your lips. This is because you have rested in your great chapel of a bed, knowing you are rid of

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BESIDE HER. AND SO THE SICKLY DREAM OF CAPTIVITY DISSOLVED IN THE FULL DAWN OF FREEDOM"

THE QUEENS

By E. BARRINGTON

Illustrations by FORTUNINO MATANIA

the ruffian Bothwell. Therefore take this imprisonment as a resting-time during which you can recapture youth, health, and strength, when the Setons summon you out to join them in open field and reconquer the crown. Do I say well?"

"Dear, you hearten me!" Mary said impulsively. "But, Mary Seton, the shame is on me that I foretold. What shall I do with Bothwell's child in the prison of Lochleven? Shall I love or loathe it? I love my son. But this!

"Sometimes I forget whose it is!" she said innocently, "and then I am glad, and again my shame comes on me like a rushing wave, drowning heaven and earth in shame from my sight. Very terrible is the life of a woman! Can we wonder that my father died because I was born? Better I too were dead!"

"And that too will come in God's good time when all your dark hair is white!" said the other Mary. "But if I, a maid, may speak—I think that a child is a jewel even if found in the mud and its perfection perfect if the devil were its father. Marriage may not be made in heaven, madam, but as for children they come straight from God, and this one shall lie in your breast and you will forget the prison. But——"

There was a loud noise in the castle below—a hurry of arrival, voices of men, shouts and answers. Mary Seton flew to the window and flung words back over her shoulder.

"Boats. Men waiting. Some great persons have come. What is it, what is it, Willie Douglas?" For in the outer room she had caught sight of a slim page-boy, waiting to attract her attention.

He advanced toward the queen's door and stood reverently outside.

"It is George Douglas, madam, that has sent me to warn her majesty that some of the lords have ridden to Lochleven and must see her."

Mary Seton pressed her hand to her bosom.

"Who are they, Willie Douglas? What says George?"

She had known him in Edinburgh and at her father's house, a chivalrous young man, son of the jailer woman of Lochleven, yet for all that to be trusted.

"Could he come and speak with me?"

"Most certainly, madam. I run when you tell me!"

He sped through the presence-chamber, and Mary Seton went softly back into the queen's chamber.

"Madam, it is the lords. George Douglas will give me word. Meanwhile shall Jane Kennedy dress you?"

Mary made a quick yes with her hand. Already the strained look in her eyes, the nervous twitch near the corners of her mouth heralded the enemy. Jane Kennedy ran in, her arms heaped with black velvet, for the queen had resumed her widow's dress and wore it always. Mary Seton went to the door and waited with what patience she could.

PRESENTLY the head of a young man came up the winding stair, broad shoulders following. He bowed to Mary Seton.

"I desire, madam, to inform you that Lord Lindsay of the Byres, my brother-in-law, and Sir Robert Melville have come to see her majesty as commissioners on important business and desire an audience."

Lindsay, Mary's most brutal enemy. Robert Melville, another traitor. That conjunction could portend no good. Mary Seton answered calmly, however:

"By the time these commissioners are refreshed the queen will receive them. Do you return with them?"

"Dare I ask why, madam?"

"Certainly. It is because Lindsay is capable of such brutality to all weaker than himself that she may need a gentleman's protection."

A good stroke. He answered:

"She shall have it, madam. Lord Lindsay is known. I will be there."

When Mary had been ceremoniously dressed by Jane Kennedy in black velvet, a triple chain of pearls about her neck, and a ruff frail as a spider's morning cobweb and a floating veil, she was a queenly figure indeed.

She sat in a high carved chair with a crown surmounting the entablature of arms at the back, her feet resting on a stool where the Lion of Scotland ramped in pride. Her delicate hands lay on the broad arms of the chair whence her black drapery flowed. Thus she awaited their coming, Sir Robert Melville's fawning grace and Lindsay's unwilling salutation.

George Douglas waited behind them at the door.

"You have come, gentlemen, to the sovereign you have imprisoned. Is it to ask for pardon?"

Lindsay pulled a chair and flung himself impudently into it, his sword clanking at his side. Melville stood fronting her. Lindsay spoke.

"Far otherwise, madam. We have brought papers which you are to sign, with your good-will as we hope, against it if otherwise, setting forth your abdication of the crown of this realm, your desire for the coronation of your son, the prince, under the regency of your trusty brother, the Earl of Moray, and your desire to lead henceforths a quiet life free from the cares of state."

If Mary changed color a little it was her only sign of emotion. She said firmly:

"The request is madness. On what do you base it?"

Sitting crouched in his chair and fixing her with his hard, yellow eyes, Lindsay replied:

"Easily answered. On the grounds of tyranny, because

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you have broken and violated the laws and statutes made by the lords for the realm's protection. Incontinency, for you have committed adultery with Bothwell and others, as proved in letters written to him and in our possession. Murder of the late king, of which we hold complete proof in the said letters and elsewhere, as well as by your wedding Bothwell, the arch-murderer of your husband. Of these letters we came possessed on the 20th of June, they being found on the person of Dalgleish, Bothwell's servant, and their discovery invalidates all proclamations issued by us earlier."

A moment's amazement, and the queen laughed aloud.

"Forgers as well as liars! I would like well to see your work. Choose a more likely tale. You are jesting, man! Your folly does not go so far."

The man might have spat at her from his hunched hatred. Mary Seton shot a warning glance at George Douglas as the queen went on:

"And you found these letters on the twentieth day of June in this precious silver casket."

"Certainly. And foul reading they are for a queen's writing."

Mary parried swiftly.

"And yet on the 26th of June the lords, having read this foul stuff, issue a proclamation against Bothwell for his treason in carrying me to Dunbar and compelling me to marry him. And you assert you took up arms to deliver your cruelly oppressed sovereign from his cruel hands. My lord, it would appear you need Moray to instruct you in your lies. You are not so skilful when he is away over the Border."

Lindsay flushed violently. He laid a hand on his sword; and George Douglas, who had hung on her words, made a step forward, then controlled himself.

"Let us have none of this trifling!" Lindsay said with a growl. "No time to waste in women's babble. The Scots people are wearied with your wantonness and tyranny. There is no chance for your life if you protest your rights further; and you must be put away as a public danger. Here are three deeds. In the first you willingly resign the crown to your son. In the second you appoint your brother James Stuart, Earl of Moray, as regent during the prince's minority. In the third you appoint a council, headed by Morton, to carry on the government till Moray's return. Sign, therefore, for your life hangs on it."

He pushed the pen into the hand which refused to receive it, and as she half rose in her chair, Melville stepped forward to take up his part in the play.

"My lord, I take leave to say you are too harsh in your zeal and have not reasoned with our gracious lady. Why should she accept without due cause shown? I take leave to ask a private audience during which you will wait in the antechamber. Our mistress was always clear of brain and will, able as any man to consider the rights and wrongs of a question. Let me lay it before her."

Lindsay rose as if unwilling and left the room without bowing. Mary Seton glided into the bedchamber and listened with her ear against the door. George Douglas followed Lindsay.

Melville placed himself before Mary.

"Madam, as your true well-wisher and humble servant I entreat you to sign these deeds without hesitation, and to that end I desire to present you with a token from certain of the lords who love you and know your danger." He produced a beautiful turquoise ring and laid it on the table before her.

"Your grace, this comes from the Earls of Argyll, Huntly, and Athol, from Secretary Lethington and Kirkcaldy of Grange, who out of their humble duty beseech you to sign, for otherwise there is a plot to take your life, which is in fearful danger from the lords of the secret council. Sign, good madam. It is only upon compulsion, and therefore in no way valid. All shall go well."

SHE looked at him calmly.

"Well planned, but not so as to catch me. If this requisition came from the Scots people and they had ceased to love me I would hear and sign. But they love me, and this is only the ambition of the lords and my brother. I will not sign."

With an air of the utmost secrecy, Melville drew his sword from the scabbard, and, turning the latter upside down, a paper fell out, which he presented.

"I have carried it at my life's hazard, madam. Read and consider. It is a letter from Throckmorton carrying you the urgent advice of the Queen of England to sign, because you should not anger those who hold you in their power. She adds that no deed extorted by force is valid. Therefore sign."

She ran her eye carelessly over the paper, and then sharply tore it in four pieces.

"I will not sign. Recall Lindsay. I refuse utterly."

He argued smoothly, steadily for half an hour and more, and to each covert threat she answered always, "I will not sign," until Mary Seton, listening, marveled at her courage.

Presently the thundering knock of the handle of a sword rattling upon the door of the presence-chamber and Lindsay, in full armor, flung it open.

"You are as long as if you were love-making, Melville. How dares the woman refuse the commands of the lords? You have bidden her sign and she will not. I do not ask. I command. Sign, madam, or it will be the worse for you. We will smother you in your bed and hang you to the bedpost and tell the world that in terror of your crimes you hanged yourself like Judas. Sign without delay or worse will befall you."

She said steadily:

"You are able for that or anything. Who should know better than I? Yet sign I will not. I am four and twenty, my child not a year old. This is to make Moray King, and I will none of it. I will not sign."

MELVILLE crept up behind her, whispering smoothly in her ear, and George Douglas stood watch.

"Madam, he is capable of that or anything. Sign and save your life. It is not valid."

And still she answered: "I will not sign."

"But sign you shall and here and now," roared Lindsay. "There is a tower in this castle—a dungeon like a stone chest—and there we will lay you to rot and die walled up from air and light and the sight of humankind. We will bury you there alive this day. Choose. Sign."

Melville had drawn back. Mary looked up, alone with the two but for George Douglas, son of her jailer.

"I will not sign."

Rage overcame Lindsay. He snatched her arm in his steel gauntlet, driving the metal into it.

ANNOUNCING

SHORT-STORY PRIZE-WINNERS

After weeks of careful study of over 11,000 manuscripts submitted for Pictorial Review's Short Short-Story Contest, the judges have selected the contributions of three authors who, they believe, have been most successful in telling a complete and interesting story in 2,500 words. The contest enlisted a wide variety of talent in the field of creative writing, and Pictorial Review wishes to take the opportunity to thank all those who have so kindly co-operated.

First Prize, $2,500,
to MARY ELLEN CHASE
of Massachusetts

Second Prize, $1,500
to RADA BERCOVICI
of New York

Third Prize, $1,000
to LOIS SEYSTER MONTROSS
of Vermont

Checks have been mailed to the successful authors, and their stories will appear, in the order of their choice, in the July, August, and September issues.

"You shall sign if I wring the arm off you."

Even Melville paled at her deadly pallor. Would he murder the queen before his eyes? Suddenly, livid with pain, she fell back in her chair.

"I will sign. I have my arm to show for the means used by the lords. George Douglas, bear witness. Give me the papers."

They laid the papers before her, and without a more, with tears of agony rolling down her cheeks, she signed the deeds that unqueened her.

They got themselves out of the castle as quickly as might be, and when the plash of the oars had died away George Douglas, pale as gray ash, came up the stair and walked into the room so transported that he did not know that he had broken into a queen's presence. She lay back in her chair with closed eyelids, Mary Seton bathing the bloody bruises of the iron fingers and thumb pale as the queen herself. He spoke loudly from the door.

"Madam, I would have thrott[led] the ruffian but that I valued my life for what I say now. May God do so to me and more also if I do not see you free from my foes vants on the day you are free, and in token of this vow I kiss the cross handle of my sword as in the presence of the Creator. Count on me in life and death!"

She opened her eyes faintly.

"Sir, it is worth it. I thank you."

He beckoned Mary Seton for a moment.

"Madam, my elder brother, the castellan, Sir William, refused to be with them, and as they left he called in a loud voice before all present, 'Say to the lords that I protest against the foul wrong done under my roof. You are not men, but devils.' And so they left in a dead silence. The great devil speed them and reward them!"

He turned and went, a high purpose in his soul.

There was some feeling even in England when it was known. There are men who, tho they will not relinquish the hunt, yet have a spasm of shame when they see the fox dug out and flung to the hounds. It may be supposed perhaps that Throckmorton had something of the same regard for the quarry he had chased so long.

Be that as it may, he sent words to Kirkcaldy and to Lethington which surprized himself as he read them over.

Yourselves wrote against your queen, fought against her and were the chief cause of her apprehension, imprisonment and the loss of her crown, with something more which I might say if it were not to grieve you too much. But pioneer argues friendship, and so I trust you take it. You two were the chief occasion of all the calamities, as she asserts, that she has fallen into. You, Lord of Lethington, by your persuasion and advice to imprison—yea, to have taken perforce the life from her—and you, Lord of Grange, by your solicitation, toil, and labor, to bring in others to put in execution what you, Lord of Lethington, had planned.

This was indeed a tone to rouse alarm in the astute Lethington's mind, especially as he had just written to Secretary Cecil a whining letter in Elizabeth for money.

I pray we may (for the relief of the noblemen) find some comfort of money at the queen's majesty's hands, which being accorded, the game is done.

BUT Mary, thirsting more passionately than ever to face her foes in open field, was held prisoner not only by the strong walls of Lochleven, but by a woman's weakness. The child of Bothwell chained her into physical and spiritual weakness. She felt herself unclean from head to foot. What deliverance could there be for her from so grievous a stain?

Catherine, her French mother-in-law, still wrote her sympathy. Mary replied passionately from her hell of body and mind:

Madam, I write to you at the same time I write to the king your son. I beseech you both to have pity on me. I am now fully convinced it is only by force I can be delivered. If you send never so few troops I am certain great numbers of my subjects will rise to join them, but otherwise they are overawed by the power of the rebels. The mistress I endure am more than I once believed it was in the power of human endurance to sustain and live. Give credit to this messenger, who can tell you all.

She could communicate with the world and hear all its tidings now that George Douglas had devoted himself to her service. Once the letters were written, they went to and fro with regularity when he went fishing or hunting on the mainland, thinking with joy that he was the warp on which all her hopes were spun. And indeed he had progressed far in his plan. Loyal Setons and Douglases were hidden in the hamlets about. Loyal hearts received her messages and laughed for joy. The end was not far distant now.

But she, in the foolish trust of her too-confident soul, brooding on Elizabeth and the part she played in her ruin, could not but believe that for the sake of her own safety Elizabeth could not see another sovereign thus deposed and maltreated. It was Mary Stuart's dream, repeated again and again to Mary Seton, that Elizabeth must recognize the truth that only hand in hand could they shape a new world of wisdom and toleration.

One day a letter of doubtful friendship reached her from Elizabeth, and, as usual, the least word of kindness was sufficient to rekindle hope and confidence.

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"If I could be freed and queen again in Scotland the first person whom I would meet would be my good sister," she said earnestly to Mary Seton. "And I will write and so tell her."

"With a large army, I trust!" the other Mary answered sarcastically.

"Write what you will, madam, but never trust that sallow witch with your person. Now, have you considered the proposal of the lords that you should disown Bothwell?"

Mary raised her head with spirit.

"After the child is born—not sooner. What—make it illegitimate when the prince's life may fail? That child would be heir or heiress of Scotland and I—the queen—to bear a bastard! Write that answer for me, and I will sign it. I wonder where the wretch wanders to-day—now he has left Scotland."

"Of that, madam, George Douglas has brought word if you will hear."

George Douglas entered, eager and swift in his tidings.

"The lords have outlawed him, madam, and his ship is wrecked in Denmark, where the king has made him prisoner in Malmö Castle, hence never to be freed while life is in his body. Rejoice therefore and thank God."

She joined her hands, looking upward with such bitter memories of trust misplaced as no words could utter. George Douglas went quietly away. Mary Seton uttered no word, but passed from the room and left the queen alone.

That night her child was born—a girl—and before she had wakened from the swoon of pain and oblivion it was committed by the lords' orders to Lady Douglas and shipped with a nurse to France, to be brought up in the great convent at Soissons.

Of her parents the child knew nothing. Of her less is known—she lived and died a nun at Soissons, and those who saw her with knowledge could trace in no line of lip or brow the fatal beauty of her mother. Such was the child of the wild loves, wild hates, of one of the strangest, most terrible stories that burn upon the pages of history.

As for the queen, they told her the child was born dead, and she was glad.

A few weeks later, still pale and transparent in cheek and hand, Mary sat in the circular presence-chamber with Mary Seton and Jean Kennedy talking softly as they stitched mimic flowers on a satin tapestry. A letter was spread out on the table before her, one of Elizabeth's characteristic letters—not indeed addressed to Mary Stuart, but to the Queen Mother of France, who had enclosed it in her last letter.

Letters went and came regularly through George Douglas, who had quarreled with his mother and betaken himself to the mainland for greater freedom. Mary never saw him, but letters came safely hidden in the gay doublet of little Willie Douglas, the foundling whose parentage no one knew, the some might guess; and certainly none could suspect that gay child of plots, tho he was getting on to his sixteenth year. So the letters of great kings and queens traveled safely shoved into Willie's long hose. He and George were close as hand and glove, and while her enemies believed the queen sequestered like a dead woman, she was in touch with all Europe.

But this letter moved her strangely because certain words in it were not only a cordial to her hope, but appealed to her reason. Elizabeth wrote thus to the Queen Mother of France, whom she had every wish to conciliate because she was considering a marriage between herself and Catherine's son, who was also Mary's brother-in-law—the Duke of Anjou. If that marriage were to take place France's interest might be made to coincide with that of England, England's with Scotland's, and what a future might not be opened up? Eagerly Mary read:

THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND TO THE QUEEN MOTHER OF FRANCE:
Having learned by your letter, madam, your honorable intention, and that of the king, my brother, on the part of my desolate cousin, the Queen of Scots, I rejoice very much to see that one prince takes to heart the wrongs done to another, for I hate that change where the head is removed to the foot and the heels hold the highest place. I promise you, madam, that even if kinship did not constrain me to wish her all honor, her example would seem too terrible for neighbors to behold and princes to bear.

These evils often resemble the noxious influence of some baleful planet which, beginning in one place, might well fall in another, not that (God be thanked) I have any doubt on my part.

Monsieur Pasquier (as I believe) thinks I have no French by the passions of laughter into which he throws me by the formal precision with which he speaks and expresses himself. Beseeching you, madam, if I can at this time do you any pleasure that you will let me know that I may acquit myself as a good friend in your part.

In haste at Hampton Court, this 16th October, 1567,
Your good sister and cousin,
ELIZABETH R.

She called Mary Seton to rejoice with her.

"One must laugh at her ridiculous vanity about her French, which is poor enough, God knows! But this letter is excellent. You see she realizes that she is none too safe in England. Mary Seton, I would not trust her love, but it is her interest to support me."

Mary Seton shook her head sadly.

"Madam, while the Duke of Anjou is courting her it is her interest to please the queen mother, but will that ever come to anything? I judge not. It is the nature of this queen to fool all who trust her, and she will go lonely and unwept to her grave. My heart's heart, do not trust her. On the knees of my heart I implore you."

Mary hesitated.

"You are too suspicious. And how can it advantage a queen to see a queen of her own blood dethroned and insulted? If I win freedom I need her help. See, I wrote this letter last night, and I will send it."

She read it aloud with some little pride in it as likely to convince reason and melt a colder heart.

MADAM, MY GOOD SISTER: The length of my weary imprisonment and the wrongs I receive from those I have benefited are less troublous to me than not being able to acquaint you with the reality of my calamities. It may please you to remember that you have told me several times that on receiving the ring you gave me you would assist me in any time of trouble. You knew that Moray has seized all I have, and those who had the keeping of some of these things have been ordered not to deliver them to me.

Robert Melville, at any rate, to whom I have secretly sent for this ring as my most precious jewel, says he dare not let me have it. Therefore I implore you on receiving this letter to have compassion on your good sister and cousin, and believe that you have not a more affectionate relative in the world. I entreat you to be careful that no one knows I have written to you, for it would cause me to be treated worse than I am now, and they boast of being informed by their friends of all you say and do.

Believe the bearer as you would myself. God keep you from misfortunes and grant me patience and His grace that I may one day recount my calamities to yourself when I will tell you more than I dare write, which may prove of no small service to yourself.

MARY R.

She looked expectantly at Mary Seton.

"No use, madam. She is false to the core. I would not have you send it. I would——"

Mary flashed out into anger.

"Are you always to be dictating? I take things from you, Mary Seton, that I would take from no other, but when a queen writes to a queen——"

The other girl had been sitting at her feet to hear. She rose instantly, stiff as a ramrod, and stood on duty for commands.

"Take this, fold and seal it, and give it to Willie Douglas for George Douglas at the hamlet of Kinross. All good go with it!"

Mary Seton was gone, and the royal Mary remained alone. She had lost all hope of escape unless Elizabeth could be moved—not to pity, but a community of interests, and if that could not be, then lifelong imprisonment was her portion. She envied the swallows darting hither and thither, the herons winging to their nests, and suddenly the spiritual meaning of the world and all its griefs came as a spiritual illumination. She prayed silently.

It was the most extraordinary moment of her life, for in the mystic trance she suddenly beheld herself beyond

"'MADAM, WITH YOU WE WILL GLADLY DIE, BUT TO DEATH WE WILL NOT LEAD YOU'"

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"'VILLAIN!' HE EXCLAIMED. 'THIS WAS YOUR DINNER' 'ALL BETS ARE OFF,' I RETORTED"

DIVORCE TO THE RESCUE

Theories concerning marriage frequently change when a man's heart rules his head . . . .

By WAINWRIGHT EVANS

Illustration by FRANCES ROGERS

"MARRIAGE," observed Frank Standish, "isn't a failure; it's an art. That's why it's so often a failure."

"By the way, how is your wife?" I asked.

"Temporarily she isn't," he replied.

We were edging our way into a northbound flow of the crowd at 42nd Street and Broadway. A little flapper in a hurry wedged her way violently between us, superbly confident that the great god Sex would protect her. We meekly let her by. "This is not the place," I called to him over her head, "to be springing subtleties like that."

Frank steered around a messenger-boy who wasn't in a hurry at all.

"There's nothing subtle about it. Temporarily, she is out of my life. She is taking her annual divorce. She still has two weeks to go. Then we get married again. Is that clear?"

"Not in the least."

"My turn comes next Fall," he continued. "Then I'll leave her. In the meantime, for about six months, we'll get along fine. Looking down from the Olympus thus achieved, we'll observe our friends, some of them getting divorces for keeps, some wishing they had them, and some indulging in *tertium quids*. We sow the whirlwind of divorce and reap the soothing zephyr of connubial content. In short, as I was saying, marriage isn't a failure."

"An art."

"Just so. And hence it's a failure. Q. E. D. Except in the hands of artists. Frances and I—well, now that we've found the way to be married, we know what we like."

On his mouth was that quirk that left you uncertain whether he was laughing with you or at you; but his blue eyes were squinting, which was a sure sign that he meant it.

"It sounds fine," I replied. "But what is temporary divorce? What's the mechanics of it?"

"Simply that we alternate in deserting each other. We do it twice a year, or oftener if marriage gets too trying."

Here he paused, for a woman with a long skirt and a square-jowled face, which, from behind, promised to be plain, turned and glared at us. The face fulfilled every promise.

"I offended her principles," murmured Frank. "I thought we were alone with God. Don't you ever feel that way in a city crowd? And along comes His servant instead. As I was saying, Frances is temperamental. You really must meet her—and her twin. She has an identical twin. Well, things got to the point where she said it was a choice between poisoning me, divorcing me, and vacating me, and by no means continuing to live with me. And since I was a good deal wrought up myself on that occasion, I handed it right back to her.

"YOU see, when we got married we belonged to that legion of loons who think they will never be able to get too much of each other's company, tho Time waits and Eternity's ahead of them. For if we were soul-mates, set apart for each other by Heaven, how could we? Well, we found we could, and that it wasn't high treason against marriage to admit it. So here we are—and doing very well."

"Where is Frances now?" I asked.

"I don't know. Wish I did. But that's part of the medicine. We drop out of each other's sight, beyond plummet-sounding. We don't write, telegraph, or employ messengers. If we meet by accident, we exchange greetings and go our ways. In short, we completely get rid of each other, and we forget each other if possible —which of course it isn't. In other words, divorce is hell; but in due course, when our penance is over, we roll right around into heaven. That's our annual orbit. We hate Winter, but Spring's always just behind it.

"Now, the strong point about this scheme is that wanting each other back becomes, in the course of a week or two, a fixed idea, a sort of obsession. By the time I get her back and by the time she gets back we both——"

"Wait a minute," I interrupted. "Where do we eat?" For my eye had been caught by a familiar sign which a four years' absence from New York had not caused me to forget. "Isn't this the Silver Pheasant?"

"It is, and just the place. We can talk there. We'll take our time, and you can tell me all about your experiences in countries where people walk with their heads down."

The Silver Pheasant is one of those places where you sit, with your back to the wall, on a cushioned divan, and talk privately into each other's right and left ear respectively.

"This place," remarked Frank with a sigh of satisfaction as we settled ourselves, "has the best apple pie and the best chicken *à la* Maryland in town. I usually take the pie first and the chicken second, the way they do in the countries you've just come from. Do you want it that way?"

"Approximately," said I. "And don't forget some trimming."

"I'll take care of those details," he said. "Waiter, some little-neck clams, gumbo soup, a thick steak with hashed brown potatoes, a lettuce and tomato salad, vanilla ice-cream, and *café noir* in big cups, all for two. Thank you. Now, let's see, where was I, mentally and conversationally?"

"You had gotten away from your wife."

"Oh, yes, I remember. Well, the divorce lasts from two to four weeks, according to the acuteness of the

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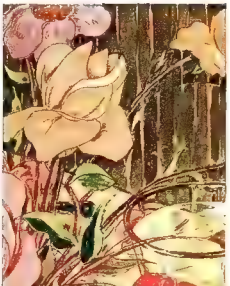
Your desire for *more variety* is answered in these delicious soups!

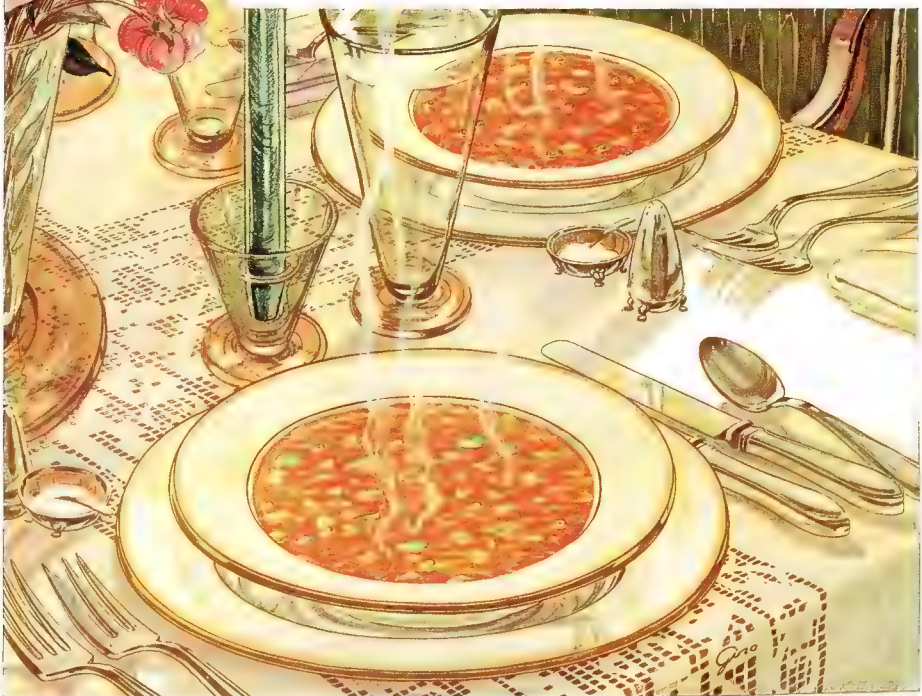


LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Variety! What woman does not know how important it is to keep her meals constantly fresh and different? Here are twenty-one different soups awaiting your daily choice and bringing the most delicious quality to your meals. Add an equal quantity of cold water, bring to a boil, allow to simmer. That is all you do to have these soups, hot and savory and inviting, on your table! Today enjoy Campbell's Vegetable Soup. Its 15 vegetables make it a meal! 12 cents a can.

Your choice . . . Order any of these Campbell's Soups from your grocer

Asparagus	Chicken	Consommé	Mutton	Printanier
Bean	Chicken-Gumbo	Julienne	Ox Tail	Tomato
Beef	(Okra)	Mock Turtle	Pea	Vegetable
Bouillon	Clam Chowder	Mulligatawny	Pepper Pot	Vegetable-Beef
Celery				Vermicelli-Tomato



MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

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She bags the *bouquets* but never a *Beau*

Many in Chicago society can remember when Mildred caught her second bouquet. The year was 1917. "Surely now, she will be the next to marry," they said, remembering the old adage. Everybody was marrying, war, romance and matrimony were in the air. It was almost a foregone conclusion that the groom would be one of the nice young men training at Fort Sheridan.

But somehow or other, none of them seemed interested in her after they really got to know her. The years rolled on . . . Mildred was still attractive, still catching bouquets. But there her luck ended. Matrimony seemed further off than ever. The truth was that Mildred repelled others without knowing why. And none of her friends had the courage to tell her.

You never have it? – *what colossal conceit!*

Surveys show that not one person in ten escapes halitosis (unpleasant breath). It may be absent one day and present the next. Its causes are many: excesses of eating or drinking, decaying teeth, pyorrhea, fermenting food particles in the mouth and slight infections of the gums, mouth, nose or throat, from which unpleasant odors arise.

Whatever the cause, halitosis is an unforgivable social fault. It is unforgivable because it is inexcusable. And it is inexcusable because it can be promptly overcome by the use of full strength Listerine, the safe antiseptic, as a mouth wash.

Being a germicide capable of killing 200,000,000 germs in 15 seconds, Listerine checks decay and infections which cause odors. Being also a powerful deodorant, it promptly gets rid of the odors themselves. The breath is left sweet and clean.

Rinse the mouth with Listerine before any business or social engagement. Keep a bottle handy in home and office. It puts you on the safe, polite and acceptable side. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis.

End halitosis with LISTERINE

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

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LET US PUT FEAR ASIDE

By MARJORIE SHULER

IT TAKES just four little letters to spell the cause of most of the misery and unhappiness in the world, and those four little letters are f-e-a-r.

The ancients were so afraid of the vengeance of their gods that they not only grieved over what they lacked, but denied to themselves joy in what they had, scolding their children, belittling their houses, scorning their achievements, in order to deceive those imaginary beings called gods into thinking that these human possessions were not worth the stealing.

We moderns have ceased to believe in the gods of Olympus, who came down to earth in their search for diversion and ate up the poor wood-cutter's supper, or stole his wife, or put a changeling in his baby's cradle.

Jupiter and Juno, Apollo and Diana went out long before radio and air-mail and television came in. But for all our scientific advances we have not made much progress if we only exchange-one set of fears for another, old gods for new, and the new ones just as devastating to our happiness, our freedom of action, our peace of mind as ever the old ones were to the peoples of long ago.

We call our fears by new names. Money is one of them. We are afraid that we can not earn enough money to supply our needs, or that some one else can earn so much more than we can that he will buy up the things we want, or seize upon the opportunities which we regard as rightfully ours.

Competition is another of our fears, and we tremble over the possibility that some one else will be able to win away our jobs, or the presidency of our clubs, or our business contracts, or our husbands. We even are afraid of the weather, frightened lest heat or cold will make us sick, storms delay our journeys, disasters destroy our property or take away our lives.

What is the result? Fear paralyzes initiative and action. We do our work badly and therefore earn less money. We become cross and bitter, thereby alienating our employers, or the other members of our club, or those with whom we wish to do business, or our husbands. We stay at home when we should go out, or go out when we should stay in the house, letting our fear of the weather send us in the wrong direction. And so we lose, not because of adverse circumstances in themselves, but because we react to our fear of circumstances by doing the wrong things.

Fear sends its victims round and round as tho they were on some gigantic merry-go-round, forever jolting and rocking, forever moving, but always remaining in the same place. We don't have to stay on the merry-go-round. We ought to jump off the ridiculous plaster-and-paint elephant or kangaroo or monkey on which we have chosen to ride. Once on the ground again, we can set forth in the proper direction, at the right pace, and with some certainty of reaching our goal.

Normal activity restores balance. Let us get away from the raucous din of the music and the clatter of the machinery and all the other hubbub of the merry-go-round and begin to think. That is all we have to do. Think. Begin to reason with ourselves. Start to unravel our problems.

There always is a loose end somewhere which we can grasp as a beginning. Then see how fast the whole snarl of our fears will be disentangled.

Is your fear money? You need not be afraid of it. A friend of mine found that out recently. For a week he had been going around dizzily in a vain effort to raise funds with which to meet a note against his business. The day before the note was to fall due he decided to climb down off the merry-go-round of his fears and act as tho he had money.

HE DECIDED if he were the richest man in the world, the first thing he would do would be to care for the mail which he had allowed to accumulate on his desk while he worried all week. At the bottom of the pile he found a letter offering to buy stock in his business and enclosing a check for the exact amount due on his loan at the bank. Help had been there for him all the time, a week before he needed it, but he had not seen the help because his fear drove him in the opposite direction from where it was.

As soon as he stopped being afraid and began to act normally he found that there was nothing for him to fear.

Not long ago a well-known aviator told me that, no matter what caused trouble in the air, any resultant disaster usually is caused by fear. To prove his point he told me about a group of fliers who took a plane through a mountainous district during a storm. One of them fell asleep and awoke on the ground, hurt but still living, while his friends, who had been conscious of the crash, lay dead beside him.

"There is fog or a mishap, and the man at the controls becomes frightened and does the wrong thing. He sees himself falling, and thinks the impact must mean death," said the pilot. "Fear," he ended, "is a bad companion for fliers."

And not only for fliers, but for every one of us. Fear produces much the same effect as fog. It distorts objects so that a little impediment appears like an insurmountable obstacle. It smothers and infolds and impedes the traveler until he has neither freedom of movement nor the vision to chart his course through it. And that vision is all that he needs. For fear and fog always are in a limited area, with the sun just beyond. We can either rise above them or make our way through them, and in the clear sunshine we will see that the fantoms of our fear have neither substantiality nor permanence.

There always is a safe path around them, a clear way out, and nothing whatever can prevent us from taking that path.

There is nothing in the world so bad as our days and nights of worried anticipation try to make us think it will be. Looking back over ripe years of experience, one thinker remarked that the worries he had fretted about always had been the wrong ones; and another declared that the fears from which he had suffered the greatest torments had been those which had never come to pass.

These men had learned that the burden of the day never is too great for the strength we have on that day. We break down because we think that we can not stand this if it lasts through to-morrow, or next week, or next year. Or that we can not bear this if there is added to it this, that, or the other thing. The burden plus the fears is too heavy a load for frail human shoulders, but the burden without the fears always can be borne until we round the corner where we find help waiting for us.

Why do we entertain so hideous a companion? If an unpleasant visitor entered our home, one who brought only misery and unhappiness, who made everything and everybody in the house appear more gloomy and vexing than before, would we go on entertaining that visitor and listening to his deceptive conversation? We would not. We would make him so unwelcome that he would speedily depart, or if he did not we would take him by the collar and hustle him out.

Why not try that kind of reception for fear the next time it comes knocking at our mental door? When we are tempted to worry and fret, to spend anxious days and sleepless nights over our troubles, let us remember that today is only the to-morrow we worried about yesterday—yet all is well.

SONS AND DAUGHTERS

By HELEN H. HALL

My daughters sit at home and spin;
They bake, they brew, they make the fires;
With deference they fill my needs,
Purveyors to my dull desires.

My creature comforts they supply;
They serve me, tend me, ring me fast;
In faithful ministry and love
My days in peaceful mold are cast.

My sons, across the Seven Seas,
Cleave through the alien waves that roar
'Gainst coral isle and beetling crag;
Set their firm feet upon the shore

Of far Cathay. They pierce the wall
Of virgin forest's date and palm,
The green depths of the jungle's heart
That beats and throbs midst ageless calm.

My daughters shade me from the sun;
They tempt my waning appetite;
They shield me from the Winter storm,
From threat of darkness, glare of light.

They move on silent feet and swift,
Their voices pitched in muted keys;
Surround me with a quietude
That makes for tranquil days of ease.

My sons come roaring up the street,
A chantey on their bearded lips;
They fill the house with perfumes strange,
Poignantly sweet. The tang of ships

Hovers around their shaggy heads;
They heap my lap with feathers bright;
They string gay beads about my neck,
That dance and sparkle in the light.

My daughters bring me humble love;
They serve me each on bended knee;
But, oh, my sons, they fill my soul
With all life's blinding ecstasy.

They bring me stress of strife and wars,
Visions unseen and dreams unguessed.
Why in God's mercy must it be
That I should love my sons the best?

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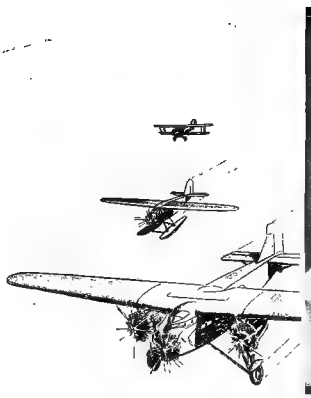
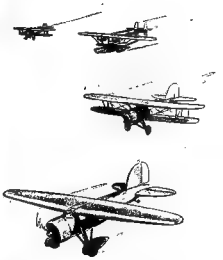


Photo by Irving Glodoff



"FREEDOM AS YET UNDREAMED OF AWAITS WOMAN—HALF-WAY BETWEEN THE EARTH AND SKY"

FLYING IS CHANGING WOMEN

By MARGERY BROWN

INSPIRED by Lindbergh's Atlantic flight, I learned to fly in the Fall of 1927, before many of my sex began invading the flying-fields. The only other woman student at Curtiss Field at that time was Viola Gentry.

William Winston, who was Lindbergh's instructor at Brooks Field in 1924, was also my mentor, and I have the honor of being the only woman whom Bill Winston has ever taught to fly.

As I am just a little over four feet, eleven inches tall I had a difficult time learning. The Jennies were too big for me. (I learned to fly on a Jenny, or a JN-4, which was the training-plane in use during the War. These planes have vanished since the Government condemned them. A lot of mean things have been said about the Jenny, but it was a good old ship.)

From the time I began learning to fly until I flew alone was about two and a half months. On my first solo flight I had in the cockpit two dolls' mattresses, two leather cushions, and a cretonne pillow; six-inch extensions on the rudder-bars, and a piece of rope to tie me in. The safety-belts in the Jennies wouldn't fasten on account of all those pillows.

The following Summer I bought my own plane, with a cockpit built especially for me, and since that time I have continued flying more or less regularly.

"Why do I want to fly? Because, half-way between the earth and sky, one seems to be closer to God. There is a peace of mind and heart, a satisfaction which walls can not give. When I see an airplane flying I just ache all over to be up there. It isn't for a fad, or a thrill, or pride."

A large portion of the public seems to be convinced that women fliers are actuated solely by vanity or by the desire for a thrill. This is not so. Nearly all of them, consciously or unconsciously, are impelled by an ideal, as was the writer of that letter quoted in part above.

Women are seeking freedom. Freedom in the skies! They are soaring above temperamental tendencies of their sex which have kept them earth-bound.

Flying is a symbol of freedom from limitation.

The woman who confines her activities to the kitchen, the nursery, and the home looks askance at her sister in helmet and goggles, never suspecting that these journeys into the heavens can affect her own life in any way. But every woman who overcomes a limitation has gained a measure of freedom, not alone for herself, but for her sex. A victory for one woman is a victory for all.

The woman at the wash-tub, the sewing-machine, the office-desk, and the typewriter can glance up from the window when she hears the rhythmic hum of a motor overhead, and say, "If it's a woman she is helping free me, too!"

Then see if there isn't a sudden joyous, lilting song in the heart, and a delight like the feel of fresh, invigorating air, and a long-drawn breath of ecstasy, as if she had thrown her head back and were feasting her eyes on the limitless expanse of blue sky.

Countless women are searching for spiritual freedom, are reaching out for this mental refreshment. Innumerable girls feel the eager stirring of a partially formed desire to embrace aviation as a career. Many women, dissatisfied with the work which they have found, are searching for an occupation which will satisfy a yearning for adventure and romance in their lives. Flying brings romance and adventure into the lives of women. It is an etherealized romance which has nothing at all to do with sex. It is completely satisfying.

Flying inspires women. lifts their thoughts above earthly cares and disappointments, gives them a new incentive; opens up to them a different world, which never seems to lose its freshness or promise. In some strange way aviation is a door through which one may enter a new dimension. One becomes conscious of a hitherto unrealized beauty, not only of the earth and sky, but of the spirit.

AIRPLANES taking off from earth and soaring skyward suggest human thought breaking away from a limited and sordid basis; rising into an atmosphere of greater purity and freedom. One finds poetry and rhythm in the sky; one senses a mystical meaning beyond the fear, beyond the conquering of fear, and still beyond the mechanical triumph.

As flying becomes more and more popular it is destined to change women.

The mental qualities demanded of women fliers are precisely the qualities demanded of men fliers. It is becoming quite clear that there can be no sex-distinction in the region of the air. A woman who flies has the same right to the tractless path as a man, and she has the same right to the attributes that are essential. If she appears to lack these attributes, she can and will develop them.

For instance, a woman who aspires to be a flier, and has a habit of losing her temper, will soon discover that this fault is interfering with success.

"You need a cool head and plenty of self-control in order to fly," she'll hear it said.

No woman will admit that she has weaknesses which will make her a poor pilot.

"I am always calm and self-controlled," she will insist loftily. Having said it, she is forced to prove it.

She discovers in no time at all that, if she is going to maintain self-control in the air, she will have to maintain it on the ground

Now the battle with herself begins. Since the temper interferes with flying, the temper must go.

And go it does eventually, after many struggles.

Cultivate a habit and it will automatically operate. The woman who trains herself in the habit of self-control in the air will end up by practising self-control in the home, in the market-place, in the nursery, and even in the fitting-room of the dressmaking-establishment.

That woman has overcome a limitation. She has soared above her temper, and has left the chains lying on the ground.

AS WOMEN fly in greater numbers, these constructive qualities will become an integral part of woman's character. She will increasingly develop poise, self-control, co-ordination, concentration, alertness, self-reliance, and innumerable other characteristics which many women are supposed to lack at present.

Thus, flying is changing women, and the metamorphosis has only begun. It will become more apparent a few years hence, and it will make itself felt in every phase of feminine activity.

Flying inculcates a marked self-reliance. Under no other circumstances must one rely so utterly upon oneself as when high above the earth alone. No one can fly to any extent without developing a tendency to independent thinking and acting. She who flies learns to make quick decisions on her own initiative.

A woman flying solo three thousand feet above the earth, with a motor gone suddenly dead, can't turn around and ask what she should do about it. If it happened in an automobile she could hail a man on the road. No one can be hailed in the sky! A dead motor three thousand feet up means a quick decision and sound judgment, or disaster.

Women are going to learn to make these quick decisions. They are going to learn to rely only on themselves and "the powers that be." There is no question about the effect it will have on their characters. No longer will it be natural for them to take orders, or to turn to others to have their minds made up. They will learn to be resourceful, to think rapidly, and to act without shilly-shallying. On the ground they will come to act precisely in the same way in which they act in the air. A woman can not cultivate two natures, one for use in the sky and another for use in the home. It would be absurd and hypocritical. A woman isn't a chameleon.

Experience will forge habits of thinking that will bring about an amazing change in the relations which have existed in the past between men and women.

When they swoop down from the skies and taxi to the

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Miss VIRGINIA CARTER RANDOLPH

"A SOUTHERN GIRL'S DUTY to mankind is to make herself charming." So says Miss Virginia Carter Randolph, of the historic Randolphs who came from England in the 17th Century. Radiant young favorite of romantic old Warrenton, Virginia, she is one of the prettiest, most popular girls in this state so famous for its Southern belles.

A bonny wee thing is charming Miss Randolph, adorably pretty, with laughing blue eyes, sunshiny gold-brown hair, and skin as fair as an infant angel's, flower-like, fragile, exquisitely cared for.

"A Southern girl *must* have a lovely skin," this popular young favorite declares. She has "used Pond's ever since she was a little girl," she says, so of course she "thinks of Pond's as her best friend.

"That lovely Cold Cream keeps your skin so marvelously clean and the ducky new Cleansing Tissues are perfectly divine . . . the Skin Freshener peps you up and makes your cheeks as pink as roses, and a little Vanishing Cream before you powder will keep you pretty as a picture all evening.

"You're so much happier," she charmingly concludes, "when you know you are looking your loveliest!"

Follow these four steps of Pond's simple Method:

During the day . . . *First*, for thorough cleansing, apply Pond's Cold Cream, several times and always after exposure. Pat on with upward, outward strokes, letting the fine oils sink deep into the pores . . . *Then*, with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, absorbent, economical, wipe away all cream and dirt . . . *Next*, briskly dab with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone and firm . . . *Last*, smooth on a delicate film of Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base. Use it also to keep your hands exquisite.

Charming Miss Virginia Carter Randolph *is an enthusiastic user of Pond's four preparations, Two Creams, Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener.*

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 PREPARATIONS

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A DORMER-WINDOW ABOVE THE ENTRANCE WOULD BE NEEDED IF THE ENTIRE SECOND FLOOR WERE FINISHED

A SMALL-FAMILY BUNGALOW

By COLLIER STEVENSON

D. WENTWORTH WRIGHT, Architect

For further information, without charge, regarding this house, send a stamped envelop, addressed to yourself, to Collier Stevenson, House-plan Editor, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

THIS little house should be ideal for either a small or a growing family, since the first floor in itself constitutes a complete home, admirably arranged for both work and pleasure, while the second floor holds possibilities for the creation of such extra room as might be eventually required.

Gray-white stucco, deep red brick, gray stone, and heavy, brown-stained boards are united in the exterior, which closely follows English-cottage traditions in both form and detail. The sharply gabled roof is made distinctive by shingles of irregular size and thickness, random-laid, and stained in three shades of brown to suggest great age, and still another brown is introduced by the dark wood-trim.

A massive, strap-hinged, battened door, having a little leaded light in its upper half and a leaded window at its side, opens to the long living-room from a small, stone-paved terrace. The staircase to the second floor rises from the entrance end of the living-room, and a roomy coat-closet conveniently adjoins the wide stair-landing.

The front wall of the living-room is broken by a shallow alcove at the entrance, and also by a tall bay window, which is fitted with a built-in seat. The bay window adds very materially to the decorative interest of a living-room which is particularly rich in well-designed architectural features. The recessed staircase with its windowed landing contributes an important element of decoration, and at the opposite end of the living-room a broad, stone-hearthed fireplace forms an equally effective center of architectural distinction.

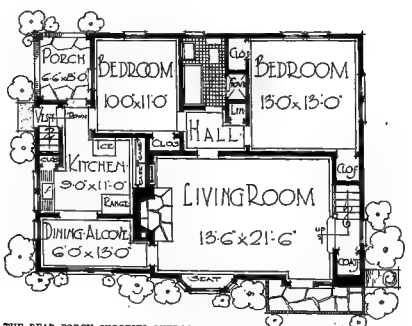
A built-in bookcase is arranged at the right of the fireplace, and the bookcase is balanced at the left by a doorway which connects the living-room with a little dining-alcove. The living-room has also direct communication with the inner hall from which the bedrooms open. Despite the number of openings that break its walls, the living-room has excellent wall-spaces for furniture.

The serving of meals is facilitated by a double-width doorway between the kitchen and the dining-alcove. Light and air enter both rooms from two sides to assure cheerfulness and good ventilation. In the kitchen a window surmounts the double-drainboard sink, which is within easy reach of the range. Built-in cupboards line one wall of the kitchen, and a closet beside the sink offers additional storage-space. The refrigerator is placed at a suitable distance from the range, and yet not inconveniently distant from the sink.

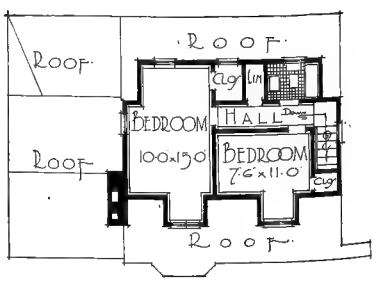
The kitchen terminates in a narrow ell that leads to a secluded porch. The service-entrance is located at the left of this ell in a small vestibule, from which stairs descend to the basement. A door at the right of the ell gives the kitchen contact with the sleeping-quarters and with the bathroom, thereby avoiding much roundabout passage through the dining-alcove and the living-room.

Altho the basement extends only beneath the kitchen and the dining-alcove, it contains a steam-heating plant, a fuel-room, a large storage-closet, and two built-in tubs. It is freely lighted by grouped windows.

Each of the bedrooms on the lower floor has windows on two sides to denote the advantage of a corner location, and each has generous closet-room. Twin beds could be used in the larger bedroom if placed against the bathroom wall between the closet-door and the door opening to the hall. An interesting feature of the bathroom is the presence of a shower in addition to the customary tub. A shelved linen-closet communicates with the hall.



THE REAR PORCH SUGGESTS OUTDOOR SLEEPING



THE SECOND FLOOR COULD BE COMPLETED ROOM BY ROOM TO MEET CHANGING CONDITIONS OF FINANCE OR FAMILY

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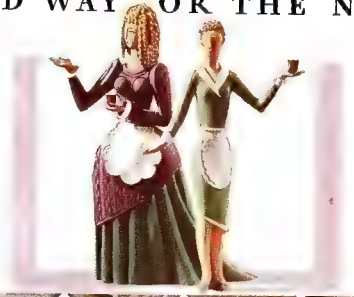
Choose, *Jelly makers*, Choose!

THE OLD WAY OR THE NEW ?

The Old Long-Boil Way

1. Thirty minutes boiling
2. Half the juice boils away
3. Under-ripe fruit usually needed
4. Fruit varies—often fails to jell



The Modern Short-Boil Way

1. Only one minute boiling
2. Half again more glasses
3. Fruit used at its ripest and best
4. Jellying power controlled

Every year Certo-made jellies and jams capture prize after prize in the great State Fair jelly contests. This last summer a Certo user, Mrs. Alice Bates, won fifteen awards at the Michigan Fair

RE'S an exciting new magic in the kitchens of the d. Behold, four million modern housekeepers mak- y with a quick, sure hand! Four million grand- ers actually improving on "Grandmother's Art"!

ecret is Certo, a wonderful new product that makes aking a breathless adventure.

they add Certo they boil their jelly only one min- ink of it! 12 minutes from the time they put their uice on to boil, their jellies are cooling on the / sill.

eaps thrill upon thrill. These thrifty housewives f again more glasses, too. Because it reduces boil- e to one minute, the Certo method saves all the t steaming fruit juice that used to boil away, and . quickly into jelly.

ch jelly it is! Every last nip of delicate flavor has ptured. It's like tasting the fragrant sun-ripened elf just as you pick it fresh from the plants.

T IS CERTO? . . . Certo is the natural jellying ce of pure fruit, scientifically extracted, concen- nd bottled. This jellying substance is so scarce in some fruits that jelly cannot be made from them by the old-fashioned way. With many others, jelly can be made only with partly ripened fruit, and after waste- ful, tedious boiling.

Now in Certo this jellying substance is yours to use whenever you wish. With it you can make jelly from any fruit, even from strawberries and pineapple—yes, even from bottled grape juice! And because with Certo you use the fruit at its ripest and best, your jellies take on an exquisite new deliciousness.

TRY IT—TODAY . . . Why not start today to fill your jam cupboard with a rainbow of gay, crystal-clear jellies and tempting jams? Choose the fruit that is cheapest and ripest—and begin!

Under the label on the Certo bottle you will find 93 jelly and jam recipes, personally prepared and tested by Elizabeth Palmer, the famous authority on jelly making. These recipes are made for use with Certo. Follow them to the letter and your success is assured!

Certo is sold by all grocers. There is no other product on the market like it. Go ask for your supply today.

HAVE YOU STOPPED PUTTING UP JELLIES?

Can you resist the thrill of *your own* jam cupboard filled with *your own* delicious creations—now that jelly making has been made so wonderfully simple?

Think of the ease of Certo-made jellies and jams! Think of the power of home-made jellies to spur the laggard appetite. With all her talent your grandmother could never make such glorious jellies as these. © 1930, G. F. CORP.

FREE! Dozens of recipes for desserts and salads using jellies and jams are included in Miss Palmer's new booklet "Secrets of the Jam Cupboard." It will bring new variety to your table and make your meal planning an easier task. The coupon brings it to you free with Miss Palmer's booklet of 93 jelly and jam recipes for use with Certo.

Elizabeth Palmer, Hoose Service Dept., Certo Corporation, Fairport, New York. (In Canada, address: General Foods, Ltd., Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ont.) Please send me your new booklet, "Secrets of the Jam Cupboard." (P. R. 6-30)

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~ and over 40 other easy ways to serve them!

You know how good DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches are—right from the can, in their own rich syrup.

But not long ago we gathered together—in one recipe book alone—more than 40 easy ways to serve this tempting fruit—with cereals—in gelatines, puddings and pies—for salads, shortcakes, cobblers and sherbets!

Remember, too—with all their fine flavor and convenience—DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches are most economical. One large can serves four to six people; smaller sizes if your needs require! And in *every* can—the same quality and flavor for which this label always stands.

Let Us Send You This Book

The recipe book mentioned above is entitled "Peaches—11 Food Experts Tell Us How to Serve Them." A fine addition to any recipe file. Sent *free* on request, with six other DEL MONTE recipe books and folders. Write today to Dept. 540, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

DEL MONTE
Sliced Peaches

Del Monte
FOOD PRODUCTS
Over a hundred delicious varieties

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Food and Cooking for the Up-to-Date Housekeeper

THE HOME BUREAU

CONDUCTED BY NELL HOWARD ENLOE

Modern Methods and New Devices for the Home

Hamper and accessories, courtesy H. B. Macy & Co. Photo by Mayer-Kink

A LITTLE THINKING BEFOREHAND CAN SAVE A LOT OF TROUBLE WHEN THE TIME FOR LUNCHEON COMES

PLAN YOUR PICNICS

By HELEN LAW

THERE stands out in my mind one perfect picnic which seems to make up for all the ill-fated ones. It was a six o'clock picnic to which about twenty people had been asked. When all the guests had assembled at the hostess's country home, we climbed the hill at the back of the house, and upon reaching the top found a glorious view of the mountains beyond, but no signs of food. Frankly I was a bit worried. I foresaw nothing to eat for hours (I had been on picnics before) and the country air was doing its work. However, worry was unnecessary. It was not five minutes before relief was in sight.

An efficient station wagon bustled up the hill, and soon the maid was taking out hampers of food. Meanwhile our host had achieved a good fire just far enough away not to be annoying in the way of sparks and smoke. We seated ourselves expectantly all in a row so we would not be cheated out of one inch of view. There was no confusion, no delay, and in no time the maid passed paper plates, paper cups, and paper napkins (all those things that usually take what seems to be hours to collect at so many outdoor meals).

Then came the food—and what food! Chicken fried to a delicate golden brown came from a large enameled container, and, almost on its heels, fluffy biscuits filled with lettuce, tomato, and mayonnaise (a delicious combination just moist enough to be extremely palatable). Hot roasted corn then began to find its way to our plates, or fingers, thanks to our host and a few of the less glutinous guests, who were roasting it on long sticks. So efficient were they that every one had corn to eat with his chicken even if in some cases it did not arrive until the second helping of meat was passed down the line.

Incidentally, coffee had been poured earlier to accompany the rest of the meal; and what a relief! For you know how many times the coffee is not ready in time, or you are just comfortably settled when you awake to the fact that you forgot to get yours, and you just have not the strength to rise again. After we had all consumed an enormous quantity of everything, dessert appeared in the convenient form of ice-cream in crisp, easy-to-manage cones, and luscious little frosted cakes. It was all quite ideal.

At first I thought it was all due to having a maid and a chauffeur and a station wagon—and, being maidless, to say nothing of being chauffeurless and wagonless, I despaired of ever having a picnic like it. But after I thought about it I decided that it was just a matter of organization. It meant getting people seated so that one did not have to dash hither and yon first with this and then with that, then serving in the order people really enjoy, being sure that drinks came along before sandwiches were demolished, not ages afterward; and I felt sure that I, plus a couple of willing guests (there are usually at least two on any picnic), could have just as successful a party. You could, too, as simply or elaborately as you wish.

You can follow the excellently planned menu exactly, but there are many substitutes which will prove just as appetizing. For instance, a nice, rosy, clove-dotted ham, freshly boiled and chilled lobster, a well-seasoned meat-loaf, crisply browned deviled crabs would be alternatives in place of chicken. Then, of course, there are salads, which may be carried in vacuum-bottles to insure their being as good as the minute they were prepared. Lettuce should be wrapped in a damp towel to retain its original crispness.

SALADS offer a varied choice: lettuce and tomato, crab-meat and hard-boiled eggs, shrimp and green pepper, pineapple and grapefruit, chicken and pimiento, deviled eggs with sardine, mixed vegetables, and so on.

Sandwiches give just as wide a choice: sardines mashed and seasoned with lemon, cucumber, shrimps, or olives moistened with mayonnaise, liverwurst, Bologna, or ham on rye bread; chopped chicken with pimiento and pepper on whole-wheat bread; marmalade or currant jelly with brown bread; the old standbys, peanut butter, deviled ham or chicken, lettuce and mayonnaise on almost any kind of bread.

Raspberry-tarts, coffee-rings, brownies, fruit-shortcakes, frosted cakes, make delicious desserts; and fruit is always a life-saver. You know, an orange is like nectar of the gods at a picnic. Iced tea or coffee, lemonade, fruit-punch brought in vacuum-bottles are a happy solution of what to have to drink. Ginger ale, grape-juice, root beer, sarsaparilla, or other bottled beverages may be taken, and chilled with ice carried in vacuum-bottles.

If you want to do a bit of outdoor cooking, corn roasted over the coals is always good, potatoes baked in the coals delicious, and, if you are more delicate in your desires, you will find marshmallows toasted, by way of dessert, a tempting finish to your meal.

If you decide to cook most of your meal over the fire, take along a heavy iron frying-pan, a grid, a long-handled fork and spoon, and a coffee-pot. A thick, juicy steak cooked out-of-doors beggars description; and, to assure its being delicious, be sure the butcher gives you a tender cut. Lamb-chops respond to outdoor cooking just as marvelously; so does chicken. And the more plebeian frankfurters, weenies, hot dogs, or whatever you want to call them, fairly burst their jackets when held over a hot fire on sticks.

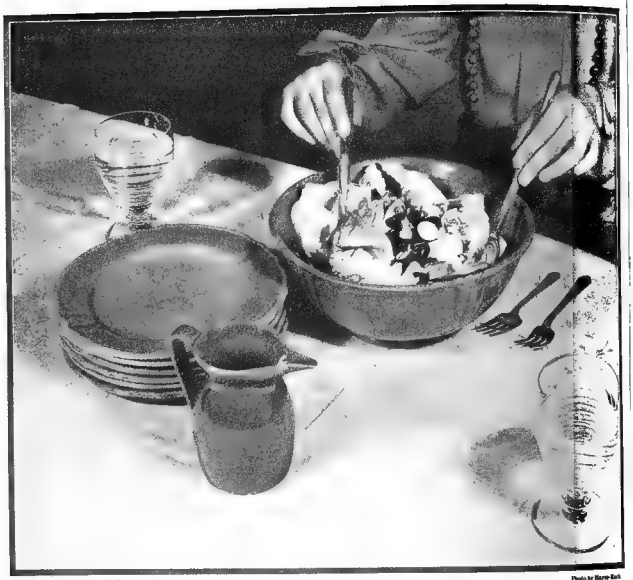
Then, of course, canned foods that need only to be heated are a simple solution—baked beans, spaghetti, chicken à la king, or Welsh rabbit takes but a few minutes from the can to the picnic plate. If you do not want to bother with a fire, or if forest laws prohibit one, canned heat will be adequate for making coffee or heating food.

Impromptu picnics are usually the most successful, so be prepared this Summer. Be sure you have the essentials on hand—paper napkins, paper plates, paper spoons and cups, bottle-opener, corkscrew, can-opener, knife and spoon, and the rest of the cooking paraphernalia mentioned before; wax-paper for wrapping sandwiches, jars for food prepared at home for cooking in the open, vacuum-bottles, salt and pepper in containers, and sugar.

Then, when the urge comes to get out-of-doors, it will not necessitate a great deal of work and trouble to give in to it. And if only you will stop a few minutes and plan your meal carefully from beginning to end and decide how it can be served easily and without confusion before you set out, you will be pretty sure to have a successful and delightful picnic.

DINNERS WITHOUT A MAID

By MARGUERITE MADDOX



Chairs, glasses, linens, courtesy R. H. Macy & Co. Photo by Hayes-Koch

DRESSING THE SALAD AT THE TABLE CAN ALWAYS BE MADE A GRACEFUL LITTLE CEREMONY

HOW can I give a pleasant dinner without a servant? By using forethought, by selecting menus suitable to your plans, and by assuming, as you have a right to assume, that the great majority of other hostesses also entertain without servants.

Roasts and casserole-dishes at once suggest themselves as the basis for your menu. They can stand for a few minutes in the oven after cooking, thereby giving the hostess time to cool off, freshen up, and greet her guests calmly. About the central dish plan your sauces, vegetables, condiments, and salad.

Soup or a fruit cocktail may be used as the first course for your servantless meal, or you may serve instead small, delicate canapés with chilled fruit drinks, or a highly seasoned tomato-juice cocktail with toasted cheese crackers, in the living-room, before the guests are seated.

The French salad-bowl is ideal for this type of meal. It can be of colored or black glass, bright china, or sometimes of decorated wood. At least one hour before dinner fill the bowl with crisp greens and the vegetables or fruit to be used, then place in the refrigerator. Mix your salad dressing at the same time and chill it thoroughly too. When dinner is ready to serve set your salad-bowl on a small table to the right of the hostess, and with it the French dressing in a bowl or cruet.

The French salad makes it possible for the salad course to be served without causing the hostess to leave her chair. When the meat and vegetable course is finished the guests help pass the dinner-plates down to the hostess, who places them on the serving-table at her right. Then she removes the salad-plates, salad-bowl, and dressing from the serving-table to the dinner-table. Pouring in the dressing, she tosses all together ten times and serves.

As in serving the French salad, neither the host nor hostess rises to serve the meat course. The platter or casserole is placed directly in front of the carver. The dinner-plates go to his left or before him. Sometimes he serves the gravy and one vegetable, which are placed at his right. The hostess, at the other end of the table, serves the other vegetables. When the carver has placed the meat on a plate, he passes it to his right down to the hostess, who serves the vegetables. She then passes it back to the guest seated at the left of the carver.

However, if the hostess is not serving the vegetables, the carver passes the first helping to her, which she keeps. He passes the next to the guest on the left of the hostess, and so on until all the guests on his right have been served. He then serves the guests on his left in the same way. This procedure reduces passing of plates to a minimum. When the hostess serves salad or hot dessert she follows this same procedure, beginning on the right side with the guest at the left of the carver.

When it is time for dessert the hostess rises for the first time. Using a tray that is convenient to carry, she removes all used plates to the kitchen. If a young daughter or son is present she or he should help clear the table for dessert. Most women prefer to have all guests remain seated throughout the meal. This prevents any possible confusion and maintains the proper atmosphere during the dinner.

The best kinds of desserts for a servantless dinner are chilled or baked. Fruit and flavored or plain gelatins stand ready to serve in the refrigerator; baked puddings remain hot in the oven until needed. Then the hostess does not have to worry about them during dinner. Coffee is started when dessert is taken into the dining-room, and is ready to pour as soon as dessert is over.

Many women prefer to serve the after-dinner coffee away from the table, in the living-room or on the porch. This creates a pleasant air of formality about the servantless dinner. The gracious hostess will also provide one of the modern coffees without caffein for those guests who prefer it at night. The strength and clarity of any fragrant coffee bring the meal to a festive end.

A few general directions will insure the hostess a dinner without worry or leaving the table unnecessarily. Avoid elaboration. This does not restrict you from making your table lovely with flowers and beautiful china and napery. On a two-shelved stand at the right of the hostess's chair place the salad- and dessert-plates, coffee-cups, extra silver, extra bread and butter, and a large beverage-pitcher. Fill the water-glasses at the last moment.

Your dinner-plates and serving-dishes are kept in a warm place in the kitchen. Your roast or casserole is done to a turn, keeping hot in the oven. Vegetables are drained and buttered and seasoned, piping hot on top of the stove. Your dessert is baked and keeping hot in the oven, or else thoroughly chilled, standing in individual glasses in the refrigerator. Your salad-bowl and dressing are calm and cool. You are about to serve a delicious meal. You have ten minutes free from thoughts of the kitchen. You powder your nose and welcome your guests. From then on the evening is devoted to the pleasures of servantless hospitality.

For main dishes you will find the following recipes delicious and unusual:

Ham-Ring with Spaghetti

1½ Pound Cooked Ham, Minced
2 Egg Whites
2 Cupfuls Evaporated Milk, Undiluted
Pepper, Cayenne

MIX the ham with the unbeaten egg whites. Slowly add the evaporated milk. Season. Pour into a greased ring-mold and bake in a moderate oven for ½ hour.

Spaghetti—Boil one package of spaghetti in salted water for 20 minutes. Using a double boiler, blend together 3 tablespoonfuls of butter or other fat and 3 tablespoonfuls of flour. Stir in slowly 2 cupfuls of canned tomatoes. Peel and mince ½ pound of fresh or canned mushrooms. Add to the tomato sauce and season. Cook together for 20 minutes. Add the drained spaghetti.

Remove the ham-ring to a large platter. Fill the center with the spaghetti mixture.

Spanish Chicken Pie

1 Chicken, Cut in Pieces
1 Large Onion, Diced
1 Small Clove Garlic, Mashed
2 Green Peppers, Julienne
2 Cupfuls Canned Tomatoes
2 Cupfuls Ripe Olives, Sliced
1 Can Yellow Corn
Salt, Pepper, Cayenne

BOIL the chicken until tender. Sauté the onions and peppers in fat. Stir in the tomatoes, garlic, olives, and corn. Season. Add the chicken. Simmer for 20 minutes. Place in a buttered casserole. Bake in a moderate oven for ½ hour.

Lamb Garonne

2 Lamb-shanks
1 Onion, Sliced
1 Carrot, Sliced
1 Tablespoonful Fat Bacon-fat
Flour
½ Teaspoonful Powdered Sugar
1 Tablespoonful Lemon-Juice
2 Cupfuls Tomato-Juice, Canned
Salt and Pepper
1 Cupful Fresh Peas
1 Teaspoonful Worcestershire Sauce

LAMB-SHANK has excellent flavor and is inexpensive. Cut the meat into small pieces. Brown the onions and carrots in the fat; then sprinkle with the powdered sugar. Season the lamb, dust with the flour, and brown in the bacon-fat on all sides. Grease a large covered casserole. Place in the lamb, then the vegetables, tomato- and lemon-juice. Bake in slow oven for 1 hour. Then add the peas and Worcestershire sauce. Cook in a slow oven for another ½ hour.

Bowl Salads

CONSULT your favorite cook-book for a basic French dressing recipe. Mix the dressing early in the day, place in the refrigerator to chill thoroughly.

For a graceful combination that is different, mix watercress, orange sections, and a little minced onion together in your cold salad-bowl. To the basic French dressing add 2 tablespoonfuls of orange-juice.

Another pleasing dinner salad is made of lettuce-tufts, small sections of escarole, chopped parsley, and sliced chilled cucumbers.

Romaine and French dressing, tossed about in a bowl, produce a perfect dinner-salad all by themselves. For variety add tomatoes cut in sections, not sliced, chopped green pepper, and a little grated Parmesan cheese.

Ripe cantaloup cut into dice, with lettuce and French dressing, and with a little lemon-juice added, is another refreshing course after the meat and vegetable.

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Stubborn skin troubles *yield to yeast*

SAYS SPAIN'S FOREMOST SKIN SPECIALIST

MORE than a hundred important medical articles and books have come from the pen of Dr. José Sánchez-Covisa, Honorary President of the Academy of Dermatology of Spain! He says:

"Skin diseases which before were treated locally are today treated from within, with quicker and more successful results.

"Pimples and boils are nearly always accompanied by constipation. Fresh yeast diminishes intestinal putrefaction and is of great aid in treating rebellious cases of these skin affections.

"When irradiated, yeast contains the 'sunshine' vitamin D, which has an extraordinary action in hardening bones and teeth."

For the health that brings true beauty eat 3 cakes daily of Fleischmann's Yeast. Each cake is rich in *two* indispensable vitamins—B and D. At grocers', restaurants, soda fountains. Directions on the label.

Photo by Manuel Urech, Madrid

"My physician advised me to eat fresh yeast"

(*At left, above*) "Busy days at school and nights at study wore me out completely," *writes* MISS ODETTE WILLARD *of Montreal*. "I was suffering from acne and nervousness. An eminent doctor here advised Fleischmann's Yeast and I ate it three or four times a day. The acne totally disappeared. Now I am perfectly well and happy."

(*Right*) "An automobile accident left me in a very nervous condition," *writes* MISS VIRGINIA MATHEWS *of Philadelphia*. "My skin was horribly broken out. . . Soon after starting to eat yeast a noticeable improvement took place. I slept better. My appetite came back and my skin cleared beautifully. I am delighted with how well I feel."

LEADING SKIN DOCTORS RECOMMEND YEAST

DR. E. BRUUSGAARD, most famous skin specialist in Norway, says, "I have used fresh yeast for many years."

DR. ALFRED BRANDWEINER, dermatologist of Vienna's largest free hospital, says "Fresh yeast will keep the intestinal tract free of the poisons which upset digestion and cloud the skin."

DR. EDVARD EHLERS, internationally known Copenhagen skin specialist, says, "I invariably rely on yeast in all cases of rebellious acne, and for boils, in which its effect is astonishing. It should be continued until all poisons are eliminated from the system."

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IT'S TIME TO MAKE JELLY

By
INA B. ROWE

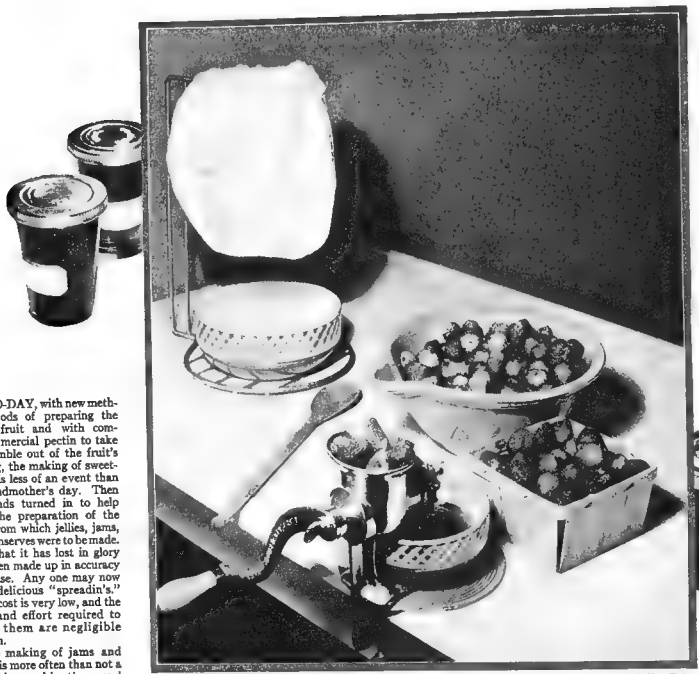

Photo by Mayer-Kreit

CHOPPING THE FRUIT PERMITS YOU TO EXTRACT THE JUICE WITHOUT THE USUAL FIRST BOILING

China, courtesy R. H. Macy & Co.

TO-DAY, with new methods of preparing the fruit and with commercial pectin to take the gamble out of the fruit's jellying, the making of sweetmeats is less of an event than in grandmother's day. Then all hands turned in to help with the preparation of the fruit from which jellies, jams, and conserves were to be made. But what it has lost in glory has been made up in accuracy and ease. Any one may now have delicious "spreadin's." Their cost is very low, and the time and effort required to make them are negligible enough.

The making of jams and jellies is more often than not a study in combinations and compromises. Rare fruits are extended with common ones. Fruits which have wonderful flavor but no jelly-making property to speak of are combined with fruits of indifferent flavor but which form jelly readily. Even tho we have no jellying-fruit to put with the one of good flavor, we need no longer worry as to whether it will jell. Practically all fruits can be made to jell if we combine them with commercial pectin in the right proportions.

We all like jelly best when it is clear and transparent. When it is turned into a dish we expect it to retain the shape of the glass, and if it quakes or quivers because of its extreme tenderness it is particularly pleasing. Perfect jelly breaks rather than cuts, following the edge of the spoon along sharp lines of cleavage. Its flavor and color resemble those of the fresh fruit.

Acid, sugar, and pectin, all in proper balance, produce the perfect jelly. Too much sugar gives a sirupy product. Too little sugar makes it tough and leathery. Fruit which is slightly sour or underripe is a better jellying-fruit than one which is thoroughly ripe, but if we mix fully ripe and partially ripe fruits in the right proportions the full rich flavors of the one and the jelly-promoting acidity of the other are given full value. If you employ commercial pectin to do the jellying work it is much better to use fully ripened fruit. It will give you a greater flow of juice, finer flavor and color, and a higher nutritive value.

Perhaps you will find it easier to sterilize your jelly-glasses in the oven. It saves the annoyance of retrieving them from a deep kettle of boiling water. You simply fill the glasses partly full of water, place them in a pan for easy handling, and let them stand in a moderately hot oven until the water begins to simmer. Then you pour out the water and fill the glasses while they are still hot.

In giving jelly a paraffin seal two coats of the paraffin-wax are better than one. The first coat should be very thin, merely enough to protect the surface of the jelly from dust and other impurities in the air. The wax should be as hot as you can get it over boiling water, as the heat helps to kill spoilage agents that may collect on the surface of the jelly.

To scrape off a few shavings of hard wax and drop them in the jelly-cup before filling the glasses is not usually considered a highly commendable practise, as the last glasses poured may not be hot enough to melt the paraffin thoroughly, and in any event the wax may wander unevenly up through the jelly.

After the first coat is hard and the jelly thoroughly cooled, it is time to apply the second coat, which should be about 1/8 inch thick. If thicker than this it is likely to pull away from the side of the glass and crack or leave a margin where spoilage develops. After the hot wax is poured, roll the glass slightly in order to bring it up neatly to the margin, and at the same time cover the jelly thoroughly.

DIPPING with a cup when you pour the jelly is easier than lifting the kettle and is more in keeping with a woman's strength and skill. If the jelly spatters up above the jelly-line it is impossible to wipe it off clean enough to complete a perfect seal.

Jelly should be poured as quickly as possible, tho jams and thick mixtures may stand a few moments in order to harden enough to hold the solid pieces evenly distributed. Floating fruit may be caused in other ways, however, than by pouring too quickly. Underripe pieces are more likely to float than fully ripe ones because they take up less sugar in proportion to their size; large pieces float more readily than small ones for the same reason; portions in which spoilage has set in will be buoyed to the top of the glass by the gas they generate in fermenting.

If you make only a small amount of jelly at a time, say about 8 to 12 glasses, it will cook more quickly and have a better color and flavor. To see if it is done let the jelly drip hot from the edge of the spoon. It drops quickly at first, like ordinary sirup. As cooking boils down the juices you will notice that two drops gather and fall at the same time. This is called the "two-drop" stage. Eventually these two drops pull off the edge of the spoon together, or, as we say, "sheet off," and when is called the "sheet stage" is reached.

Soft marmalades are cooked to the two-drop stage. Jelly is cooked to the sheet stage. In between are different degrees of stiffness. Jams, marmalades, and conserves which contain some solid matter do not need to be cooked so hard as jelly, which is made from the clear juice. A silver spoon gives a more accurate test than a wooden one.

Commercial pectin is the jellying substance of fruit extracted and concentrated and denatured with regard to flavor and color. It is sold in powdered or liquid form. Whichever kind you buy, full instructions for use will be given with the package. It is an absolutely wholesome, pure-fruit product, supplying to fruits that lack it the substance which makes them jell. Its use enables you to get more glasses of jelly from each pound of fruit, and whether its use is economical or otherwise depends wholly upon the comparative costs of fruit and other raw materials.

With expensive fruits it is always economical. It always shortens the cooking period, and in that way saves time and fuel. Most important of all, it gives the advantages in flavor, color, and food value of fully ripe fruit. If instructions for the use of commercial pectins are followed carefully it reduces the many hazards of jelly-making and makes each batch successful.

Strawberries, raspberries, and blackberries are plentiful in some parts of the country, but available in almost every part. In those sections where they are costly,

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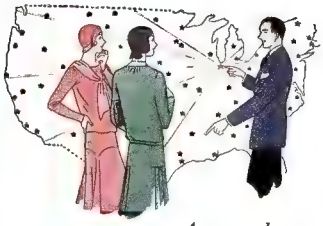


Armour has given the American people

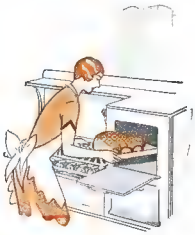
a new reason

for eating ham. Star Hams now benefit by the new *"double-f"* process which produces Fixed★Flavor, *a new and finer taste*

In recognition of its obligation to the public, as a leading purveyor of smoked meats, Armour and Company set about deliberately to improve the flavor of Star Ham . . . if such a thing were possible. Friends said: "No. Don't touch it. It's wonderful as it is." That *was* a challenge and we decided to experiment.

We talked with chefs, with food-specialists, with housewives. We went thoroughly into the whole matter of stock-selection, curing, and smoking. Out of a ripe experience, we made some discoveries that grew into a new and marvelous process . . . "double-f," meaning Fixed★ Flavor, as changeless as the fixed stars.

The details must remain a cherished possession of Armour and Company. But we can tell you of the positive control of certain factors affecting the cure and the smoke. We changed the curing "pickle," as a good cook would change an old recipe. We placed the smoking under thermostatic guard, so that no human variation is possible. And it is this constant Armour vigilance which gives each plump ham the same woods-like fragrance of smouldering hickory.

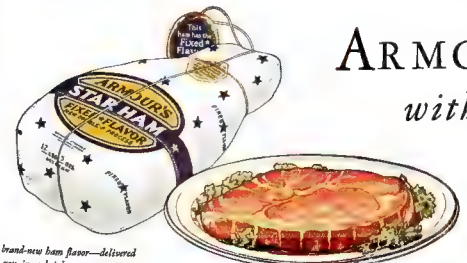


You may or may not be interested in the method, but you cannot escape the results. The new Star Ham has a uniformity of flavor (Fixed★ Flavor), whether in one thin slice or a whole ham. It has a finer texture, a more ravishing urge to bite into it . . . to have a second helping and perhaps a third. It is food for the gods.

Buy a whole Armour Ham, for economy. The free book, "60 Ways to Serve Ham," will show you how to use it up, without once surfeiting the family appetite. But whether you buy a whole ham or a slice, be sure to say "Star" to your dealer as though you meant it. In no other way can you know the joys of Fixed★ Flavor. Look for the bright, new Star Ham wrapper . . . your assurance of the genuine Armour's Star. In the meantime, mail the coupon for the free book.

★ ★ ★

Tune-in the Armour Hour every Friday night at 8:30 eastern standard time, over any of 36 stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company, Armour and Company, Chicago.



A brand-new ham flavor—delivered to you in a bright, new wrapper.

ARMOUR'S STAR HAM

with the Fixed★ Flavor

Dept. F-6, Div. Food Economics
ARMOUR AND COMPANY, Chicago, U. S. A.
Please send me free copy of "60 Ways to Serve Ham."

Name_____

Address_____

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THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

The colorful cheer of this breakfast room literally crowds out gloomy thoughts. Right from the floor (which, by the way, is a new prize-winning design in Armstrong's Linoleum, Embossed No. 3200) to the mop wallpaper and painted woodwork, gay color helps give each day a bright beginning.

Begin each day in a breakfast room BRIGHT *with* COLOR—

HOMES are like habits. We get so used to them day in and day out that we really don't appreciate how much they influence our thoughts and actions.

Take that simple, everyday occurrence of breakfast. From Monday to Sunday most of us merely go through the motions of dining about as casually as we skip through the morning paper. Scarcely do we notice whether the eggs are poached or scrambled. Certainly we pay no attention at all to the walls, woodwork, and floors—or so we think.

Cue to good cheer is color

Actually the room in which we start the day has a great deal to do with the *way* we start the day. Can you imagine anyone having gloomy thoughts in the breakfast room illustrated? Or sitting down without saying "Good morning!" and meaning it?

"The whole happy secret," says Hazel Dell Brown, who planned this room, "is to use color generously. Start with the floor—make it the bright cue for your color scheme." And that's easy to do today with all the gay effects offered in Armstrong's Linoleum.

Armstrong's Jaspé Design No. 19

Embossed Inlaid Design No. 5266

When you see these new Armstrong Floors now showing at good department, furniture, and linoleum stores, you'll be tempted to follow Mrs. Brown's suggestion. At least, it's a cheery experiment to make in one room anyway. It won't cost a great deal. There's very little bother, for any Armstrong Floor you select can be installed between breakfast and tea time. (That means a permanent job, cemented in place over linoleum lining felt.)

And, best of all, you'll discover many delightful housekeeping advantages once your new Armstrong Floor is in place. So cushioning to walk on. Quiet, too. And a joy to keep spick-and-span. No spotting and staining, for the surface is Accolac-Processed. Just wax it lightly and polish. Or merely renew the surface occasionally with Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer. (Our laboratory tells us not to lacquer over wax.)

Mrs. Brown will help you

The first thing to do is to write for Hazel Dell Brown's latest book, "New Ideas in Home Decoration." That will give you the complete story of rooms that fill each day with brightness and good cheer. Then, when you are ready to plan one of your own, let Mrs. Brown send you color scheme set-ups of actual materials for walls, woodwork and floors. This service is free.

Right now, while you think of it, pen a little note for the book. Enclose a dime with your letter to cover cost of mailing. "New Ideas in Home Decoration" will be sent you by return post. Address your request to Bureau of Interior Decoration, Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 930 President Avenue, Lancaster, Pa.

Armstrong's (A) Product

Armstrong's *Linoleum Floors*

for every room in the house

PLAIN . . INLAID . . EMBOSSED . . JASPÉ . . ARABESQ . . ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

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YOUR FOOD PROBLEM WILL BE GREATLY SIMPLIFIED IF YOU HAVE A GOOD REFRIGERATOR

Photo by Meyer-Kiock

LET YOUR REFRIGERATOR HELP YOU

By BERTHA N. BALDWIN

THE danger of foods that are improperly stored lies in the fact that they may be spoiled without advertising the fact. Appearances are frequently deceiving, and the innocent-looking dish of meat or salad or creamed vegetable may have passed into the stage unfit for eating before it is noticeable to sight, smell, or taste. Careful work is being done constantly on ascertaining the temperature at which foods must be kept in order to have them wholesome and good. The bacteriologist works hand in hand with the maker of refrigerators to give us refrigerating-boxes that will safeguard foods beyond question.

The quality of foods depends upon the conservation of flavor and texture—important to the pleasure of eating. It is not enough that foods be free from bacterial contamination and spoilage; they must taste good. Soft, wilted lettuce may be unspoiled, but compare it with crisp, cold lettuce and you appreciate what flavor and texture mean.

Because the refrigerator is so efficient in the work of guarding the food-supply, both in quality and in quantity, it is an active housekeeping assistant. It helps in the marketing and in the cooking and serving—very practical aids in the task of feeding the family.

Marketing may be reduced from the daily trip to twice a week at most. For most families, marketing once a week is the best routine because of the size of the refrigerator and the greater range of food that is possible.

Refrigeration gives finishing touches to many dishes—ice-box cake, jellied salads, molds of quivery desserts. It keeps food in attractive form and shape for subsequent serving, as mayonnaise and whipped cream at just the degree of stiffness for final dressing.

A mechanical refrigerator discharges another responsibility. Left by itself over the week-end or for a short holiday, it rises nobly to the occasion. Food left there on Friday will be right for use Monday. Nothing will have spoiled with the constant temperature.

Good as it is, the refrigerator can not do all these things entirely alone. To supervise you must know how it does the work. It really has three distinct jobs—*keeping, chilling,* and *freezing.* It is in the capacity of keeping food (milk, meat, butter, eggs, fish, vegetables, fruits, etc.) that it insures against loss of flavor, texture, and loss by spoilage.

In chilling, it prepares foods for eating and drinking, bringing them to a state of perfection—fruit-cups and cocktails, desserts and puddings, salads and beverages of all kinds. All the jellied mixtures, for example, and those with cream need chilling to complete their cooking.

These two duties, keeping and chilling, have always been the province of the refrigerator, and will always remain its primary purpose. With the advent of the mechanical refrigerators a third duty was added, that of freezing. It began with the water which is frozen for ice-cubes to tinkle in the glass. The ingenious and inventive-minded seized on the freezing-compartment for making mousse and parfait, frozen salads and desserts. Recipes for these standard favorites were altered where needed, to meet the new conditions of freezing.

The rules for food-refrigeration are easy to follow. Most of them are true for all types of boxes, both mechanical and ice-chilled. Any special directions for individual boxes must be carefully noted and followed.

If in doubt about the coldness of your refrigerator, there is no better way to assure yourself than by checking with an accurate thermometer.

Air-Circulation: The efficiency of a refrigerator depends on good circulation of air in the box. The cold air coming from the cooling-unit passes around and up, becoming warmer from contact with the foods. Therefore dishes must be so arranged and far enough apart to allow free circulation, with nothing blocking the passage.

Every one should know how the air circulates in her particular box, so she will know which is the coldest, the average, and the warmest places in the box. A diagram on the door, for reference, with arrows pointing the route of air circulation, will settle any question that might arise.

Storing: There is a priority list among foods, for those that need the coldest temperature, according to how perishable they are. For example, milk, cream, and meat-broths or soup-stock are the most perishable and should have the coldest part of the box. Uncooked meat and fish crowd on the heels of the first group for the coldest place, with cooked meat-dishes a close second.

Next in priority come butter, eggs, other cooked foods; then shortenings, mayonnaise, cheese, and such like—the medium temperature of the box. In the warmest are fruits and vegetables—foods which are sensitive to cold. Here, too, may be salad-oils, which become cloudy and difficult to use if chilled too thoroughly. Of the fruits and vegetables, those that are most distinctive in odor should be nearest the end of the air-circuit, so they will not impart their flavors to other foods.

Covering Food: Food properly covered helps to preserve flavor and texture by keeping the original moisture in the food and by preventing exchange of odors and flavors. The two exceptions are uncooked meat and berries. Both of these are better left uncovered and open to the air, which tends to keep them dry and firm.

For salads, have a deep, covered container that will take a whole head of washed and prepared lettuce, if possible. The water clinging to the leaves will give a proper moisture.

Care of Box: A refrigerator must be scrupulously clean, and wiped off when anything is spilled in it. Regularly, once a week perhaps, when you look over your stock of foods, give it a more thorough cleaning with lukewarm water (never hot) with borax or soda. Wash and dry the walls, shelves, racks, and ice-pans, and wipe the outside of the food-containers. If the drain is removable scald it in soda- or borax-water; if not, clean with a refrigerator-brush and rinse well by pouring through it warm borax- or soda-water. In both cases pour cold water through afterward to cool the metal.

Mechanical refrigerators need to be defrosted according to the directions which come with them.

Care of Food: Food must not be forgotten, even tho it is kept perfectly chilled. At least once a week look over everything and collect all the interesting bits of foods that may go into a savory ragout or enticing salad or appetizing dessert. Then you can make your market-list and refill the box with a new supply.

Ice-cubes, should be fresh. If you do not use them constantly, refill the pans with water for a fresh freeze.

Using the Refrigerator: When the market-order comes in, separate it according to its perishableness. Carefully clean and prepare the food for storing, and wipe any dirt off bottles. Place the foods in their proper containers.

Cooked foods can be so put away after a meal that they are ready for the next service.

Biscuits, cookies, and other batters and doughs will wait perfectly well in the refrigerator until you want to bake them. Yeast-dough will hold its lightness at any stage you wish, for convenience in finishing or timeliness in baking. Pastry will ripen and be all the better for a day or two of chilling.

Send a stamped envelop, addressed to yourself, to Ice-Box Cooking, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City, for your free leaflet on "Refrigerator Menus and Meals."

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PLOTTING THE CURVE

By DORIS LEE ASHLEY

NINE—TEN—NOW DO THE SAME WITH THE OTHER LEG

THREE girls, devoid of their cunning dinner-frocks, were sitting discussing the approaching all-important graduation day. Lois was standing in front of the mirror, craning her neck to see the effect two inches less at the back would make in her silhouette, and holding against her otherwise straight little figure the dark dress she had just removed.

"Now, girls, you must admit that while curves are 'in,' if I could take off at least two inches I would be quite presentable. But how am I to take it off there and nowhere else?" she wailed.

Margie, intent on her own shortcomings, said, "All I need is to reduce my hips a bit, and if I could only have a month at camp before the fatal day, I might be able to do something about it."

Helen, who had been watching them, remarked, "You two can be thankful you have something to work on. Just look at my slab-sided 'figger.' I would gladly add the two inches to mine that you want to discard."

I could eavesdrop no longer, for I was anxious to help these earnest and delightful young friends of Helen, whose mother I was visiting. They greeted me with delight, saying that I was just the person who could tell them what to do and that Helen was fortunate to have such an aunt in the family.

"Well, girls, your problems are so much simpler than those I have just been solving for a group of my own friends. Lois and Margie will have to promise to take strenuous daily corrective exercises for a few weeks and cut out the starches and sweets in their daily menus, while Helen may add a pound or two with gentle exercises by radio, and plenty of the things you two must eschew. Oh, I know that sounds easy, but I am going to draw up plans for the three of you which you must promise to follow faithfully; and in turn I will promise you can trim down the too solid and add to the too slender lines of your figures.

"To plot the curve where you would have it in the teens is, as I have said before, a much simpler problem than slimming the figures of the thirties and forties. While Lois and Margie may do much to subdue their too rounded curves with the new one piece garments offered by the best corsetières, that is only begging the question."

I told them where they could get the proper diets and outlined the corrective exercises they would have to promise to perform daily. I ended by saying that Lois and Margie, who roomed together, would be a fine check on each other, that they could each urge the other to go through with the necessary exercises when laziness called a halt.

Poor old Helen would have to work out her problem alone, and while I knew she would have the courage of her convictions hers was the most difficult problem of all. For she had the nervous energy that must be curbed with plenty of rest, and must take plenty of food when she was not overly fond of food at any time. So I suggested that she eat a small quantity of fattening foods four or five times a day instead of the regular three meals, and always lie down whenever the opportunity presented itself and take gentle exercises daily.

With my older friends who have plenty of this world's goods I had been up against different problems, for while the girls were willing and ready to go through any stunt to gain their hearts' desire, the older women were much more inclined to pay to have this work done for them. I told them of a series of treatments of this type I had recently investigated. They are effective I vow and without a doubt will keep cumbersome curves in abeyance in the case of those who lack the will-power to follow the restricted diets and strenuous exercises prescribed by those who know how to keep bodies trim, graceful, and healthful.

The course commenced with a varying number of minutes in a steam-cabinet, followed by completely covering the too stout body, first, with gauze saturated with a reducing lotion, and then infolding it in a rubber garment. Then two young Swedish girls, each equipped with a flexible rubber hand on a handle, proceeded to slap my recumbent, mummy like figure from head to toes, stimulating the circulation and producing the required profuse perspiration.

Then each young woman extracted first an arm and then a leg and began the most strenuous kneading that defied any ambitious fat to linger long in the particular place it had chosen for its habitat. Not an inch of my body was overlooked. They searched out every spot and worked upon it until I felt I could stand no more. And yet after a shower and rub-down I left that smart establishment, feeling most alive and fit, but certainly craving a good meal. Now, if a woman can withstand that temptation she can congratulate herself on a speedier rendering of the fatty deposits that make her otherwise ideal figure too curved in spots.

An Easy Method of Reducing

FOR any other reason than the desire for the ideal figure I can assure you these young women would have been shot on sight for one-tenth of the pounding, slapping, and kneading they performed on my prone body. And yet so urgent is this need, that one goes back for more every day or every other day, according to the demands on time and the date set for the perfect figure. This is certainly the ideal method for the lazy woman.

Quite different was a series of treatments I took several years ago at a well-known establishment conducted by a young woman who gets results by supervising and instructing the patient in corrective exercises and diets, together with steaming-hot pads, massage, and irrigations when prescribed. Here one is stripped, weighed and measured. The figures obtained are marked on a chart—the ideal measurements for your height, type, and age on one side and your present weight and measurements on the opposite side.

On each subsequent visit your chart is brought forth, and again you are weighed and measured to see what progress has been made by your home exercises and diet, which have been supervised by the physician of the house or your own when necessary. When satisfactory results are noted in certain places, you are instructed to concentrate on those that still need attention, and it is amazing how hard a person will work to obtain the ideal measurements of her own chart.

Competition is excellent for reducing. Curiously enough, tell a woman to exercise at home, and if she has to do it alone, she may have the best intentions in the world, but for various reasons she rarely goes through these exercises every day for the required length of time or with the right amount of energy, especially if she is much overweight for this seems to sap strength and determination. But let this same woman be put on her mettle to compete with another stout friend and she will go through the most strenuous methods to keep up or best her friend. Let a group of women decide to reduce and prove will find actual results.

A convincing trial may be held for the methods that make the individual work for results, for the exercises themselves, if planned by those who know, can promote grace as well as litheness and

In another establishment, probably the most beautiful of its kind in the world, a woman may go to be literally made over by exercises and diet, and she may learn also how to acquire the charming grace so essential to-day. One may obtain phonograph-records and instructions for these exercises for health and beauty so that they may be performed at home, no matter where one lives.

You will not, I know, undertake any method advocated by friend or foe unless you have the assurance and approval of your family physician that it is safe and that your present health can withstand it with no ill effects. This particularly refers to freak diets. It is far better to reduce the portions of your present well-balanced meals than to try the many pet diets suggested by your friends.

And as to exercises, if you are unaccustomed to exercising, please, I beg of you, go at it charily. Take each movement once or twice the first day, and increase the movements by one or two each succeeding day until your body becomes accustomed to exercising; but on this the desired result of reducing unless they are so actively performed as to produce a generous perspiration. It is by both diet and exercise that fatty deposits are reduced or prevented from accumulating despite the many advices to the contrary.

While special efforts are directed to reducing, it is necessary also to take additional care of the skin. No one wants to obtain a slim figure at the price of a wrinkled neck and an emaciated face. Nourishing cream should be patted into the face and throat each night after the necessary and thorough cleansing.

I have recently tried out a new set of preparations that will be hailed with delight by those who loathe the idea of going to bed greasy. The cream in question is one that can be patted into the skin until it disappears, and yet it leaves the young skin sufficiently nourished to leave it in excellent condition. The cleansing, toning lotion to be used in the morning has properties that aid in refining the texture of the skin.

Those in their thirties and forties should, while reducing, not only use the most nourishing creams, but in addition call in the aid of the richest muscle-oils to keep the skin supple and well nourished.

Those who are planning to add or take away a few extra pounds will be interested in writing for our free leaflet "Weight-Control," sending a stamped envelop, addressed to yourself, to the Beauty Editor, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

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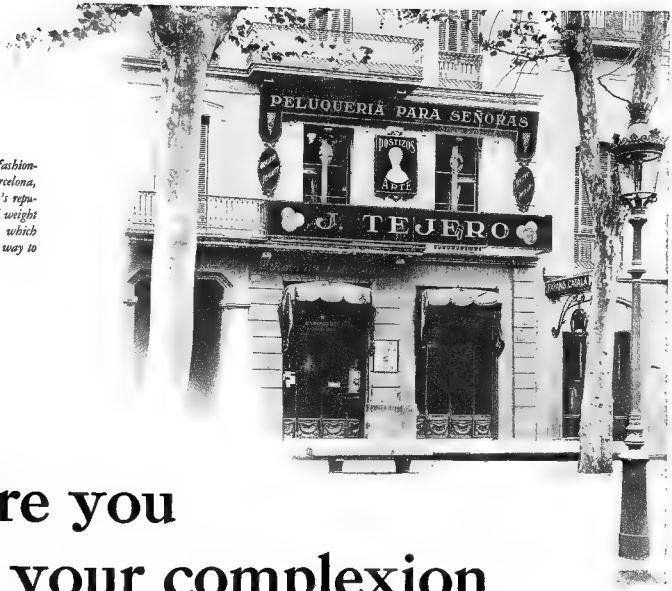

The facade of Tejéro's salon on the fashionable thoroughfare Cortes Street, in Barcelona, Spain, is shown at the right. Tejéro's reputation as a skin specialist gives added weight to his endorsement of Palmolive Soap, which he considers the best and the simplest way to care for the skin at home.

How dare you mistreat your complexion

when it is so easy to use this Palmolive daily care?"

asks TEJÊRO *of Barcelona, distinguished beauty specialist*

Use Palmolive Soap—twice a day—and see how simple it is to protect your facial beauty.

"If soap irritates your face that means that you are using the wrong kind. You should use Palmolive . . . the vegetable oil soap that is pure and harmless to even the most delicate skin."

Tejêro
BARCELONA

"IF soap irritates your face, that means you are using the wrong kind. You should use Palmolive . . . the vegetable oil soap that is pure and harmless to even the most delicate skin." That is the expressed opinion of one of Spain's leading beauty advisers—Tejêro, of Barcelona—whose beauty salon is visited by many of the most important women of Spain.

19,800 experts will tell you this

Tejêro knows—as do the great experts all over the world—how much your skin needs soap and water. There are some accumulations in the pores that can only be reached by a penetrating, searching lather such as Palmolive gives.

And if these impurities are not routed out, they soon form into tiny, hard masses which develop into blackheads and pimples, causing enlarged pores and other blemishes to beauty.

"Use Palmolive Soap—twice a day," says Tejêro, "and see how simple it is to protect your facial beauty. Massage a fine lather of Palmolive into the skin—so—rinse it off with refreshing clear water—to icy-cold temperature. A bit of my Epidermic Tejêro is then refreshing. If you do this you will have a complexion smooth and naturally fresh."

The choice of specialists

Palmolive is the choice of professional beauty experts because it is made of nature's finest cosmetic oils. Its color is that of the palm and olive oils alone. Their natural odor makes the addition of heavy perfumes unnecessary. Since the days of Cleopatra these vegetable oils have been considered best for facial care. Nothing has ever supplanted them.

Use Palmolive for face and bath. Try its effects for yourself. What a difference you'll find! Begin right away.

No product ever had such tremendous professional approval! 19,813 beauty shops advise Palmolive Soap!

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

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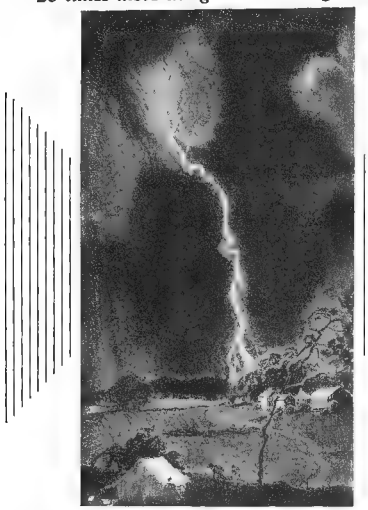
Why Risk Typhoid?

20 times more dangerous than lightning!



© 1930 Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.

WHEN lightning flashes and thunder roars, timid folk are often frankly scared and even the most stout-hearted are awed. They can see the threatening danger against which they are helpless. Yet most of these very people ignore an unseen danger against which they can protect themselves. It is typhoid fever, and it costs twenty times more lives than lightning.

Typhoid kills one out of every ten attacked. Those who recover are left in such a weakened condition that for two or three years following an attack, the deathrate among them is twice the normal rate. Sometimes typhoid leaves after-effects from which the patient never recovers.

Most cases of typhoid are contracted by people away from home—touring, hiking, camping, traveling. The disease is caused by eating or drinking something contaminated by typhoid germs. Water that tastes delicious and looks crystal clear, or raw milk and uncooked foods may carry the disease. If you swallow enough typhoid germs and are not immunized, typhoid fever is almost certain to develop.

But you need never have typhoid fever. It is one of the few preventable diseases.

By means of three simple, painless inoculations—entirely safe and leaving no scar—your doctor can make you immune from typhoid fever for two or more years. The United States Government tests and approves all typhoid vaccine before it reaches physicians.

Before you start on your summer outings in the country, consult your physician as to the advisability of being inoculated. Make sure that typhoid will not claim any member of your family. Metropolitan will mail free its booklet, "The Conquest of Typhoid Fever." Ask for Booklet 630-P.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE MOTHER'S CHILD WELFARE CLUB

Conducted by Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge

Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, New York City

THE PRESENT-DAY BABY—HIS CLOTHING

A VERY important part of our baby's "hygienic surroundings," spoken of in President Hoover's "The Child's Bill of Rights," is suitable and comfortable clothing. Infants who are dressed too warmly or not warm enough, and who are made uncomfortable by too tight or too loose clothing, are seldom happy babies. They fuss and fret; have prickly-heat rash in Summer or blue, cold hands and feet in Winter. Hence we see that correct clothing is a very essential "right" of all babies and children.

In our regular Correspondence Course in Babycraft we have two very popular leaflets, one which describes in detail clothing of the very young infant, giving the number of all garments required, the best materials, etc., and a similar leaflet on clothing for babies who wear short clothes and also those for older children.

Our club mothers all receive these leaflets if they join our club early enough. They will also be sent to any one else who will remember to enclose a stamped envelop addressed to herself and give the age of her baby.

The baby's diapers are an important item in making the baby comfortable that we will describe their care here in detail. For the first few weeks many mothers like to use old, soft table-linen or gauze, as this makes washing easy, is soft for the very delicate skin, and affords enough protection while the infant is very young.

Cotton bird's-eye is the most popular material for diapers for babies, and are made twice as long as wide. Two sizes of cotton diapers are usually made up, one set being 18 by 36 inches, the other 22 by 44. Have as many as you can afford. Six dozen is a good number. The cloth should be washed and shrunk before it is hemmed.

When diapers are wet they should not be dried and used a second time without having been washed. Never leave wet or soiled diapers lying about in the room. Never dry wet diapers in the nursery. As soon as wet diapers are removed from the baby they should be placed in a covered pail of cold water. Do not lay them down on the floor or a chair for even a minute.

The soiled diapers should be taken at once to the bathroom and the solids scraped or brushed into the toilet. They should then be rinsed in cold water to remove all that is possible of the stain before it spreads through the whole napkin. They may next be soaked in a covered pail of cold water until there is time for the thorough washing.

Serious infections as well as very painful skin irritations may be caused by carelessness in attending to diapers. These affections are especially liable to happen in Summer, when flies abound and light on the soiled linen and carry infection. One in 24 hours all the diapers should have a thorough washing. Those that have been soiled should be rinsed several times before they are placed with those that have been only wet.

All the diapers should be washed in very hot water with a pure, mild soap. They should then be boiled for at least 15 minutes, and then very thoroughly rinsed through several changes of water to remove every particle of soap. They should then be wrung and dried in the open air and sun whenever possible. After drying they may be smoothed and folded, ready to put on. If they can be ironed, so much the better. Never put a damp or rough diaper on a baby.

During the day diapers should be changed at once when wet or soiled. At night change when the baby is fed or if he wakes between meals. A wet diaper frequently causes a fretful or wakeful baby. Waterproof diapers, of course, should not be worn constantly.

Be careful that the rubber bands at the waist and knees are not tight if water-proof diapers are used. They should be frequently washed with very hot water and soap. When wearing them the baby should be changed at once when his cloth diaper is wet or soiled.

Sometimes lack of thorough rinsing is the cause of "ammoniacal diapers," which are also due to other causes. After oiling the irritated skin, so often present, or applying a pure powder, diapers dipped in a 1:20 solution of boric acid and then dried may be used.

Exposing the sore skin to the sun and warm air whenever the diapers can be left off is helpful. Early training in the use of a small chamber will save much diaper-washing for the mother, and be a valuable health habit for the baby.

When traveling, pads of soft muslin or gauze may be used inside diapers and thrown away when soiled. A temporary washing with soap and hot water with a thorough rinsing may be given diapers until they may be boiled. Drying then will usually have to be arranged for, unless one has a stateroom.

FREE CHILD HEALTH SERVICE

IF your baby is under 6 months of age you may join our Special Correspondence Course in Babycraft, by which you will receive monthly help until the baby is 2 years old. Send us the baby's name and age, and an Admission Blank will be sent you.

If you want advice about older children up to the age of 12, ask for a Question Form for our Good Health Extension Class.

No diseases will be treated by mail nor medicines prescribed.

No blanks will be sent or inquiries answered unless you enclose a United States stamped envelop addressed to yourself.

Address your correspondence to Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York, N. Y.

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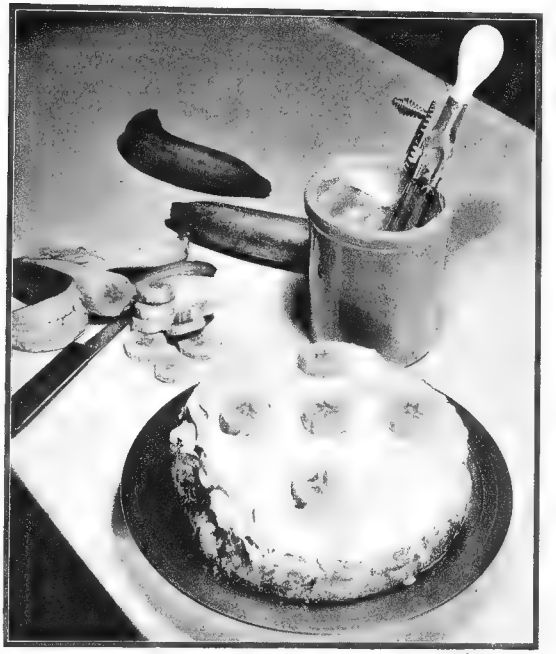
MAKING SHORTCAKES



LUSCIOUS BANANA SHORTCAKE FOR DESSERT WILL EXCITE THE INTEREST OF ALL THE FAMILY

Photo by Mayer-Kook

The A-B-C's of Cookery. Article IX.

By HELEN TREYZ SMITH

YOUR success in any baking project, whether it be shortcakes and biscuits or cakes and cakes, depends on several factors. The materials you use are essential. Important, also, is the way you measure them, the manner in which you put them together, and the temperature at which you bake them. Every good recipe should be so presented that if you follow the directions implicitly, you will, in so doing, be making and baking your product under those conditions which will give you the best results.

As we adopt standard measurements and learn to follow directions our success in baking becomes more assured.

Take the case of flour, for example. "Sift the flour before measuring" and "Sift together the flour, baking-powder, and salt" are now very familiar phrases. We now take it for granted that when a given amount of flour is called for, it means "sifted flour." But it so happens that even when we use the same methods, we do not always get the same amount of flour (by weight). Flour packs so easily. When large amounts of it are sifted it is pretty sure to pack enough so that a cupful of flour from the top of the bowl will not contain as much flour as a cupful of flour from the bottom of the bowl.

In handling flour, then, sift it in small quantities, regardless of the amount you are going to use. Spoon it into the measuring-cup, then empty it from the measuring-cup to a sifter so that any salt or baking-powder, which is to be sifted with it, can be added and the whole sifted directly into the mixing-bowl. As to the kind of flour you are using, you may remember from "Filling the Cooky-Jar" (Article VII. of this series) that when bread flour is used in place of a pastry or all-around general flour, use two tablespoonfuls less per cup.

Something should be said about the measuring of liquids and fats. Some one has said that home-makers need to use scant measure for liquids and extra good measure for solids. Scant measurement of liquids is due to the fact that we find a cup full of liquid harder to handle than one just about full. Then, too, we do not always completely empty the cup. Take care to have your measuring-cup full. Drain, then tap the cup with your spoon to make sure that you have full measure. In biscuit-making it is permissible to use half water and half milk for the liquid ingredient.

In measuring fats by tablespoonfuls, the easiest way is to press the shortening firmly into the spoon, then level it off with a knife. For fractions of a cupful, the water method of measuring is being used more and more. If your recipe calls for ⅓ cupful of shortening, fill your measuring-cup ⅓ full of water, then add shortening until the water rises to the cupful-mark. For ⅓ cupful use ⅓ cupful of water; follow the same procedure.

Measuring ingredients is half the story. There is a right and a wrong way of putting things together. For biscuits, shortcakes, and similar products the correct way to proceed is to assemble the utensils and ingredients. Measure the dry ingredients, using the suggestions given. Mix and sift together into the mixing-bowl. Measure the fat, and cut or rub it into the dry ingredients until the mixture is the consistency of coarse corn-meal. Add liquid all at once and stir vigorously until it thickens.

At this point I use a trick my neighbor taught me. While the dough is still in the bowl knead it for a few seconds (less than half a minute). This mixes the ingredients thoroughly with excellent results. It can be kneaded for the same length of time on a lightly floured board. If you choose to do it this way, be sure that the dough does not take on too much flour from the board.

As you knead, form the dough into a ball. Place on a lightly floured board (if it is not already there) and pat or roll to the desired thickness—½ to ¾ inch. Cut and place on an ungreased baking-pan. Bake in a hot oven (425 degrees F.).

The proof of the pudding is in the eating, after all, and so the final test lies in the quality of the things you make. Try using standard methods of working. Take care to measure accurately, and follow directions. When you have mastered the technique ask your family to judge the results. Ask them to grade your biscuits on such points as general appearance—that is, shape, size, and color; on texture, noting how flaky and light they are; on flavor, and on crispness of crust. A standard basic recipe follows:

Baking-Powder Biscuits

2 Cupfuls Flour
4 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
4 Tablespoonfuls Shortening
¾ Cupful Milk
½ Teaspoonful Salt

SIFT the flour and measure 2 cupfuls, putting the flour back into the sifter, which should be resting in the mixing-bowl. Add the baking-powder and salt to the flour and sift into the mixing-bowl. Add the shortening, and cut it or rub it into the dry ingredients until the whole is the consistency of coarse corn-meal. Add the milk, all at once, and stir vigorously until it thickens.

While the dough is still in the bowl flour your finger-tips and knead the dough firmly and thoroughly as you form it into a large ball. You may knead on a lightly floured board if you prefer, but in either case do not knead long—less than ½ minute. Roll or pat the dough to the desired thickness—a little more than ½ inch is a good thickness—and cut with a floured biscuit-cutter. Slide a spatula under each biscuit and lift it carefully to the baking-pan. Bake at 425 degrees F. (a hot oven) for about 12 minutes. Serve at once.

Fruit Shortcakes

2 Cupfuls Flour
4 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
2 Teaspoonfuls Sugar
½ Cupful Shortening
¾ Cupful Milk
½ Teaspoonful Salt

DIRECTIONS are exactly the same as for baking-powder biscuits. Roll to ½ inch in thickness. Brush half the biscuits with butter and cover with the other half. Bake at 425 degrees F.

Preparing the Fruit and Serving the Shortcake

1. *Strawberry Shortcake.* Hull and wash the berries; cut all but a choice few (to be used to garnish) into small pieces, or crush lightly. Sweeten to taste. Berries differ so in acid content that it is impossible to give the exact amount needed. Warm slightly.

When the biscuits are done, split and butter. They are then ready for the filling of sweetened berries.

2. *Banana Shortcake.* Peel the bananas; scrape and chop into small pieces. Add fruit-juice to make the proper consistency for spreading. Sweeten to taste. Serve this with thin cream, of course.

3. *Raspberries, blackberries, loganberries,* and *huckleberries* are all prepared as strawberries are.

4. *Cherries for Shortcake.* Choose well-ripened cherries; wash and pit. Arrange layers of cherries in a bowl and cover with sugar. Allow to stand for several hours at room-temperature if possible.

5. *Strawberry and Pineapple Shortcake.* Prepare the strawberries as for strawberry shortcake. Shred an equal amount of ripe pineapple (or use canned pineapple if you prefer). Mix the fruit and allow to stand. Warm slightly.

6. *Canned Fruit Shortcake.* Drain the fruit and cut in small pieces.

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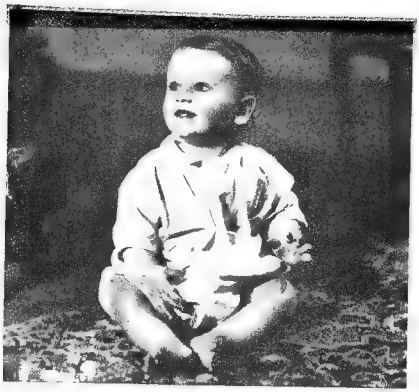

No summer fears for EDWARD EVERETT HALE, IV

He has this protection so many mothers give

WHAT's a second summer, to a baby like this!

Of course Edward Everett Hale, IV is a young gentleman who has a lot to back him up. Eleven Colonial Governors in the family and a long line of New England forebears is enough to supply anyone with a certain amount of resistance. But Edward is just plain *healthy*.

He always has been. His baby routine—bath, naps, clothes, food—is carefully planned, carefully supervised for his comfort and well being.

At three months the family physician launched him into solid food. As a matter of course the one chosen was the children's own cereal—Cream of Wheat. Edward eats his silver porringer full, morning and evening. He *loves* his meals.

Mrs. Hale wants these foundation months to build up a fine physique for her boy. "Edward is an extraordinarily healthy child," she says. "He has eaten Cream of Wheat every day since he was three months old. Furthermore, he likes it."

How many mothers report the same thing! Specialists everywhere say Cream of Wheat. When we asked 221 leading medical men in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Toronto, they gave Cream of Wheat unanimous approval.

In the first place, it's a wonderful energy food for babies. (And no one knows, like the baby's mother, what an amazing little consumer of energy he is.) Secondly, Cream of Wheat is *planned* for untried digestive systems. Its simple form is easily handled by little stomachs making their first difficult change from milk to something solid. So inexpensive too. There are forty generous servings in a package, at less than one cent each.

Now that summer days are at hand, there's one easy thing you can do to safeguard your baby. If the physician says he's ready for solid food, start him off with Cream of Wheat, and let it be a regular part of his routine.

The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota. In Canada, made by The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson, 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1.

CREAM OF WHEAT

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FREE— an authoritative booklet, The Important Business of Feeding Children—giving correct diets from infancy through high school. Send coupon today, to The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Dept. E-43, Minneapolis, Minn.

Name.....

Address.....

If sample of Cream of Wheat is desired, check here ☐

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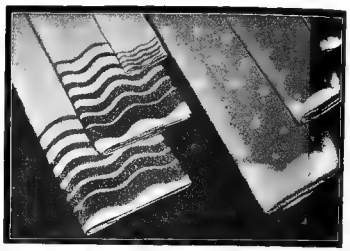
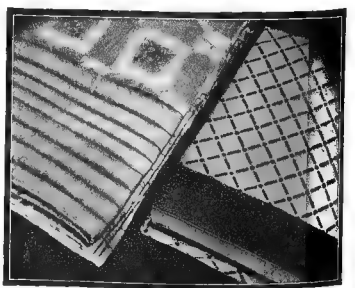
GUEST-ROOM NEWS

THE presence or the absence of certain little things in the guest-room may mar the success of a week-end visit. Every one knows that it is the little things in life that count so much. Here we show illustrations of three important things in the guest's comfort that are frequently overlooked.



NO MATTER to which school of the bath your guest belongs, the hot at night or the cold, cold tub in the morning, he or she will trill a carol in anticipation of the deep fluffiness of towels like these. You will find a cheerful color to match your own bathroom.

GUESTS are often anxious to write a letter or a short note, so you should equip your guest-room with paper of a pleasing quality and size suitable for both masculine and feminine taste. A memorandum-pad for telephone numbers and train schedules is convenient.



Photos by Mayer-Rish

EVEN Summer nights are often chilly. For the extra cover which should be left folded across the foot of the bed, we found a comfortable and a blanket, both of which come in many colors, are perfectly charming, and yet unbelievably low in price.

For further information about any of these articles send a stamped envelop, addressed to yourself, to Household Hints, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

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Just "plain folks" *at home . . . these glamorous successes find* **DATED** Coffee *luxuriously satisfying*

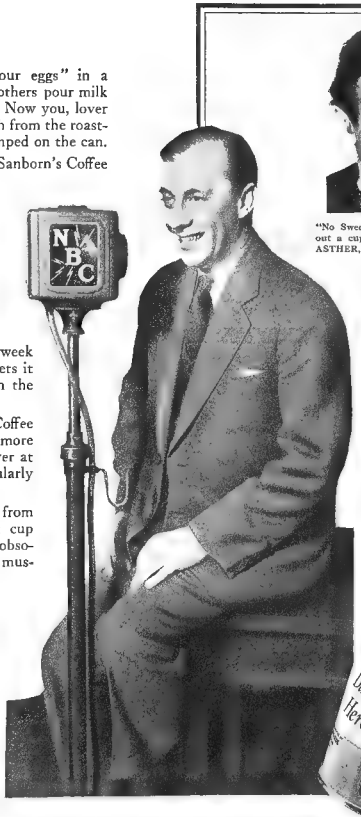
THE fastidious buy "24-hour eggs" in a dated package. Careful mothers pour milk from a bottle with a dated cap. Now you, lover of good coffee, can get yours fresh from the roasting ovens . . . with the date stamped on the can.

For sixty-five years, Chase & Sanborn's Coffee has been a favorite in many sections of the country. Now, through the same "Daily Delivery" system of Standard Brands Inc., which delivers fresh Fleischmann's Yeast, this extra fine coffee speeds to your grocer wherever you are, straight from the roaster.

No storage . . . no delay for re-handling. Two deliveries a week . . . the date that your grocer gets it plainly marked in large type on the label of each can.

And no Chase & Sanborn's Coffee can remain in your grocer's store more than ten days. Any cans left over at the end of that period are regularly collected and replaced by fresh.

Get Chase & Sanborn's Coffee from your grocer today. Your first cup will make all undated coffees as obsolete for you as the Victorian mustache cup.

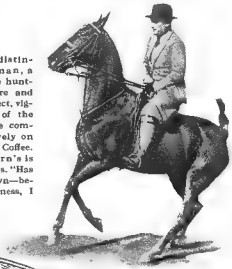


GRAHAM McNAMEE and Radio grew up together. There are very few people who do not know his voice—his pulsing, eager voice which makes words leap to glowing pictures. But few of us realize the man behind the voice. He is quiet, simple, and appreciative of good things.

"Chase & Sanborn's Coffee," he says earnestly, "reaches the top of coffee flavor. It is undeviatingly mellow and rich and full-flavored."

"No Swedish dinner is complete without a cup of good coffee," says NILS ASTHER, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star. "That's why I use Chase & Sanborn's. I know that it is as fresh as it is pleasing to the taste and one never grows tired of it."

IRVIN COBB, author, jovial and witty, his name linked eternally with laughter, states his preference for Chase & Sanborn's Coffee: "I think your coffee is as near to being perfect as anything in this imperfect world ever gets to be."



ERIC DREXEL, distinguished sportsman, a noted figure in the hunting field both here and abroad, has the direct, vigorous preferences of the outdoors man. He comments appreciatively on Chase & Sanborn's Coffee. "Chase & Sanborn's is great coffee," he says. "Has a tang all its own—because of its freshness, I dare say."

LOOK FOR THE *date* ON THE CAN

Chase and Sanborn's Coffee – **DATED**

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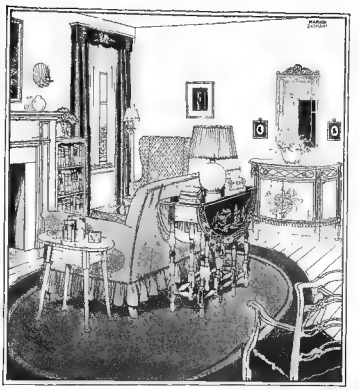
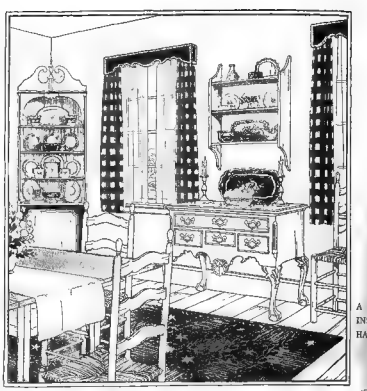
Go gle



A LIVING-ROOM SCHEMED FROM ITS APPLE-GREEN CABINET



A HOOKED RUG INSPIRED A COLOR-HARMONY FOR THIS DINING-ROOM

PLANNING A COLOR-SCHEME

By ETHEL DAVIS SEAL

PLANNING color-schemes for all sorts of rooms may become the most joyous of indoor sports once you learn the trick of it. For color-scheme suggestions are everywhere. There is that piece of decorated furniture in which several colors are combined; there is the multihued cretonne, the colorful square of Chinese embroidery, the patchwork quilt or hooked rug, any one of which may be magnified into a fine room-scheme by following the suggested combination of hues for the room's furnishings and accessories.

Just let your imagination play, and soon you will find the palest and most neutral tint in the selected object will suggest itself for the room walls, the deep, richer colors will become available at once for the more important color-masses, and the most startling bright tones will be just right for the room accents.

Indeed, it is so much easier to start a room-scheme from an actual object in this way than it is to plan the scheme around some intangible idea which may turn out to be quite wrong. It is the way an artist works: first the small sketch, then the large picture with the sketch to go by. It does not matter if your sketch was conceived by some one else, your room will be your own achievement; and if you keep close to your original inspiration, you may be sure it will be as successful as your pattern and an expression of yourself.

One of the loveliest rooms I've ever done came from a picture on the wall. The room was a dining-room. The picture was of orange caleadulus and yellow daffodils in a peacock-blue bowl; the background was pale and luminous, with the result that the flowers looked as tho they were silhouetted against soft silver and white. Two folds of color, one rose-red, one soft peacock-blue, gave weight to the lower part of the picture.

Of course, the luminous, silvery tone of the background of this picture caused walls of light silver to become part of the scheme at once, with woodwork pale gray. Behind the small-paned cupboard doors there were interiors of lemon-yellow, to match the daffodils, you see. And on the cupboard shelves was set china of orange-red, peacock-blue, and yellow, most of the pieces being of perfectly plain tone. There was some pewter to carry out the silver of the walls and bind these bright hues together.

The rug in this room was a dark tone of gray; the furniture was walnut; the overdraperies at the windows were of black with patternings of old yellow, with a bit of greenish blue and orange-red to carry further the notes of these colors in the picture. The glass-curtains were of a soft deep yellow. The furniture was of walnut, and there were a few small pieces of red lacquer and yellow lacquer in the room. This room, you see, had become a quiet symphony in luminous grays, with accents of the soft red, orange, yellow, and peacock-blue which in turn dominated the quiet pale gray of the picture which inspired it.

Buying your favorite color-combination by the yard, if you like cretonne as much as I do, is one of the very easiest ways to start a successful color-scheme for any room. And the choice is endless, for any cretonne-counter offers possibilities for formal rooms, quaint rooms, rooms quiet or gay. The bedroom that is pictured here developed a most delightful color-scheme from the cretonne which was selected for it. The ground of the material was of a vivid old blue; the flowers in the medallions were in rich but various tones of yellow, including orange.

With this fabric for inspiration the walls were done in pale buff, with woodwork a bit paler. The larger pieces of furniture were painted blue, the dressing-table was flounced in yellow calico sprigged in orange, and the little flounces were banded in plain deep blue. The stool was painted yellow and had an orange-ruffled seat.

The glass-curtains were of soft yellow, under overdraperies of the cretonne. The bedspread was of yellow linen, with a cretonne trimming. The small chair was upholstered in yellow and blue. The home-braided rugs were made up of many tones of yellow, orange, blue, and cream, with quite a little black to subdue them.

It will be seen that the cretonne selected for this bedroom shows a typical two-color combination; but very often cretonnes, as well as other decorative means in color-schemes, are composed of more than two richly differing colors, all of which, of course, may be woven into the room-scheme.

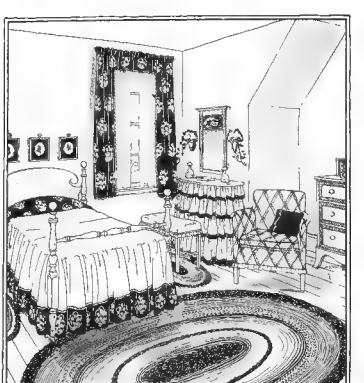
The semicircular commode to be seen against the wall of the living-room that is pictured here provided the inspiration for its room-scheme. The piece was done in apple-green, decorated in gold, and ornamented with flowers of soft rose and yellow, with foliage of deeper green. The interior of the commode was painted in mulberry, which showed when the doors were opened to operate the radio which it contained. A Chinese rug, predominantly mulberry in color, but very rich and dark, seemed to provide the logical color on the floor.

The sofa was slipped in a deep apple-green; the chair by the window was of soft mulberry; the window-draperies were striped in mulberry, green, and yellow, and the wooden cornices were done in black and gold. The glass-curtains were of pale putty-color to match the walls and woodwork. The gateleg table was decorated in black and gold and parchment-yellow, the last-named tone matching the tone of the green commode. And the Chippendale chair had a seat-covering of old yellow.

Since all these colors had been combined successfully in one piece of furniture, enlarging them to room-size was a simple and assured affair.

Colors do not have to duplicate exactly those found in the object which inspires the room. In the case of the dining-room shown here, the hooked rug on the floor was a very old one, and the colors were too dull to more than suggest the color-combination for the coming scheme. The colors were rose, green, gray, and black.

The walls of the room were done in pale gray. The woodwork, including the two built-in corner cupboards, were painted a pale sage-green, with a slightly deeper green used for the interiors of the cupboards and for the ladder-backed chairs. The table and the low-boy were of mahogany. The curtains were of deep old rose and ivory plaid linen hanging from cornices of black. The china in the cupboards was of ivory and rose-red.



ANY ROOM CAN TAKE ITS COLOR-SCHEME FROM A LENGTH OF GORGEOUS CRETONNE

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Between the teeth . . . in tiny crevices . . . there's where decaying food collects. Mere surface brushing won't dislodge these impurities. Colgate's *floods* them out . . . its active, penetrating foam surges into the hard-to-clean places where sluggish pasty dentifrices won't go . . . Dissolving the deposits . . . *washing* them away . . . cleansing the crevices thoroughly, as well as polishing the surfaces brilliantly. Try Colgate's . . . it is approved by more Dentists; *used* by more people, than any other toothpaste made.

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YOU'LL be surprised and delighted with Hires Root Beer. You'll love its flavor. Your family will praise it. So will your guests.

With its appealing, distinctive flavor, Hires Root Beer delights the taste and quenches the thirst.

To make your acquaintance, to show you how easy and economical it is to make Hires Root Beer at home, this is our liberal offer: A free trial bottle of Hires Extract, sufficient to make 8 pint bottles of Hires Root Beer.

If the trial delights you, then for 30c at all dealers you can buy a full-sized bottle of Hires Extract—it makes 40 pint bottles of Root Beer, costing about 1¾c per bottle, as compared to what you usually pay.

In Hires Root Beer are the juices of 16 roots, barks, berries and herbs—Nature's tonic and appetizing ingredients. Utterly free from artificial color and flavor.

Mail the coupon at once for free trial bottle of Hires Extract—or order a full-size 30c bottle from your dealer today. 35c in Canada.

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DIVORCE TO THE RESCUE

Continued from page 26

prevailing acidosis, and according to how badly, if at all, we have been getting on."

"In other words—" I ventured to begin.

"Precisely. In other words, when we get on each other's nerves we don't blame it on each other, but rather on marriage in the concrete. Too much rubbing of elbows, too much attrition of personalities. It happens in the best regulated marriages: the more regulated they are the more likely it is to happen; and the obvious remedy, the most natural remedy, my dear man, is divorce. That's what divorce is for. So we get us a divorce forthwith, and we make it ourselves.

"Moreover, we aren't so foolish as to think we want a lifetime divorce. For if you can get fed up on marriage, why can't you get fed up on divorce? Of course you can! And whereas it takes several months to get fed up on marriage, we find by conscientious experiment, and by basic metabolism tests conducted under perfect laboratory conditions with carefully governed temperatures and micrometer readings of all symptoms, that it takes only from two weeks to a month to get fed up on divorce. That makes a heavy balance in favor of marriage."

"In other words—" I ventured, sipping from my glass of ice-water

"You are exactly right," he assented, buttering a piece of toast. "People make a mistake in not taking what they want when they want it. There is enough of everything for everybody, and especially there's enough marriage and divorce. Plenty to go around. Just help yourself. Think of the thousands of married people in this country who are just spoiling for a divorce, and who for a hundred or so reasons don't dare go after it. They think nothing of getting married because they want to marry, but they shrink with superstitious terror from divorce.

"Now, our notion is to get married as often as you want to, and to get divorced as often as you want to; and the result is that you live happily most of the time almost forever after. Do you find any fault with my logic?"

"Not if you omit outsiders."

He waved his hand blandly. "Outsiders, of course, would not be feasible. Outsiders are bunglers. They would muss things up. Team-work is best, whether in practising marriage or in practising divorce."

"How did you get the notion?"

"From a navy man. I met him in a Pullman smoker on my way back from Chicago. He hadn't been home for six months. He had been married twenty years, and had had plenty of time in which to get tired of his wife—but no opportunity. You ought to have heard him talk about getting home.

"It struck me where I lived—for there I was, going home too; and the slower the train went the better I liked it, because Frances, having gone out to Chicago with me, had left the day before in a huff, and gone home ahead of me. And, here are the clams. Nothing like them!

"Well, when I did got home I told Frances of the navy man.

"'What would you think of this kind of divorce?' I asked, and then I explained my idea.

"'Do you really mean it?' she asked.

"'I do if you do,' I answered.

"'I'm falling in love with you all over again already,' she said.

"We let it go at that, without making any definite plan. But when I got home from my work that night, Frances had gone. It was a good bit of a shock. There was a note saying good-by, but not a word about where she was going."

He ate three clams in silence, slowly and reflectively. "I suppose the clams don't like it," he remarked. "Queer how hard it is to suit everybody. Well, as I was saying, my first feeling was one of total slump. It was as if I'd had been gone a year already. I hung around a bit, smoked a cigar, rummaged in the ice-box, tried to read, mooned around with my hands in my pockets, went to the window and stared down at the street, kept my ears cocked hopefully for every sound, heard a step in the hall and jumped for the door, hoping she had changed her mind—like I had—and found it was the janitor sweeping up—heard the telephone ring and jumped for that, to find that somebody I didn't want to see wanted to see me at the office next day.

"At last I gave up, washed up, locked up, and hopped the first train back to town. Couldn't stand that apartment without her in it. Once on my way I felt better. By the time I was back down-town I felt exhilarated. After all, it looked as if divorce on these terms might have its points.

"I didn't like to think of the apartment, silent, deserted, and waiting, its dark windows staring down at the street; but I shut that out.

"After fooling around a bit I found, now that I could do anything I liked, that there wasn't anything I liked. Freedom had gone flat, like stale champagne. At last I joined the old crowd at poker Daley was still there, playing safe and winning in the long run. McCann was there, spoiling for a row when the cards didn't go to suit him—losing of course. They trimmed me for twenty-five dollars—I was that rusty. How they did kid me! Asked me how I got out by myself, what had become of my nurse.

"After that was over I turned in at the nearest hotel. Next morning, being only a block from the office, I didn't get up till 8:30. No rising at dawn to catch the 8:15. I began to think better of divorce again. Took my time with breakfast, read the morning paper, smoked a cigaret, strolled down the street, and ambled into the office at 9:40, only ten minutes late.

"All told, it was pretty good to relax and stretch. I began to get used to it; and I figured Frances was probably doing the same. We'd been more or less riding each other, you know, keeping up to the mark.

"That evening I screwed up my resolution and made a trip out to the apartment to get some clothes and give the janitor what was left in the ice-box—and there was a lot, because Frances had stocked up, thinking I'd starve. You know how women are—or don't you? With that job disposed of, and the leaving of orders for the milkman to let up on me for a while, I lit out as quick as I could."

"AS A WOMAN BUILDS HER HOME"

As 85 per cent. of the money spent in the annual retail trade in this country passes through the hands of women, they will naturally be interested in knowing something of the things which they buy.

With this thought in mind Pictorial Review, beginning next month, will run a series of articles by Genevieve Parkhurst, which will tell the story of the essential materials which go into the building and the making of a home.

In gathering facts for these articles we have had the co-operation of the United States Department of Commerce, and the entire series will bear the indorsement of Dr. Julius Klein, Assistant Secretary of the Department.

"The place got me. It all looked so lonely and wistful, as if we weren't doing right by it. It gave me the blues. It's been that way every time. I simply came down-town, and Frances does the same when it comes her turn."

"And it's worth the trouble?" I asked skeptically.

"Well, we're talking of shortening the divorce period," he grinned. "And you needn't laugh. It really turns the trick. It may be a crazy sort of sanity, but it's sane."

"You make it sound almost reasonable," I admitted.

"I'm telling you," he repeated. Then, apparently dismissing the subject, he leaned back luxuriously and looked about him. The place had gradually filled with diners; waiters were scurrying about with trained, silent deftness. Here and there I spied a familiar face; for the Silver Pheasant is one of those places where everybody who dines out sooner or later comes.

"That fellow by the window—isn't that Van Alstyne?" I asked. "Doing dramatic criticism now, isn't he?"

"And doing it well," added Frank.

"Isn't that Alice Maynard over in that corner?"

He peered closely, then went on with his dinner. "Yep, that's Alice. She's got a minor part in 'The Storm.' It started last week. Alice is getting along toward the middle-aged parts now. They say she and Van Alstyne may get married, but I don't take much stock in it."

"They ought to." As my glance came idly back to Van Alstyne I looked at him sharply, hoping to catch his eye, half inclined to cross the room and speak to him, when a woman at a table next to his looked directly at me. For a fleeting instant our eyes held; then she continued deliberately removing her gloves and looking at the menu-card

I turned to Frank. "There's an interesting-looking woman over there," I said. "She's taking off her gloves. Now, there's one that I'd like to meet."

Frank looked about him. "Where?"

"Next to Van Alstyne's table."

"I know her," he said; "name's Culberson."

"Good Heavens! You know her?"

He looked at me quizzically.

"My—my! Who'd have thought it! Sure, I've known her a long time."

The lady looked up in that quick way people have when they sense the eyes of others fastened on them. Instantly she nodded and smiled, and Frank returned the greeting. Then we discreetly returned to our dining.

"Now's your chance," I muttered fiercely. "Go and invite her to dine with us. She looks lonely to me. Anyway, I'm getting tired of your company. She'll put some life into the party."

Frank shook his head at me solemnly. "If I invite her you pay the piper, remember. Moreover, if you will go scraping acquaintance with strange and possibly dangerous females, and looking for trouble generally, I wash my hands of you and predict you'll come to some bad end. I warn you. She's about as safe as dynamite."

"Don't high-hat me," I retorted. "Go and ask her."

He got up with a laugh. "Well, if you will have her. Oh, you bachelors!" Then he made his way across the room. As he went I covertly watched Miss Culberson. She was not quite a beauty, but clearly very much of a personality. She had grace—that indefinable thing that charms like unheard music. The mouth was firm and sweet, the chin delicate, the forehead wide and high, the eyes gray and deep. She had a small head, with one of those shapely,

Continued on page 55

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—here's the way to be sure!

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That's why DEL MONTE begins right with the seed itself—has spent years in developing its own strains of sweet corn—owns and operates many thousands of acres of rich farm land to grow this one food at its best. It explains, too, why DEL MONTE takes such pains to pick and pack its corn in the shortest possible time—why DEL MONTE canneries must be located so close to the fields themselves—why each of these represents the last word in canning efficiency and care.

No matter when or where you buy, DEL MONTE insures the fresh, natural goodness of the finest sweet corn—ready to serve—at a price you're glad to pay.

Three varieties—Golden Bantam, Crosby and Country Gentleman. Packed two ways—Cream Style and Whole Kernel. Variety and style of pack plainly marked on the label.

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DEL MONTE

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PEAS

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SPINACH

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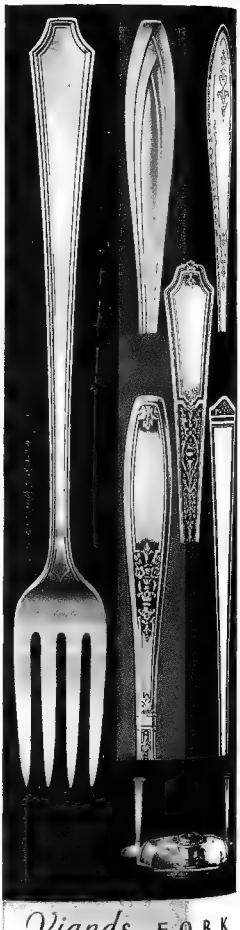
THEN	NOW
And that glassware of not many years ago. Unoriginal in shape and design . . . usually colorless.	Today's glassware gleams like colored jewels upon the table. New shapes, and new designs.
The china service. Straight through the dinner the same pattern appeared. Gone now.	The idea *today* is a china service of different designs. A service in varying colors and shapes.
And the table decorations of not many years ago. Unoriginal in design . . . heavy . . . over ornate.	Now silver . . . crystal or a mirror plateau, holds the center of the stage . . . upon your table.

Viande KNIFE

VIANDE Knives, Sizes, $15.00 . . . Eights, $70.00 . . . Carv Boat and Plate, $25.00 . . . Salt and Pepper Set, $10.50. Legacy Pattern.



Viande FORK

VIANDE Forks, Set of Sixes, $6.25 . . . Set of Eights, $11.00 Centerpiece, $40.00 . . . Candlesticks, Pair, $25.00. Legacy Pattern

NOW SILVERWARE CHANGES . . .

to meet and compete in smartness with everything else on your table

Now it is possible for you to obtain new and modern silverware in keeping with present-day china, crystal, and linen. Shapes have remained unchanged for generations.

Now comes new, totally different silverware design . . . at moderate price. Not just changes in pattern or engraving, but *new shapes*.

The VIANDE Knife, and VIANDE Fork. Completely new and improved. A long-handled, short-bladed dinner knife. A fork with a long handle and shorter tines. They "feel" different . . . "look" different. And they infuse a spirit of modernity into the entire silver service . . . even to the tea and dinnerware. Your dealer offers the VIANDE Knife and VIANDE Fork in any one of seven patterns, in 1847 ROGERS BROS. . . . America's original and finest silverplate, guaranteed without time limit. Of course, the usual shape knives and forks, if you prefer. Covers for Six, 26 pieces, $38.00. "Pieces of 8" (trade mark registered), 34 pieces, $49.50. Patterns: Silhouette, Ambassador, Argosy, Anniversary, Legacy, Ancestral, Heraldic.

Write to Department "E," International Silver Company, Meriden, Connecticut, for the booklet T-26, "What the well-dressed table will wear in silverware."

1847 ROGERS BROS.

SILVER PLATE

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

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Continued from page 52

clinging haircuts that are more the glory of some women than much hair.

I smiled to myself as I waited. What a change marriage could make in a man! "Oh, you bachelors!" indeed. Frank, once squire of dames, now married and *blasé*, for all his system of temporary divorce.

Two minutes passed. His broad back was toward me, and had her from my view as he bent toward her. Confound his wagging tongue! What a palaver over a bid to dinner! Perhaps he wasn't so *blasé* after all. Or was he lengthening his stay to plague me? The old symptoms of his palmy bachelor days were now suddenly manifest, even through his back. Frank had always had a way with women, and this was unmistakably it.

She was laughing gaily with him; then she rose. A moment later I was being presented. Now we were seated; and here was Frank instantly in the center of the stage, suddenly at his best, talking continuously of this and that, bantering me, uttering absurdities that kept the three of us laughing, and in general pulling from his bag of tricks everything that by rights should have come from me—the lone bachelor of the party.

I remembered how in former days, by just such a whirl of high spirits, he had put every male rival to flight when in the company of women he liked. He had always won. And here he was, I resentfully reflected, doing it again. Already Miss Culberson was unconsciously showing me the back of her shapely left ear. "You bachelors!" indeed.

IN short, I was exasperatedly conscious of being at my worst. I had not said a thing that didn't sound like a platitude beside Frank's wit. Moreover they were both talking the same brand of New Yorkese—a lingo of local small talk with which I, after four years' absence, was clean out of touch.

I had resigned myself to defeat and was downheartedly confining my attention to the dinner when Miss Culberson, as the suddenly conscious that I was being neglected, turned to me with a smile that brought me to the surface like a cork.

"Let's you and I do some talking," she said, "and let this brilliant creature take some nourishment. He talks too much."

"It's your turn now, Jim," put in Frank as he picked up his fork. "She likes these strong, silent men—now and then—for a change."

"Who would have believed," she observed, "that he could perform so, and without even a stimulant to inspire him?"

"He had a rather strong stimulant," I smiled.

"Jim is trying to pay you a compliment," cut in Frank. "Did you get it? You know, it's a curious thing about me that when I get stimulated I become talkative. But with Jim here, why, exactly the same dosage sets him thinking so wide and high that he gets out of reach of his own voice, and can't use it. The ladies strike him dumb, and I've never yet seen one strike him dumber. Haven't you noticed how still he has been keeping? That means, my dear, that you are nothing short of devastating.

"Ordinarily Jim's a wonderful conversationalist. Till you came he was talking a blue streak about his four years' divorce from little old New York and his travels from China to Peru. You see, Jim stays in New York as long as he can stand it, and then he vacates. After four years' absence, say I, he ought to be good for ten years of Manhattan."

"I'll have to shorten the divorce periods," I said dryly.

"That's the idea!" exclaimed Frank. "I've been telling him all about the way I manage my wife, and here he is stealing my thunder already." Here he speared an olive and ate it with relish.

"TELL me, Frank," she smiled, "are you as entertaining at home as you are in restaurants when you meet ladies you are—I'm—less accustomed to?"

Frank took a large mouthful of potato. "By no means! You've seen me when I was in the bosom of my family, and you know how deadly dull I can be. If you should put up with my presence for a sufficient length of time, you'd find me as flat, stale, and unprofitable as I become when I've been married too long. Hence divorce. When Frances gets home two weeks from now I'll be twice as brilliant as I've been to-night, but Heaven knows how long it will last. Don't look at me that way," he complained; "it makes me dangerous."

"You see," she continued, "he's really outrageous. He hasn't a particle of conscience. If you were not here he would be trying to flirt with me this minute."

Frank bit a celery-stalk. "Don't say it. You'll shock the poor man. Jim wouldn't approve of me flirting—not for a minute. He'd rather do it himself. You see, Jim, a little flirting is a great help. It's a relief to my feelings, and it's perfectly safe, because this lady is utterly invulnerable. My bolts strike a case-hardened armor and fall harmlessly at her feet."

She gave his arm an approving pat. "Very nice."

"I don't want to be nice," he grumbled. "You, Jim, look out! She's slain her thousands. No mortal man can resist her. That's why I've been trying to cut you out. Wanted to save you from the wiles of a dangerous woman."

But Miss Culberson was paying no attention to his nonsense. Instead she was smiling as if her mind were suddenly on something else. Then she said softly, "I met Frances yesterday."

"You don't say! How is the dear girl? Is she bearing up well?"

"Oh, having a magnificent time. She says she is thriving on your absence. But between you and me, Frank, she looked rather peaked—quite poorly in fact; and I've been thinking—I've got a suggestion——"

"Yes?" he was looking at her intently and soberly.

"That it is about time for you and Frances to shorten your divorces and lengthen your marriages."

Frank leaned toward her eagerly. "Now you're talking!"

She toyed with her fork meditatively. Her dark lashes swept her cheek; and my heart skipped a beat, the I knew I was clean forgotten again. "But you mustn't shorten them too much," she added. "Not so much that you will stop making pretty speeches to her."

"I suppose they're necessary," he admitted gloomily; "the divorces, I mean. From the divorces come the speeches." Then, with a chuckle, "A man's only half married without a divorce. And so is a woman. How about it?" He sat up and glared at her challengingly.

"Of course," she retorted, "but the man makes it necessary."

"All right," he conceded. "But the point is"—here he paused, bringing his face closer to hers and speaking eagerly—"I want to get married again. Tell her!"

"Yes, but you know what she'll say, with those two weeks to go; she'll say, 'Be a sport. See it through.'"

"Then don't tell her," he retorted peevishly, and slumped back into his chair.

For a moment she was smiling, inscrutable, watching him as he frowned down sullenly at his plate, at his theories scattered in the wind of his desire. Then she spoke slowly, as if weighing her words: "I'm going to see her—this evening. And—and I'll tell her. And—maybe if you will be home about eleven you will find her waiting. I'll tell you the truth about it, Frank. She was almost in tears, and said she didn't think she could stand it another day."

FRANK leaped to his feet. "For Heaven's sake!" he exclaimed. "You don't want any dessert, and neither do I. Go right away! Why eleven? Why not nine—why not right now? Start right away—there's a taxi out there right now. Waiter—hey, waiter! Check!"

Laughing, she slipped into her coat—with my assistance. "I'll see you to the taxi," I said. "Frank, do you hear that? You can't get away. You've got to pay that waiter."

"Villain!" he exclaimed. "This was your dinner."

"All bets are off," I retorted.

And so I captured her, but now that I had my chance I could find no word to say. An enveloping dumbness had descended on me; moreover, there was an absorption in her manner that did not call for small talk, even if I had had any. But as I was closing the door of the cab she suddenly leaned forward with a smile. "Come and dine on the evening of the fifteenth, won't you?"

I was about to reply; but over my shoulder, almost in my ear, came Frank's voice. "Sure he will! Ah, rascal, I caught up with you! Sure he'll come, and I'll be there to

Continued on page 58

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"It used to be fun to go shopping"

"Why should I be so tired?"

TOO TIRED to go shopping! Too tired for the bridge invitation in the afternoon! Too tired *to feel* like getting dinner and to be a real pal to *him* in the evening!

The energy that gives zest to the day's activities must be protected. It arises from a well-cared-for body and from good health. Feminine hygiene is modern science's great safeguard. Do you know the facts about it?

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Get a bottle of "Lysol" today. Specific rules and advice come with each bottle. Send for the booklet offered below. It is by a prominent woman physician and is for women. It is very enlightening. And is free.

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Mrs. Nicholas Biddle

varies her Breads delightfully

ONE of Philadelphia's most brilliant hostesses is the beautiful Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, the former Miss Sarah Lippincott.

"Springhead," her country home, is the center for all the fashionable outdoor activities which play so large a part in the life of society's younger members.

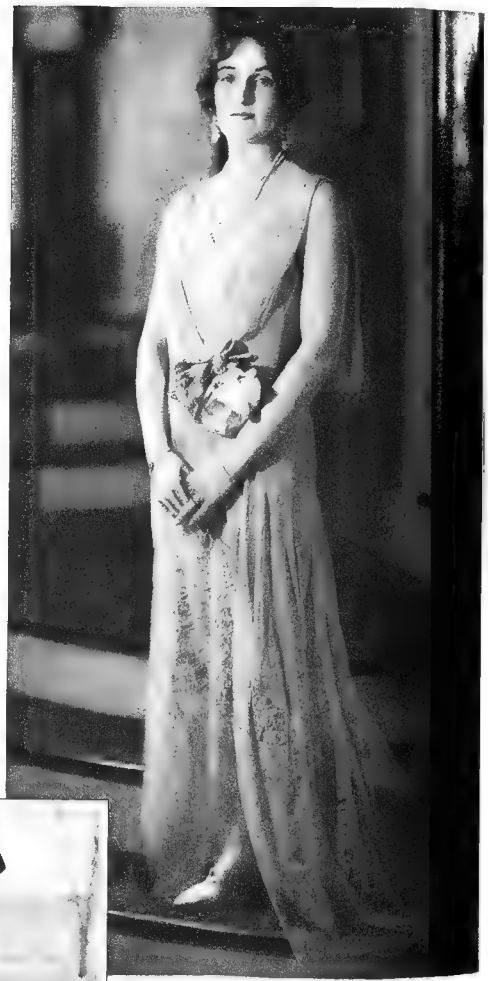
"In sport," says Mrs. Biddle, "timing is the mysterious force that distinguishes the expert from the inept. Personally, I think *timing* is equally important in entertaining. Haven't you noticed that a dish that is really exciting the first time you have it, loses half its glamour if you have it again too soon?

"Variety—whether it's in entrées, salads or breads—seems to add the very 'breath of life' to a menu. New kinds of breads open a whole new horizon of interesting food combinations. Streusel Coffee Cake and Form Cake are both versatile breads. They are welcome for breakfast or as dessert for luncheon. And Cinnamon Buns, I find, are perennial favorites."

Your Baker or Grocer can Supply Delicious Breads: Every community now has its up-to-date bakeries where bread is made in many fascinating varieties.

Your baker uses the same high quality of ingredients that you would use. His daily experience and his scientific methods enable him to offer you breads that are beautifully baked.

Thirty thousand bakers now use Fleischmann's Yeast just as discriminating housewives did when they used to bake at home. Standard Brands Incorporated. Offices in all principal cities of the United States and Canada.



MRS. BIDDLE has been painted by several famous artists. She is also a most interesting subject for photographic studies. In this, her most recent photograph, she wears a gown of beige chiffon and lace, which accentuates her lithe slenderness and harmonizes delightfully with her rich olive coloring and her magnificent brown eyes.

Though it is at golf she excels, Mrs. Biddle is also a tireless swimmer and an excellent shot. At the Horse Show and at every polo match of importance she is an enthusiastic spectator.

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# of PHILADELPHIA

Ask your Grocer or Baker for their "Specials"

1. Braided Coffee Ring gleams richly brown through the daintiest vanilla icing. It is a pleasing change for breakfast.
2. Streusel Coffee Cake is sprinkled with luscious, crumbly lumps of sugar mixed with butter and spices. It is delicious with fruit.
3. Form Cake owes its enticing flavor to ground almonds, citron, lemon and mace. Delightful with coffee for dessert.
4. Cinnamon Buns are spicy, fragrant and beautifully browned. They are delicious with coffee, tea, chocolate, or milk.
5. Butter Biscuits are rich with rolled-in butter. A pleasant change for breakfast—especially pleasing with fruit.

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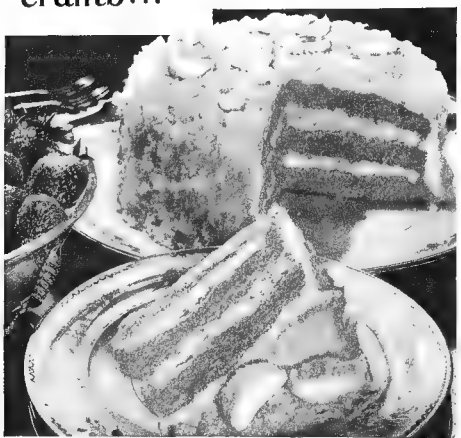
to the last delicious crumb...



COCOANUT MARSHMALLOW LAYER CAKE: Cream ½ cup butter; add 1 cup sugar, a little at a time, beating until light; add beaten yolks of 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon lemon juice and 1 teaspoon vanilla extract.

Add 2 cups pastry flour, sifted with ¼ teaspoon salt and 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder, alternately with ⅔ cup milk. Fold in stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs.

Bake in 3 greased 8-inch layer cake pans in moderate oven at 400° F about 20 minutes. Put together with the following:

COCOANUT MARSHMALLOW FROSTING AND FILLING: Boil 1¼ cups granulated sugar and ⅓ cup water to 238° F. or until syrup spins a thread. Add 4 large marshmallows cut into very small pieces, but do not stir into syrup.

Pour very slowly into stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs and beat until smooth and thick. Add 2 teaspoons lemon juice. Spread between layers. Sprinkle thickly with fresh grated cocoanut and small pieces of marshmallow. Cover top and sides of cake with remaining frosting, sprinkle thickly with cocoanut and decorate top with pieces of marshmallow.

It's the Cream of Tartar in Royal that does it!

IT'S a pleasure to be hungry when this cake is being eat. And when you taste its delicate flavor . . . you keep wanting more and more!

But if, by chance, there's some left over next day it will be just as delicious. For cakes made with Royal keep their freshness as long as a morsel remains.

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Makes your cakes more wholesome, too. Doctors, you know, say that Cream of Tartar baking powder is the best from the health standpoint.

If you do your own baking, be sure to make your cakes with Royal. Notice what a difference it makes in lightness . . . texture . . . flavor!

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Please send my free copy of the new Royal Cook Book containing over 360 recipes

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Continued from page 55

look well after him and keep him out of trouble."

"Don't let him come," I protested indignantly. "I don't want him."

"Oh," she said, laughing, "if he comes we'll make him sit over in the corner. You are quite right. He must be made to keep his place. Can you remember the address—1653 Fort Washington Road? Good night!" And she was gone.

I reached into a pocket and brought forth an old envelop on which I hastily scribbled that magic address. "Darn your nerve!" I exclaimed. "What did you want to butt in for? If you show up for that dinner I'll murder you."

"Come on in," he said placidly. "I've still got to settle with the waiter."

"What did you butt in for?" I demanded.

"Man, what a woman!" he murmured.

"Your divorce theory is bunk," I said scornfully. "Just imagine a man married to an amazing creature like that and ever losing the thrill of it!"

"You talk like a nut," he shrugged. "Of course I can imagine it! It happens all the time. Men marry women just like that—and it happens. And women marry fascinating males like you and me—and it happens. We get stale. Marriage is that way. What a world—what a world!"

I snorted. "Not all men are such darn fools," I said rudely, "and you can leave me out of it."

"All right! Don't take my word for it. Get married! That's all. Get married!"

I set my jaws grimly and glared at him. "That's just what I'm going to do if I have any luck. I'm going to ask that girl to marry me; and we'll need no divorce, temporary or permanent, if she does, let me tell you. And you keep out of this thing; don't you come to that dinner. You've got a wife, blast you."

"Oh, that?" he said absently, unmoved by my onslaught. Pausing, he drew a wad of bills from his pocket, part of which he hastily shoved at the waiter. "Keep the change, and God bless you," he said. As the man counted the money I saw his eyes bulge. "Thank *you*," he said with emphasis and very much of a bow.

"Yes, that!" I countered. "And, judging by the tip you gave that man, the ladies go badly to your head. You must be drunk."

HE BLINKED. "I guess I am, what with going home to-night and all. And, besides, you know that girl always did have a peculiar effect on me."

Then he paused, regarding me like a doctor about to write a prescription. "So you're in love with her and are going to marry her!" He stopped again, and rubbed his chin reflectively. "Well, that's interesting if true. Let's see, I mustn't forget to give you my card, so you'll know where to find me. Here's my pasteboard. Look sharp; and don't cry out or cause a crowd to collect, because——"

AS HE said out the little white card something in his voice and in his last words brought me up with a jerk. A horrible suspicion tore across my field of consciousness like a jagged lightning-flash.

"Look sharp!" he repeated.

I snatched at the card and looked. Then, with fingers suddenly gone numb, I tore it in small pieces that presently fluttered to the floor. I felt that my face was going white, and on Frank's was a look of sudden consternation.

"Sorry—I was so stupid," I said. The words formed with difficulty, like the words of a spent runner. "Great joke! Good night!"

His hand was on my arm. "Listen, Jim. Don't be in such a darn hurry. Above all, don't jump at conclusions. The address doesn't mean a thing. My wife's got a twin—just as I told you, and she lives in the same apartment-house—same identical address—yes, sir!"

"Same?" I repeated dully; "same address?"

"Sure, blithering ass; they're twins, I tell you, and identical twins at that. Half the time I have trouble telling them apart myself."

"Which was this?"

Frank was smiling wickedly again. He drew a long breath. "Gee, I thought you'd pass out or something; and here I never thought to bring my my smelling-salts."

"Don't try to sidetrack me. Which was she?" I demanded.

"Now, wouldn't you just love to know?" he mocked. "My dear fellow, you want to know too much. I, on the contrary, feel that a state of stimulating uncertainty will be good for your soul. They are twins, as I told you. And this was one of them."

"Oh, but she's Miss Culberson," I said triumphantly.

"How bright you are!" he said with an ironic bow. "But it isn't so simple as that. It happens that my wife belongs to the Lucy Stone League. She says she likes to hang onto her maiden name to remind me how I used to make love when she was really Frances Culberson. And Dorothy, who still unmarried, is strong for the same idea. In short, my dear fellow, there can't any thing you can do but commit yourself to my tender mercies. As for that dinner, don't worry. The one you meet will be the one you'll want. In the meantime I want to know who pays for this party, just cause so happily concluded."

"I do," said I.

A WILDERNESS EQUATION

Continued from page 15

A calamity to Spiky, a howling tragedy to the tribe, who fell upon Bill that night with tears, bewailing their loss. But Bill laughed and gave them counsel out of his wisdom.

"That's nature," he told them; "these were baby-horns, like Oldest's baby-teeth that all came out, you remember, to make room for his new ones, which are better teeth, better. Spiky will have new horns soon, almost ready. They're under the skin now. They push the little ones off. You mustn't touch his head now, for the spots where the horns were will be very sore—like the place where the tooth came out."

Big-eyed, the tribe watched Spiky's head, peering carefully every morning for new spikes. In the meantime they treasured the discarded ones, taking them to Ann, who tied a little ribbon on them and hung them on the lace curtain in the best room. And it was surprizing how soon the new ones came pushing up from the tender pink cushions among the long hair on his forehead. But these new horns were vastly disappointing.

Here were no pretty little blades, sharp and shining, but rather two strange gray knobs, thick and clumsy and covered with a live, moss-like stuff which was hot and fevered to the touch.

Again Bill laughed at the pouting lips and questioning eyes of his young ones.

"Velvet," he told them, "you wait. Spiky's a young man now. In a little while he'll begin to rub. When you see him rubbing them on everything he comes to, you watch."

They watched and soon saw the miracle of velvet crumbling off against door-jambs and palings, the new bright horns emerging prettier than the old ones. And this was an awe-inspiring sight, for these were no spikes!

These were slightly curved and corrugated and they bore toward the side-front, each, a tiny prong.

Spiky was a forked-horn!

It was late August now. In the forest strange things were toward.

In all the high glades the big bucks were rubbing, polishing against tree-bole and boulder the great new horns which they had grown. There was much pride among them, and temper, and irascibility. They carried chips on all their shoulders, ruffled at the slightest sound.

They were getting ready for the rutting season, when fights were the order of the day, and no buck might take his mate to the universal honeymoon without first proving his quality.

Now, Spiky being, as was said before, a late-born fawn, was pretty young to go stepping away into the forest, but he was

Continued on page 61

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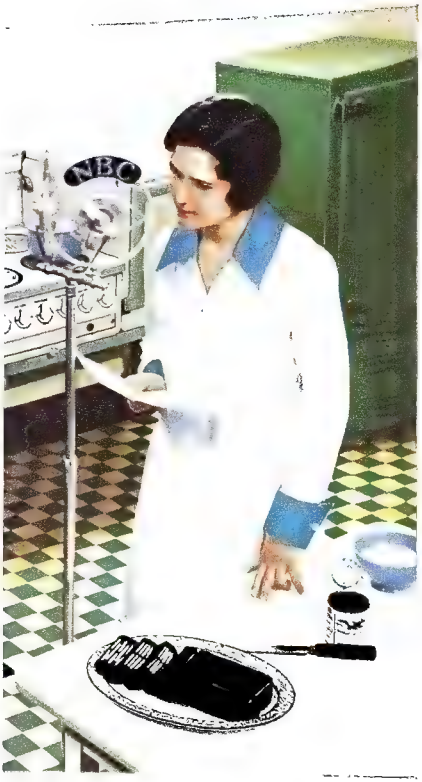
Here's a page of JANE ELLISON'S MAGIC!

ON THE AIR SHE MAKES COOKING QUICKER AND EASIER FOR MILLIONS

Don't miss these recipes



JANE ELLISON specializes in *modern* cooking methods —quicker, easier, surer ways of doing things. And when she steps up to the microphone and says "Good morning, everybody. I'm going to give you a new group of Magic Recipes"—well, then, women all over the country reach for pencil and paper, hush the children, ignore the doorbell, and *get those recipes!*

Now, here's Jane Ellison in print for the first time. We'll let her speak for herself . . . Ladies—Jane Ellison.

FIRST . . . *a rich and economical Ice Box Cake (illustrated)*

Here's a recipe my radio audience adores! No wonder! It's so easy and economical to make—yet so creamily rich and smooth.

That's because of my magic ingredient—Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk.

Eagle Brand, you see, is *two ingredients in one.* Full-cream milk, blended with finest sugar. And it's double-rich, like heavy cream, because most of the water has been cooked out.

FRENCH ICE BOX CAKE

1½ cups Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
2 squares unsweetened chocolate
Vanilla wafers *½ cup water*

Melt chocolate in double boiler having lower part ⅓ full of boiling water. Add condensed milk and stir occasionally for three minutes, until mixture thickens. Add water. Line long narrow oblong mold with paraffin paper, and cover bottom of mold with thin layer of chocolate. Then add layer of vanilla wafers and another layer of chocolate. Alternate in this way until chocolate mixture is all used and cover with layer of the wafers. Let season in ice box for 24 hours. To serve cut in slices and serve plain or with cream.

SECOND . . . *An Uncooked Frosting that's simply perfect*

This uncooked frosting will amaze you. It has just the right consistency for spreading —it goes on the cake beautifully—it stays put perfectly—and it keeps fresh and smooth and creamy until every crumb of the cake is gone.

This frosting can easily be tinted with the pure vegetable colorings you buy at any grocery store. And there are a dozen other uncooked frosting recipes in the Eagle Brand booklet "New Magic in the Kitchen." You'll be especially interested in the easy directions the book gives for decorating cakes with a pastry tube. You'll find it easy to make beautiful decorations if you use Magic Chocolate Frosting, Caramel Frosting and Butter Frosting. Be sure to mail the coupon for this booklet.

WHITE FROSTING

½ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk *1½ teaspoons vanilla*
1⅞ cups confectioner's sugar, sifted

Stir sugar gradually into condensed milk, then add vanilla. Beat until smooth and creamy. Cool cake before spreading frosting.

THIRD . . . *A Magic Mayonnaise made in five minutes—can't fail*

You ought to read the letters women write me about this mayonnaise! Many of them make it up in great quantities for church suppers, club meetings, etc. It's delicious—it's economical—it keeps indefinitely even without ice—and it won't separate.

And from this one basic recipe you can make—just think of it!—Fruit Salad Mayonnaise, Chili Mayonnaise, Thousand Island Dressing, Russian Dressing, Cream Mayonnaise, Savory Mayonnaise, and Spanish Dressing. Directions for making all these are in "New Magic in the Kitchen."

MAGIC MAYONNAISE

1 egg yolk *¼ cup pure cider vinegar*
⅓ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk *1 teaspoon dry mustard*
½ teaspoon salt *¼ cup salad oil*
Few grains cayenne

Beat egg thoroughly and add the other ingredients in the order listed, stirring with fork or beating with Dover egg beater. (This dressing will carry an additional cup of oil and ¼ cup more vinegar if desired.)

Send for "New Magic in the Kitchen," free—and dates of Jane Ellison's broadcasts

Mail the coupon below and get Jane Ellison's wonderful recipe booklet —free. 208 Magic Recipes. Quicker and easier methods for making desserts—frostings—French pastries —salad dressings —ice cream—candies.

You can't imagine how much time, trouble and expense this booklet will save you! Send for it today. Jane Ellison will send you also the complete information for hearing her on the air—date, hour, and station.

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THE BORDEN COMPANY,
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Please send me the free recipe booklet, "New Magic in the Kitchen," and dates of Jane Ellison's broadcasts.

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Threesome

Perhaps you'll never make a hole-in-one. Most golfers don't. (It's one of several things they have in common.) But there's another, more delightful tie that binds . . . the universal appreciation of what a good cigarette can add to the pleasure and enjoyment of the game. Camels are fragrant, refreshing, mellow . . . a welcome third to the most thrilling twosome.

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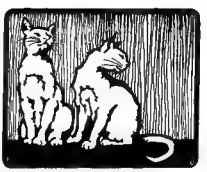
Continued from page 58

in extra large yearling forked-horn. He had had care and warmth through the cold Winter, and food in abundance, the very best of food—milk, and hay from Big Dan's manger, and bread with butter on it, not to mention titbits from the rancher's table—and he had grown prodigiously. He was bigger than any forked-horn on Panther, notwithstanding that the majority of them were older.

And on a day in early Fall he quietly leaped the palings and was gone. He had done this before so many times that the tribe gave it no attention; but when night came down and there was no Spiky lying beside the step, where he had taken up his quarters through the Summer, there was a sudden uproar. Oldest called through his cupped hands, and Two stood beside him, twisting her apron, and Three peered quietly but none the less anxiously into the gathering twilight, while Youngest, sensing the loss, lifted her voice in wailing.



"S-h-h-h!" comforted Ann. "He'll come back."

But when he did not and they must perforce be put to bed, it was Bill again with his store of the wild land's wisdom who had to fill the breach.

"Maybe he won't come back to-night," he told them, "but wait till to-morrow. Spiky's like a young man going to a dance where the pretty girls are. He's pretty shy yet, and timid, and maybe he won't go just right up to a pretty girl-deer and ask her to walk with him, like a young man who is bashful and only waylays the others dance, but he'll stand round some corner of a bush and watch too. Don't you want Spiky to go watch the dancers in the high meadows? The other deer at the party, I mean?"

The tribe gulped, but nodded. Their father knew everything, and what he said should be, whether or no.

But Spiky did not come back next day, nor for three more days, and when he did come leaping back across the palings it was with a new and noticeable arrogance, like one who knew what he knew.

AND that was the beginning of the end of the old régime.

Many times that Fall he left without leave, and his stayings were longer now. But always he came home to the house in the clearing, and with the advent of Winter he was glad enough of the shelter and the food.

He was too big by now to stay indoors all the time, and Bill fixed him a snug shed beside the step where he liked to lie in Summer, and the first thing in the cold mornings the tribe tumbled out to fall upon his neck. They loved him more, if possible, because of his arrogant transgressions of absence, and Spiky seemed to fawn among them more ingratiatingly, as if to make amends.

And it was always Youngest over whose soft yellow head he hung his dainty muzzle longest, at whose young heels he stepped so carefully, into whose rose-leaf face he looked most yearningly, with his big, bright eyes. It was Youngest whom he loved the best, and all the family knew it.

"Funny," said Bill, "the baby has mishandled him always—pulled his tail and knocked him over when he was a little shaver, even chewed his ears—and yet he loves her best."

"Some more nature," said Ann. "Isn't it always the woman who is cruelest to men whom they adore?"

The Winter was an open one, with less snow and cold than usual in the high mountains, and the woodsfolk fared well. The squirrels had ample store of sweet-pine nuts and the manzanita-bushes were thick with dark-brown berries. The deer ate these, and the shy black bear that lived on every shoulder of the great hills, and they were good food, pleasant to the taste and meaty.

There was only one denizen of the wild land who fared ill, and that was Tawny Eyes, the panther. Him had life begun to call to settlement for his uncounted crimes—crimes of babies torn from their mothers' side, of young does half eaten and left to die the death of numberless deer killed in their snow-bound "yards" in the hard years, killed in a monstrous sport. Tawny Eyes was a cat, and cats are notorious killers.

But this year something had happened to Tawny Eyes.

He had lost a foot. His right front foot and trustiest weapon. It was this wicked bunch of claws that, spread and lightning fast, had snatched him many a living meal—fawns in flight, fish in the shallows, even the saucy black-and-white camp-robber birds that took such heady chances.

Leap, strike, hook—the hapless thing was his, and he held it, growling.

And now, without this weapon, the great cat was terribly handicapped.

Many and many a time since the nightmare week when he had howled and thrashed about the steel bear-trap over on Smoky Mountain, whose jaws had snapped upon it, had he leaped and struck with the useless stub, only to see his game go free. That week of torture, before his thrashings had worn the flesh and bone away, had taken vengeance for many a death.

Tawny Eyes had never forgotten it.

He remembered it every time he struck for a tender meal and failed to get it. And these many failures had slowly starved him to death before he learned to use his left paw. He used it, but clumsily, as a right-handed man must use his left, for Tawny Eyes was pre-eminently right-handed. And he preyed on the more helpless things now, smaller things, such as squirrels and woodrats and even snakes, which he would have scorned before.

Now and then he got him a fawn, or a doe too heavy with young to save herself, and he was always on the watch for these, for he was always hungry. So the good Winter passed and another Spring came round.

Spiky was a monster of a young buck now. He was full-grown and very independent. He went to the forest that year before the snows were done and was gone a full two weeks. The tribe wept in concert, and Bill said, "Can't be helped, darlings. Spiky is a big man now. This year he'll find him a wife, maybe, and babies like you. Don't you want him to have any babies of his very own—little fawn babies like he was when he was little?"

Yes, they did, gulping. But, oh, the pretty eyes! The flipping tail! The handsome head with its shining horns! They wanted their Spiky to romp in the clearing with.

But Spiky came less and less often to the ranch-house now.

He did come back when his newest horns were in the velvet, for here was sanctuary where he might lie up and nurse them into bloom.

And what horns they were this time! They set upon his head most proudly, and they had three points. When he had rubbed them to the finest polish they were iron-hard and almost lance-sharp, and he took them away almost as soon as they were usable.

The children did not cry so much this time. They were resigned. And also Spiky had been a different Spiky, somehow. He was not so playful, nor did he fawn upon them with his usual loving tenderness. He was preoccupied, looking away into the still pine-forest, cocking his long ears, chewing on his scant and bitter cud. And Old Rover gave him a wide berth.

THERE was something fierce and warrior-like about him now.

"H'm," said Bill, "I think you're about through with us, big boy."

And it was even so, for that Winter the big buck did not come back to the clearing to sleep beside the step. On his very last visit Bill made a new collar for the little silver bell, a loose collar of good leather, for he knew that the beautiful neck would fill out yet more, and he wanted no slow

★ DESQUAMATION

medical term for the invisible peeling that goes on in every healthy skin, and brings out the new skin just underneath.

Lift that Veil ★

THERE'S REAL BEAUTY UNDERNEATH

Years of scientific study are behind the Woodbury prescription for the care of the skin.

JUST UNDERNEATH the skin you see, there's a lovely, transparent new skin waiting to come through!

A veil of old skin covers it. A veil so thin you cannot see it.

But wait! Day by day, *invisibly*, this veil of old skin is *peeling off* to let the new skin through.

That's *DESQUAMATION*.

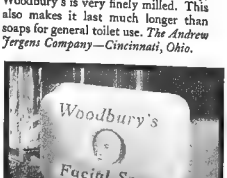
It's a natural process of the skin. And there's a promise in it for every girl.

FIRST BATHE THE FACE gently in *warm* water. Then rub up in your hands a generous lather of Woodbury's soap (which was made especially for this purpose). Work this gently into your skin, from the chin up toward cheeks and temples. Now wash off with warm water. Your skin feels new, liberated. The Woodbury lather has freed it of the tiny, invisible dead cells that covered its surface. Now *tone* the new fresh skin. Bring it glowing health and vigor with a brisk splashing of *cold* water. Ah! how good it feels! Now go over your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice wrapped in a soft towel.

This clearing off of the dead tissue which the Woodbury lather gives you, followed by the toning of the new skin, is just the help that the new skin needs to bring it out clear and glowing.

Woodbury's is 25 cents a cake at any drug-store or toilet-goods counter. It also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

To meet the Woodbury laboratories' exacting requirements for a facial soap, Woodbury's is very finely milled. This also makes it last much longer than soaps for general toilet use. *The Andrew Jergens Company—Cincinnati, Ohio.*



See what a soap made to aid the skin's natural processes will do. Give your skin its first Woodbury treatment today.

SEND FOR THE LARGE-SIZE TRIAL SET

The Andrew Jergens Co., 2212 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O.

For the enclosed 10¢—send me large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder, Cold Cream, treatment booklet, and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial." In Canada, The Andrew Jergens Co., 2212 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

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THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

An actor lifts the curtain on his own life

"MY PROFESSION, that of acting, is a calling that quite readily tends to make one extremely nervous. Caffein beverages for years had been my 'consolation.' I paid dearly for this consolation with sleepless nights, indigestion, and jumpy nerves. Constant worry, ill temper, lack of power to concentrate, and a failing memory were part of the penalty. This failing memory was a very serious matter, since my work absolutely depends upon my memorizing the various roles I play.

"A friend suggested Postum for a month. I tried it. Soon something happened . . . I slept all night! My nerves became more quiet, the cobwebs in my memory began to clear away, my grouch vanished. Today I am absolutely free from all my nervous troubles. Postum has changed me physically, mentally, and I might also say, spiritually."

ROBERT WARREN STRAUSS
629 Boynton Terrace
Chattanooga, Tennessee

• • •

BEHIND the scenes in your own life, what is happening? Are you being robbed of your full share of health and happiness by sleepless nights—indigestion—jumpy nerves? So many men and women accept these troubles as necessary evils—simply because they don't know where to look for the *cause*. Yet so often, the cause lies close at hand—in *caffein beverages*.

Perhaps it has never occurred to you to blame drinks containing caffein for your own sleepless nights and jumpy nerves—but make the test this actor made! Send caffein beverages away from your table. Drink Postum instead, for thirty days! See what this simple diet change can do for you!

Postum contains no caffein. There's nothing in it to cause sleeplessness, nervousness, or indigestion. Postum is made from whole wheat and bran, skilfully roasted and blended. Absolutely safe—and delicious! Add cream to a cup of hot Postum and you have a drink that is golden-brown, mellow, fine-flavored. Two million families who are now drinking Postum will tell you you've found a friend!

Postum costs less than most other meal-time drinks—only one-half cent a cup. Order from your grocer. Or mail the coupon for one week's free supply, as a start on your 30-day test. Please indicate whether you wish Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, prepared by boiling.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

P-R-30

POSTUM COMPANY, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.
I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of
INSTANT POSTUM . . . . ☐ Check which
(prepared instantly in the cup)
POSTUM CEREAL . . . . ☐ you prefer
(prepared by boiling)

Name_____
Street_____
City_____ State_____
Fill in completely—print name and address
In Canada, address Canadian Postum Company, Ltd., The Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario.

Postum is one of the Post Food Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties and Post's Bran Flakes. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

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choking of Spiky some distant year when the strap should become too too small.

"It's the last we can do for you, old-timer," he said gently, rubbing the proud head between the new horns, "and it may help some time, when the wolves get too close, or some sissy hunter comes on you at a spring. The Heaven knows there's less pity in them sometimes."

THE forest claimed the buck at last.

In the rutting-season he took a slim, young doe away from a buck with twice his spread of horn by reason of the stout heart in him and the courage that had come down to him from some superbuck in his line, and was very arrogant and insolent. He lived through the enchanted Fall with her, and wintered on the slopes of Smoky over to the east, and left in the early Summer to go to the high places and "sun" his velvet when the time of new horns came. He was pretty quiet during that sunning process, as were all those other bucks who went to the highlands for the same purpose.

That year he had a marvelous set of antlers, hard, beautiful, shining, that set on his head like a crown of royalty. He had eye-guards, too, and was spoiling for a fight. He loved to stand on some silent slope in the evening and bell his challenge to the world at large, listening for an answer, or the crackle of brush that might denote a foe. He found one, too, on a twilight when a new sickle of moon rode down the west, and the battle that followed was terrible in its ferocity.

This buck, who had come bounding to meet him with his hackles raised and nostrils snorting, was as big as he was, as heavy, as heady with swift life His tail was "flagging" when he up, and he came bounding up the slope stiff-legged, and Spiky met him, full challenge, in mid-air.

The sound of their cracking horns could have been heard half-way down the slant. In fact it was heard, and Old Tawny Eyes stopped pawing over stones in his search for mice. His wicked yellow face turned that way, and presently he crawled, belly down, to where he could watch the conflict. Who knew? There might be good feeding when the fight was done.

He had known it to be so before when bucks fought in the open.

But fate was not so cruel to her warriors now. They leaped and struck head-on, backed up, bounded forward, bowed up on their hind feet, and struck again, mad eyes flashing, mouths open, where presently wisps of froth came flying, and struggled all over the bristly hillside while the new moon sank; but neither killed the other. They fought until both were utterly fagged and gave the matter up by common consent; and the Tawny Eyes followed the other buck for three miles, he was not so done for that he couldn't give the old killer the slip.

Spiky nursed a dozen wounds for a week, and ruffled his shoulders in rage every time he thought of that fight. He had many fights that season, and out of none did he come off the vanquished. In fact he killed an old buck himself, and went away from that conflict shaking his silver bell and walking very proudly, exactly as he had done when he cut Ann Engleby's old turkey gobbler.

So the wilds had taken Spiky for good and all, and he went away from that side of Panther Mountain where the High Ranch was. Three times in the two years that followed, big Bill, riding some distant slope in his search for cattle, caught a glimpse of him, heard the ringing of the bell as the great buck bounded away. He lived on Smoky most of the time, and even one year migrated far to the north at the mating-season, but Winter brought him back to the land of his birth.

So another fall into the great back-country of time and brought its changes. At the house in the paled-in clearing another child had come to creep about the white-pine floors, and this they called the Littlest.

This was a boy, a bold, blue-eyed man child whose small legs strove to stand long before Ann permitted, whose hands stretched out for every new thing, who scuttled for the door every time it was left a minute ajar.

"Some little pioneer, you are!" crowed Bill, "You'd have gone far in the wilderness."

Change had come on Panther in another matter, too; namely, the tiny schoolhouse on the flat down by the river, where the three families on that side sent their collective nine children to be taught the three R's by the pretty young teacher who lived with the nearest rancher.

Oldest, Two, and Three walked seven miles a day on the road to learning, carrying their little tin pails, their primers and their straps. At first Ann watched them go with a fainting heart.

"You think they're safe, dearest?" she asked Bill haltingly. "The wolves—and the cats?"

"Wild animals prey on their natural food," Bill answered, "unless pressed by some unnatural reason—starvation, say, or fear for their young. There are no wolves on Panther, and they hunt far from humans. I've never seen but one cat since we've been here—a big old fellow—and haven't seen him for several years. Think he must have died from old age."

So Ann kissed her tribe and sent them away into the grand Fall days and tried not to worry. And as the snows came and they went successfully all Winter with never a sight of anything untoward, she calmed her fears.

Summer came again in the country of the Blue Stone Ridge.

Littlest walked that year. Walked sturdy, upstanding, his little back bowed backward, his golden head stuck forward to peer at every living thing. He was a less child and went up to clutch the neighbor's old dog at first sight as he children Rover. He was a source of never-ceasing anxiety to Ann, who never knew from one minute to another where he was.

The rest of the tribe were growing fast, and that Fall Youngest added her small fat pail to the row on the kitchen table. She was under school age, but she cried so hard to go, was so lonely without her mates, that Bill asked the young teacher if she might come too. And the little teacher took her gladly.

"It's so long a trudge for her little feet," said Ann.

"But it'll make a man of her!" said Bill.

Oldest was thirteen now and felt quite a man, leading his sisters and brother down the breast of Panther Mountain, and listened gravely to Bill's instructions as to their protection.

"If you meet any strange animal," said Bill, "keep close together and bear on your buckets and yell. Rush at it in a bunch and make all the noise you can—unless it's a bull. Then get up the nearest branchy tree and stay there until I come. If it's a rattlesnake give it a wide track—unless it's bitten some one. Then suck the wound. You've got sound teeth. Spit continually, and wash your mouths with water afterward. And carry home the one that's bitten. Don't let him walk, and don't run too hard."

"Yes, sir," said Oldest.

But none of these extremities did the small tribe have to meet, and Ann was grateful in her nightly prayers.

AND once in that Fall they came face to face with Spiky where the trail turned round a boulder just below the big dead pine.

Spiky and none other!

They knew him instantly, would have known him even without the collar and the bell. Where was there ever such another spread of antlers, such a great, high body on its prideful legs, such a shining black head, such great dark eyes in so handsome a face? The shock of the meeting held them all in a tense silence, the great buck as well.

They stood and stared in mutual astonishment, and the hair on Spiky's shoulders fluffed uncertainly. Then Two, who was ever the leader, sent a little soft cry into the stillness, held out both her hands.

Now it had been three years since Spiky had felt the touch of a human hand. He had left the touch of a human hand. He had "gone wild" in all truth, had lived and loved and fought as the wild things should, and the memory of the paled-in clearing had become dim indeed. But that call stirred at the sound of the child's voice as evident the next second, for the antlers tipped back, the long neck stretched out, and the soft black lips nibbled at the little soft fingers. Just a moment, one shy caress.

Then Oldest moved, and the spell was broken. With one great bound the deer leaped sidewise into a thicket of manzanita and was gone They heard him thumping down the slope like all-possessed.

Never again did they see him, tho they watched always, and the big dead pine

Continued on page 64

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First sweeping HOLLYWOOD . . then BROADWAY . . and now the EUROPEAN CAPITALS . .

Lux Toilet Soap cares for the loveliest complexions in the world

You can keep *your* skin exquisitely smooth just as 9 out of 10 glamorous screen stars do . . . .

LONG ago our own charming Hollywood stars discovered that for attractiveness a girl *must* have soft, smooth skin—and that Lux Toilet Soap keeps the skin at its loveliest!

Then the famous Broadway stage stars became equally enthusiastic about this delicately fragrant, white soap. Never have they been more grateful to it than since so many of them are playing in the talkies!

And now—in France, in England, in Germany—the European screen stars have adopted Lux Toilet Soap.

In Hollywood alone
511 *lovely actresses use it*

Every girl who appears under the blaze of the great close-up lights *must* have flawless skin. And the talkies have so many, many close-ups!

"No girl can be *attractive* unless she has the very loveliest skin." This is the conclusion of 45 leading Hollywood directors who pick the girls who will most surely win popularity on the screen.

Small wonder, then, that in Hollywood alone, of the 521 important actresses, including all stars, 511 are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap. And every one of the great film studios has made it the official soap for their dressing rooms.

At the request of the Broadway stage stars, it has been placed in their dressing rooms by 71 of the 74 legitimate theaters, and by other leading theaters all over the country.

Lux Toilet Soap has become the chosen soap of the world's most famous stars. If you aren't already using this delightful soap, order several cakes—today. Its caressing lather will keep *your* skin lovely, just as it keeps the skin of the famous stars! Use it for the bath—and for the shampoo, too!

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HOLLYWOOD

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First National

BROADWAY

MARY EATON
he Five O'Clock Girl"

HELEN HAYES
"Coquette"

MARILYN MILLER
"Sally"

BEATRICE LILLIE
"This Year of Grace"

LENORE ULRIC
"Mima"

ANN PENNINGTON
George White's "Scandals"

EUROPE

LETTE MARCHAL
rench screen star

SUZANNE BIANCHETTI
French screen star

LUCY DORAINE
Franco-Slavic star

LIL DAGOVER
German star

MABEL POULTON
English star

JULIETTE COMPTON
English star

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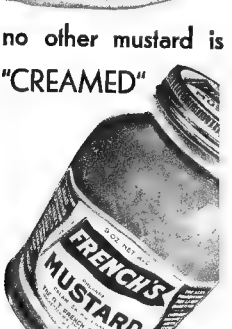

into such goodness

MUSTARD that comes to you subtly blended and whipped into thick-cream smoothness . . . a *"creamed"* mustard prepared in a special way . . . that's French's!

It gives you perfection of mustard flavor and brings out the full deliciousness of the food itself.

Test it this way tonight . . . Add French's Mustard to cream cheese. Roll into balls and serve on crisp lettuce—a wonderful new salad that your family will welcome with delight.

This same mixture makes a delicious sandwich spread—smoothed generously on thin slices of bread—white or whole wheat. Use it, too, to stuff celery for Sunday night supper—but make plenty!

FRENCH'S
PREPARED
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Continued from page 62

became The Big Dead Pine to them by reason of that meeting.

That was in late Fall of the year that was to be so hard.

All the woodsfolk knew this early—in the abundance of mast in the forest, in the thickness of their own coats, in the very feel of the silence on slope and ridge—and prepared for it. The squirrels laid up great store, and the wood-knocks were busy early and late pecking holes in the bark of the sugar-pines and stuffing them with acorns, one to a hole.

The cones were heavy with pine-nuts when they fell to earth, and the chipmunks filled their pouches a hundred times a day, made little paths in the carpet of pine-needles that led to their homes. The small black bears sat many golden hours in the manzanita-thickets and among the oak-trees lower down, putting layers of fat on their sides against their long sleep.

And the snows came early. They came in a night, sifting down from a cold, gray sky, singing among the pine-trees with a million pin-point voices, and it seemed they would never cease. Bill got out the tiny snow-shoes of his tribe, and Ann looked to the heavier clothes. Snow was no barrier to these small mountaineers. They had been born in it, so to speak. But this was snow of a different caliber, of a more than usual persistence.

It came and ceased and came again, piling thick in the forest, so that the lower branches of the trees came down to its surface, and over and over the cold of the nights froze a crust upon it. There was never a let-up in the continued cold. Many were the rabbits and blue mountain-quail that, creeping under some friendly bush in the dark twilight, were there forever, sealed by morning in a smooth white tomb.

The deer fared fairly well at first, browsing as they did upon the brush and tips of trees, but when the snow became so deep that they could no longer dig for moss, things were not so good. Many of them began to "yard" with the foolish milling habit which, trampling down the snow in a circle, builds, automatically, a wall about them. As the snows fall and the milling goes on, the floor of the yard stays at an approximate level, while the walls grow higher.

Now Spiky was an individualist. He came upon several of these yards in his goings and comings in search of food, and always he stood on the edge and looked down with bright eyes of wonder on his starving mates.

Old Tawny Eyes found a yard, too, and leaped in to do his deadly work, but it was nearly the end of him, for he was a cripple now, and the desperate creatures seemed to sense the fact. Three bucks assailed him in unison, and when he scrambled out a few minutes later, it was to drag his bones away, his old hide slit in a hundred places.

Only his quickness had saved him, not his clumsy single paw.

It was his luck that day to come upon the biggest buck on Panther, to meet him in the trail. He flattened his aching body to the earth and, letting out a wail like all the furies of Hades combined, he spat at Spiky and dashed at him. Had he not been filled with the rage of defeat Old Tawny Eyes would have known better than that. Never in this world would he have challenged a full-grown, antlered buck with himself on the ground before him. Rather he would have come down from some low-hanging limb above the trail. But Tawny Eyes was sore and sick and desperately hungry, and his fury got the better of him.

Spiky stopped dead at the sudden sight, the insult. He bowed his head back, tipped his chin inward, pushed his breast out, and next second he had risen and leaped, his two front hoofs, razor-sharp and pointed, held close together. They came down on that exact spot where, a split second before, Old Tawny Eyes's heart had laid. But Tawny Eyes, rolling sidewise, lightning quick, was gone. Spiky shook his antlers and stamped and snorted. But from that moment he was always on the lookout for the old cat.

Midwinter came and passed. Ann Engleby was always anxious. Again she asked her husband about the tribe's safety.

"I'm a bit anxious myself," he told her straightly, "but I haven't seen a panther this year, and they're all I fear. I'll keep a good lookout."

The cold held all through January and into February. It was a hard Winter indeed. And it was in the middle of the latter month that Ann fell sick. Not desperately sick, but with a great weariness that took her dragging where she had gone before with light feet. It was a heavy task to get her younglings ready for the trip to school, to have a steaming meal for them at night. And Bill was out early and late looking to the cattle that were wintering the worst in years.

In fact, life was closing down hard on everything, paring to the basic principles. It had even laid its threatening finger on Spiky, so that his ribs showed through his thick, rough coat, destroying much of his beauty.

As forage became scarcer he came once and again to stand on a shoulder of the great hill and look down on the clearing where had been always warmth and bounteous fare. But that was as far as he got. The wilderness had him too securely.

Always he shook his little bell, blew a bit through his black nostrils, and turned away. But it was this trick of the dim memories which brought him to that great day which wrote finale to the backwoods story. A gray day, dim and sifty with snow, and near to twilight.

IT HAD been a bad day at the cabin, for the weariness in Ann Engleby's brain had settled to a sort of coma and she lay on her bed between waking and sleeping. The fire went low in the great iron stove, and Old Rover whined on the step outside, and Littlest explored every forbidden thing with busy fingers. Even at last the door. It was cold in the still whiteness, but Littlest was a mountain child, born in the clear coldness.

He went swiftly out and closed the door. His blue eyes sparkled. He laughed, showing his baby-teeth. Freedom lay before him. Even Old Rover had popped in when he opened the door.

And yonder lay the trail down which his brothers went each day into the big outside world. Scuttling like a crab, Littlest made for the open gate of the clearing.

Now at that precise moment Spiky, the buck, was nibbling willow-brush in a small meadow two miles away. Two seconds later he raised his head and listened to all the voices of the great white silence. What he heard was of the spirit, some vague, shadowy sound, perhaps, that struck upon his seventh sense. At any rate he stopped nibbling the willow-brush and went silently away.

At the same moment of dashing Old Tawny Eyes was on the western slope of Panther Mountain, above Bill Engleby's clearing. He, too, raised his head and quested of the still airs. But Tawny Eyes did not listen—he smelled. The gaunt, old face of him was leaned to the boor, its fur wrinkled with starvation. He too was away from where he was.

He had mowed all day, a soft, light silk, which had covered every trail. That made no difference to Littlest. He was too young to know one, anyway. There was the mountain, and there was freedom, and Littlest floundered around this bush and that, his small feet scraping the new snow from the underlying crust, his little red hands scooping it up, his gay laughter tinkling in the mighty silence.

And so it was, thirty minutes later, that the child, standing beside a six-foot-through sugar-pine, stared into the coming dusk with wide blue eyes—at a round, wild face whose yellow eyes were beginning to shine like fire. A terrible face whose ears were laid close back, whose lips shook above ancient fangs, whose long white whiskers trembled.

Tawny Eyes, on his hind legs, had found at last a sweet and easy prey. He stretched low on his belly, watching the child, who, like a bird charmed by a snake, sank lower and lower along the tree, its every nerve paralyzed by fright. A kitten does so sometimes, or a young bird, when stark fear clutches it.

The panther licked his drooling lips and began to lash his mangy tail. His eyes were terrible. The killing lust was on him. He was so intent that he did not hear the faint, fine tinkle of a silver bell. There was a rhythmic cadence to its ringing, as if its wearer rocked along his way. Bound, leap, leap, bound, and it was coming nearer. Spiky was coming home along the slopes of Panther.

And suddenly he was there, standing just beyond the sugar-pine, his great head up, his soft eyes wide, the hair on his shoulders ruffling, for he had seen the cat. In another second he saw the child beside the tree. A little, gold-haired child, soft and fat and fragrant. A child—and the warmth of a snug shelter—and food from childish hands.

Who knows what memories came to Spiky then?

He had little time for them, whatever they were, for Tawny Eyes, his jaws slavering, so obsessed with hunger and its immediate relief that he did not even see the buck, drew back along the earth, lashed his tail faster, tensed himself and sprang. He rose in the air in a perfect arc that he might come down upon his prey after his age-old habit, his fore legs spread, his one good paw bristling with the cruel claws.

But they never clutched what they were after, for Spiky rose, too, in an arc as perfect, and met him head-on in the air. The great antlers, five-pointed, curved above their eye-guards, caught the panther full and pierced him in three places. In three seconds a battle royal to the very death was on. Hoof and claw and horn, fang and terrible hind feet with their belly-ripping cleverness, leap and bound and roll, they strove it for deadly combat and accepted it as such. There was no sound save the he-ough of breath, the thump of hoofs on flesh and bone, the slap and rake of claws. It lasted for twenty awful minutes, in a beaten circle at the tall pine's foot, and there was blood on everything.

And then the silence of the night came down, and there was no sound save the panting sobs of Littlest, still crouched against the tree, half frozen. And so it was that Bill Engleby, swinging his lantern and calling in his bitter anguish, came upon them.

First upon Tawny Eyes, riddled to ribbons, his wicked old claws still stretched

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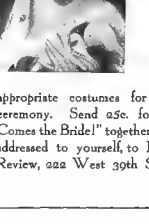
"HERE COMES THE BRIDE!"



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these distinctive qualities of Cellucotton make Kotex superior for your own personal use.

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Today, authorities stress particularly the importance of protection from mental and nervous strain during the use of sanitary protectives. Nervous vitality is low; and unless precautions are observed, the nervous system may be permanently injured.

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Kotex has rounded, tapered corners, which make it inconspicuous. There is no bulk, no awkward, bulging corners.

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The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

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Continued from page 64

toward the tree; then upon those two who were curled at its foot, the child and the antlered buck.

Littlest was pressed close to the rough bark, his hands clutching its corrugations, his baby-eyes mad with fear.

AND Spiky. Spiky lay as close beside him as his last spent breath could bring him, his great dark eyes still open and fixed upon the bright gold head, his soft black nose dropped on the little woolen dress

What had been in his heart in those last moments, who could say?

What memories of the big stove, and a small one who sprawled with him behind it? Of Youngest, who teetered on uncertain journeys, her hands clutched in his hair, who chewed his ear and pushed him off his legs?

That this was another Youngest he could not know. There was no individuality in these memories. He could only revert to the soft days, the drowsy nights, and to that littlest one whom he had loved the best of all the merry tribe. Therefore when the light went and the dim night came down forever, it was back to Youngest that the big buck struggled, and he was a fawn again.

"Great Heaven!" said big Bill piteously, looking down in the lantern-light. "Oh, my great Heaven!" for he read the s plainly.

He gathered Littlest in against his b and tears came on his weatbeat cha He kissed the child, and leaned up hand tenderly upon the antlered head, stroke the handsome face.

Next day Bill Engleby carried the deer on his shoulders and buried him at turn of the trail beneath The Big Pine, where all who came that way, must pass his resting-place; and the what he carved in the white bole above h

SPIKY

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MAITLAND'S WIFE

Continued from page 17

Alice was barrels of fun. He got along with her like a house afire. Why, he could talk to her better than he could to Esther. Oh, well, your wife became fed up after a while with your stock of stories. Your line That was where other women came in. And then Esther doted on musical geniuses, which left him out in the cold. What he did not know about symphony concerts!

Still he and Esther were a model couple. Every one said they were a model couple. And they had the boys. There was a never-failing topic of conversation. The bond that binds. Funny little tikes. He ought to give more time to them than he did, go down and tinker with their blamed old boat, the way Bill did. And he would, too, to-morrow, darned if he wouldn't, if he could sandwich it in.

Esther, with Prescott on her right hand and Bill on her left, was very gay at dinner, and she looked, Maitland thought, unusually well in a gown of some lustrous material shot with silver. It set off her arms and throat, which were brown as a Gipsy's.

She had a knack of drawing men out. Got Prescott talking about a fish he had caught somewhere or other, and about the boat and the tackle, hooks, lins, sinkers, bait. What the devil did he suppose a pretty woman cared about fishing-tackle? But Esther listened to all of it with rapt attention. Easy to see Prescott was her slave. You could just hear him at his clubs. Esther Maitland this. Esther Maitland that——

But Bill refused to be drawn out. He followed none of her leads. He answered her in monosyllables. He was like a sulky boy. Probably resented Prescott's presence. Refused to be exploited. Maitland decided to try his hand at him. He recalled to him a walking-trip he had once told them of having taken through the Pyrenees, and Bill, as if realizing his ungraciousness, rose to the occasion and launched into a spirited description of it. Nights in Gipsy camps. Songs. The tinkle of guitars. You could almost see the red eye of the fire and smell the smoke.

NICE dinner. Interesting. Unusual. That was the word. Bet it wasn't often Prescott sat down at the table with a gentleman hobo.

"Well, do you feel like a rubber or two of contract, my dear, before we shoot over to Dowds'?"

Esther said, "Oh, I'm not going to play. I've gotten up a man's game for you. The Talbots are coming over."

So she had given up bridge, which she loved, to sit around and amuse old Bill, who didn't play. Wonder if he appreciated it. Probably not. Probably never gave it a thought.

After dinner she left the men to their cigars and liquid refreshments and went to the music-room. Now and then little showers of notes like silver spray drifted out to them. When they joined her Maitland saw Prescott's face light up at the sight of her, and she did look charming, seated with the lamp's soft glow on her tight-fitting cap of shining black hair. The sort of woman every man dreamed of possessing and that he, Maitland, actually possessed.

He was thinking, "I got her because I am myself. This, call it what you like, this magnetic something I'm endowed with, has power to draw all good things to me. You are either born with it or you are not. If you have it things come your way. If you haven't they don't."

He said, "I'd like Jack to hear you play."

Obediently her fingers glided over the keys in a lilting, romantic melody. When she had finished Prescott thanked her, and Maitland rubbed his hands together briskly. "Well, sir, how about a little contract?"

He led Prescott away. Glancing back, he saw Bill stepping through the French windows onto the terrace.

DURING the course of the evening, when he happened to be dummy, he left the table and strolled toward the music-room. He did not want Bill to think he was neglecting him, nor to leave the entire burden of his entertainment on Esther's shoulders. He found them on the terrace, Esther in a chair, and Bill at the far end, seated on the steps, staring out at sea. Pretty dull for her. He pressed her hand sympathetically. She was probably wishing herself indoors at the bridge-table.

"Want to cut in?"

"No thanks, not to-night."

"Prescott bid a grand slam and made it! Boy!"

A moon, cylindrical, burnished bright, hung suspended directly before their eyes and sent splinters of light into the heaving black mass which was the ocean.

"Nice night, isn't it?"

"Heavenly."

He crossed over to Bill. "Why don't you plan to finish your book down here? We'll fix up the beach-house for you and let you alone for the rest of the Summer."

Bill let him shout. "No, thanks," he said curtly. "Fact is, I've got to be stepping along pretty soon."

"Why have you? What's your hurry? You know we like to have you around."

"I've stayed too long as it is."

"You can't stay long enough to suit me."

Bill swung around. "Thank you, Jim. You've always been a good friend."

At a shout from within he turned and went toward the card-room. He called back to Esther, "See what you can do with him, Esther. I'll be out next time I'm dummy."

He returned to the bridge-table and shuffled the cards. "How about one more rubber, gentlemen? It's getting on."

It was an interminable rubber. When it was over he said, "I'll go round up Esther." But the terrace was deserted and so was the stretch of beach before the house, as far as he could see in the clear, white light of the moon.

"Funny," he thought. "Wonder where she is. Boat-house, maybe, playing ping-pong." But the boat-house was in darkness and the boats in their places. He thought, "Bet they've gone for a spin, then on to Dowds'."

SUDDENLY he saw Esther's maid run down the path toward him.

"Mr. Maitland," she called. "Mrs. Maitland wishes to speak with you, please."

"Where is she?"

"In her room, sir."

In her room! Hadn't been able to stick it, then? Had got rid of Bill on some pretext or other and gone to her room? He hurried indoors.

Esther was in bed, her face white against the pillows.

"What's the matter?"

She managed a smile. "The most awful headache, Jim. Stupid of me, isn't it?" I was all solicitude.

"Maybe you'd better see a doctor."

"No, I'm all right. I'll take a headache powder or a sleeping-powder or something

He felt helpless and irritable at the same time. "If it wasn't for Prescott—"

She squeezed his fingers lightly. "Go along, Jimmy, and have a good time."

"Of course I'm not going. I'll stay here with you."

"But I want you to go."

"Nonsense, Esther! What do I care about Dowds'? I'll stay right here."

"You can't. You've got to take Jack along."

"I'm going to stay here, I tell you."

"There's not a thing you can do. Alice will stay with me until I go to sleep."

He hesitated and said, with a fervor "Well, if I do run over for a little while I'll be back early."

He tiptoed from the room.

He looked around for Bill, but he was nowhere to be found Gone for a walk, perhaps, in the moonlight. Well, he wouldn't have liked Dowds' party anyway. That was nothing for it but to bundle the Talbots and Prescott into the motor and run them over to Dowds'. On the way his heart began a quickened beating at the thought of seeing Alice.

IT WAS close on four o'clock when he and Prescott returned home. The moon had set in the east and the stars, in the blue, black expanse, gave back a hard, cold brilliance A grand party. Good music. Good food And plenty of refreshments. Good Alice. Darned attractive girl, Alice. Shrieking at his jokes "Oh, Jim, you're priceless!"

Something nice about a girl who thought you were priceless. Made you feel priceless and starved if you weren't, compared to the other oafs present Not one of them had made her laugh the way you had. You watched and saw, and noticed that her eyes were always seeking you out, just as yours were seeking her out. Funny how you could love your wife and still be, well, moved by another woman.

Swell party! Esther would want to hear all about it. Must hear all about it, immediately. Perhaps he had better not enter her. Oh, well, she had had quite a long nap by now. Besides he felt chatty. It would do her good to wake up and hear what people said and how they had missed her.

He went up the stairs with his arm around Prescott's shoulder. Jack had got home quite a time. He bet Mrs. Jack, rushed safely in the four-poster bed in Lenox, small never recognize papa to-night! Cut home stepped out Why, he and Paula Robinson, not too long home from what eventuated in one of the last of the Paris divorces, had certainly set a pace. Bet Prescott had had the time of his life!

Good night. Good night. Sleep as late as you like, old man. Sweet dreams. Good night."

He hummed as he went along the hall to Esther's room He opened the door softly and turned on the light beside her bed In its soft glow she looked like a little child asleep, her black hair tousled, her closed lashes sweeping her cheek. Prettiest woman he'd ever seen. Prettier, by a darn sight, than Alice Dowd. But Alice was so killingly funny. "Oh, Jim, you're priceless."

Continued on page 68

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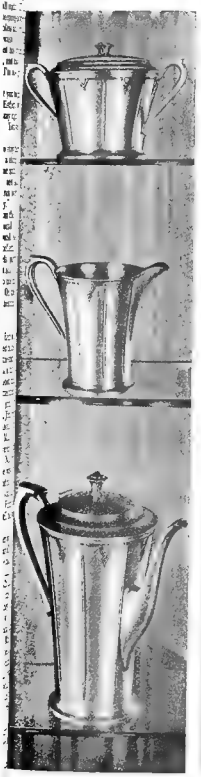
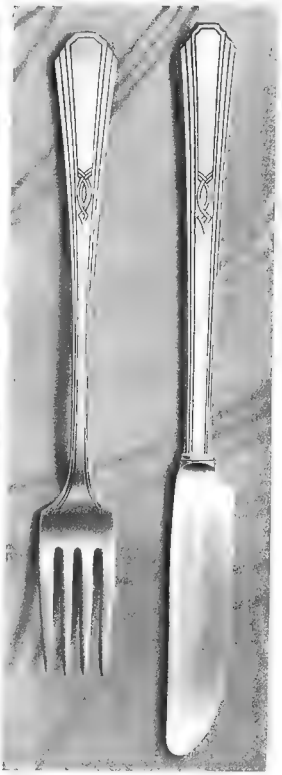
PARIS

a new design in Wm. Rogers & Son silverplate





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6 dinner knives (with stainless steel blades) 6 tablespoons
1 sugar shell 6 dinner forks 6 teaspoons 1 butter knife
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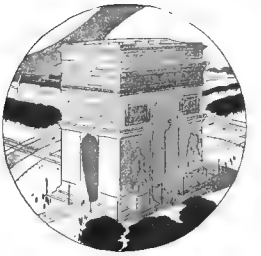

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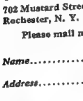

French's Bird Tonic Helps Moulting Canaries

Continued from page 68

He chuckled in spite of himself and said, "Hey, Esther, I had to wake you up to tell you——"

She slumbered on.

He sat down on the edge of the bed. "Listen, I hate to wake you up, darling, but I've got to tell you about the party."

She did not move.

He said, "Honestly, Esther, I hate to wake you, but wait till you hear this!"

He touched her arm, and drew back suddenly. Cold as ice. A sharp fear twisted his heart like a knife-thrust. "Esther," he said hoarsely, "wake up!"

It was as if he had not spoken. He caught her hand.

"Esther!"

The face on the pillow was white, immobile, the eyes closed.

"Wake up!" he cried. "Can't you hear me calling you! Esther? Wake up! Wake up!"

He seized her by both her shoulders and shook her savagely. Her head fell back and her eyelids were as if sealed over her eyes. He laid her back on the pillow. "Oh, my God!" he whimpered. A cold sweat broke out on his forehead. "What'll I do? What'll I do? What'll I do?"

He sprang to the house telephone. "Quick! Quick!" he shouted at an answering voice. "Get the doctor! Send Mrs. Maitland's maid to me. Get the doctor!"

He was caught in a paroxysm of terror. He was sobbing now, chafing her hands, slapping them, speaking into her face. "Esther, for God's sake answer me! Esther!"

IT SEEMED as if she must awaken. She lay there so tranquilly, so peacefully.

The room was suddenly full of people, the maid, the housekeeper, the scared faces of the housemaid and butler, clutching dressing-gowns over their night-clothes.

"What's wrong, sir? What's the matter? What's wrong?"

The housekeeper was bending over the bed. "She's alive, sir; her heart's still beating."

Alive! Thank God for that! Thank God for that!

After an interminable space of time the doctor arrived. He banished every one but Maitland from the room. After he had examined Esther he said curtly, "Overdose of sleeping-powders. Got to get that up. Have them make coffee, black. Think you can help me, Mr. Maitland? Oh, and let that little maid of hers come in."

There were moments in the hour that followed when Maitland, watching the doctor's tense, white face, could not be certain what the verdict would be. Could not be certain if Esther would live or die. He thought to himself, as he flew here and there in answer to commands, "This thing is happening to some one else, not to me."

"Hand me that hot towel. Now the basin—the hypodermic needle," ordered the doctor.

"Things like this can't happen to me. My wife can't take an overdose of sleeping-potion and die. She can't die. She can't."

Hours crept by which by actual count were but minutes. Suddenly the doctor said, "I think she's coming around. I think we have it."

"There! You see! It's going to be all right. It's bound to be all right. Things like that can't happen to me. Oh, God, just to hear her speak again to hear her voice!"

Her lips were moving, a sigh which grew into a whisper. Maitland knelt beside her and took her hand in his. "Speak to me, darling; speak to me."

The whisper became more distinct. She said, "Bill, Bill, Bill, Bill," over and over again.

"Bill?" The doctor looked at Maitland.

Maitland started. "Bill? Oh, he—he's just an old friend of mine, stopping here with us. He's the last man she was talking to to-night. That's why——"

"Hush," said the doctor. He was listening to her, his hand on her pulse.

"Bill, please—please, Bill——"

The doctor lifted her to her feet. "We'll try walking, Mrs. Maitland. Here, Mr. Maitland, you get on the other side of her. Now, then, tramp her up and down. Come on; ready, set, go."

They dragged her dead weight between them. Maitland said, "I can't see how taking a headache-powder could do this to her."

"Headache-powder. It wasn't one powder; it was the overdose."

"Overdose?"

"Yes, there's the bottle beside her bed, empty."

"She must have felt awfully sick to do that."

The doctor shot him a sharp look. "She certainly must have felt sick, Mr. Maitland."

She had her eyes open now, and the doctor stopped in his march long enough to force a cup of black coffee between her lips.

"Where am I?" she asked. "What's the matter? Where's Bill?"

"Bill—" Maitland started to explain, but the doctor cut him short. "You took an overdose of medicine, Mrs. Maitland. We've had a pretty hard time bringing you around. I don't advise your seeing any one to-night."

She was as docile as a child. "All right, Doctor."

After a time the doctor said, "There, that's enough. She's all right now." He lifted her onto the bed. "Now, then, Mrs. Maitland, no more sleeping-powders, if you please."

She turned a frightened face toward him. "Mr. Maitland," he said, "I think you'd better turn in. You look a little washed out yourself."

Maitland said, "I'm all right, Doctor. But I just want to ask her——"

"I wouldn't trouble her with any questions to-night if I were you."

"Just one."

"All right, but make it brief."

"Esther, why did you take so much of the—the stuff? Was it because you felt so bad?"

She stared at him, her eyes wide and frightened; then she nodded her head.

"But, Heavens, you took enough to kill you. Didn't you know——"

"One question only, Mr. Maitland."

"All right. When you get through I want to talk to you in the next room, Doctor."

"I'll be there in a jiffy."

MAITLAND paced up and down. If he didn't know Esther and Bill that whole thing would sound as queer to him as it undoubtedly did to the doctor, but, knowing them both, it was ridiculous. Why, it was almost funny, Esther calling for Bill the minute she opened her eyes. Bill, of all people. Wait until he told Bill this.

He opened the door and crossed the hall, and saw at a glance that the guest-room door stood open and that the room was unoccupied. The bed was not even turned down. Esther's maid came down the hall on the way to the servants' wing. He then said, "Where's Mr. Wheeler?"

"Gone, sir."

"Gone?"

"Yes, sir. He left shortly after you went out."

"Well, I'll be darned."

She hesitated, her face white with weariness. "Anything else, sir?"

"No, no. Not a thing."

What a man! Come without a word. Go without a word. He heard the doctor's voice speaking his name. Wouldn't do for him to get the wrong impression of Esther. He had heard that people said all sorts of queer things coming out of ether. But to have her calling for Bill! Gosh, but he was scared for a few minutes! What the devil did she want to take so much of the medicine for? Oh, well, maybe she had not taken so much. Maybe the bottle had been almost empty when she took her powder!

How the deuce could doctors tell? Always so ready to jump to conclusions. To think the worst. To insinuate that Esther had intentionally— Good Heavens! He could not leave there thinking that! Esther! Of all people! With everything to live for! With himself and the boys and this house and the town house! What fools doctors were! Once get an idea into their heads—

The doctor was coming toward him.

"Doctor," he said, "look here. I don't want you to labor under any false impression. I want you to get this straight. This whole thing's been an accident. You see——" He talked on and on. The doctor listened to him without answering.

THE DUEL OF THE QUEENS

Continued from page 25

all power of man to touch, released because she knew herself a part of the divine, hand in hand with its omnipotence. She rose to her feet, and it seemed that the heart within her swelled until its own courage and confidence gave her wings to cross the dark surrounding waters. She pressed her hands to her bosom.

Mary Seton was rushing back, her face transfigured.

Speaking in a violent whisper, catching her by the arm:

"Madam, your last day of imprisonment. Willie Douglas has whispered in my ear. Say no more, but hold yourself ready! It is for to-night!"

For a moment Mary stood incredulous. "I knew it. It was revealed to me. And how?"

Mary Seton clung about her knees. "The boy will steal the keys. The boat will be ready at the postern, and the Setons with a troop will be hidden in the Western Lomonds. No sleep to-night. None."

The queen stooped and kissed her.

"Get ready, my Mary, you and Jean Kennedy."

"No, madam, I stay to pretend you are here, ill in your bed, to issue orders. They will not harm me."

"They shall not, for you shall come or I stay!"

"Mary Stuart, you talk folly. Go. Can you believe Moray or Lindsay will harm a Seton? I stay—and in a few days follow. No more to it than that."

She would hear nothing else.

Next day drifted slowly on with no ripple on the dull, monotonous surface. The queen's supper was served as usual in the vaulted chamber where she and her ladies ate.

Down-stairs supper was spread in the great hall for all in the castle, including the guards, who had locked all the gates for the night, Sir William Douglas and his mother sitting apart on the dais, where Willie Douglas waited upon them after the manner of pages in noble families. He held a napkin, fringed with silk, thrown over his arm, and who could believe that the ceremonial napkin hid a bunch of five keys resembling those which locked the doors and held the queen a prisoner?

Passing between the castellan and his mother, he dropped the napkin for a second over the real keys which lay at Sir William Douglas's elbow, according to nightly use. They jingled, and Lady Douglas looked up sharply as Willie reclaimed the napkin with a bow, disclosing the false keys, which lay beneath.

Suppose the old hag should detect some difference? Not she! She ate and talked, and Willie crammed a prepared handkerchief to his nose.

"Madam, my nose bleeds. Have I your gracious leave?"

She made a sharp gesture with her hand, and he fled, leaving the false keys beside them, and so up-stairs to the queen, waiting half-way down the stair, veiled in white.

"Now—now!"

He caught her hand. A storm of talk and rough laughter burst from the hall as they slipped past. All drank and jested. The gate unguarded! Willie unlocked it swiftly with keys drenched in oil. Before them lay the boat and freedom!

"Jean Kennedy!" Mary started back.

"Madam, it is death to wait. Off and onward."

Continued on page 71

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THE SHOCK OF FACING
what your figure may become

"COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE"
(*Thomas Campbell*, 1777-1844)

AVOID THAT FUTURE SHADOW

by refraining from over-indulgence, if you would maintain the modern figure of fashion

We do not represent that smoking **Lucky Strike** Cigarettes will bring modern figures or cause the reduction of flesh. We do declare that when tempted to do yourself too well, if you will "Reach for a **Lucky**" instead, you will thus avoid over-indulgence in things that cause excess weight and, by avoiding over-indulgence, maintain a modern, graceful form

When Tempted
Reach for a
LUCKY
instead

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough.

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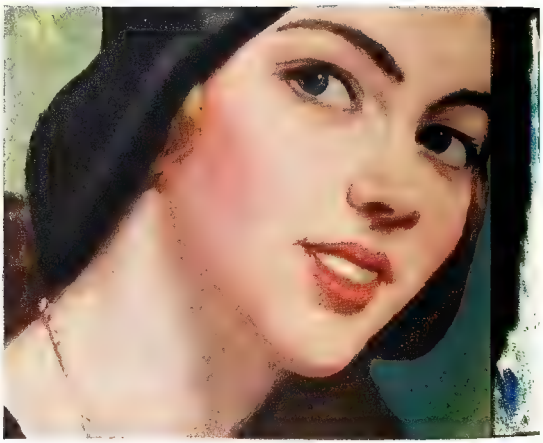
Clean teeth alone cannot give you the MOUTH OF YOUTH



Give your teeth this scientific care—Dentists will tell you to cleanse teeth with a safe dentifrice after each meal. Morning and night brushing is also important. Move brush with a circular motion, from gums toward biting edge—do not "scrub" crosswise. Clean inner surfaces with equal care, also grinding surface. Leading authorities also advise brushing healthy gums to clean and stimulate them.

FORHAN'S is of course an excellent dentifrice.

Dentists will tell you there is no more gently thorough and honest preparation for cleaning teeth.

This dentifrice was prepared by a dentist, R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., and it is manufactured today according to a dentist's exacting standard of accuracy, safety and purity.

But years of experience at the chair had shown Dr. Forhan that the healthy mouth needs sound gums as well as sound teeth. In fact, he became known throughout the dental profession for a preparation he devised and used as an aid in the treatment of gums. The reputation of this preparation spread. Dentists employed it in their practice.

Then it was suggested that the benefits of this treatment should be extended to the patient's daily hygiene. By care in the home, the patient could supplement the good work of his dentist.

In this way the present Forhan's dentifrice was created to serve a double purpose—to clean the teeth and at the same time give the gums the care they need.

Used as recommended, with massage at the time of brushing, it helps to protect the mouth of youth and keep it in sound good health.

Even in the healthiest mouth, the use of Forhan's is important. It is always better to prevent disease from getting a start than to treat it afterward.

The safe thing, the wise thing to do, is to adopt Forhan's now. When you brush your teeth, and massage your gums, you will then give them both the care which will show its benefits with every passing year.

Forhan's comes in two sizes, 35¢ and 60¢—a few cents more than the ordinary toothpaste and exceedingly well worth it. Forhan Company, Inc., New York. Forhan's Ltd., Montreal.

Forhan's

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

Any mouth may have pyorrhea and at forty the odds are

4 *out of* 5

Continued from page 68

No time to argue. She sprang in light as a cat, and, seating herself, took one oar, while the boy locked the door behind them and took the other. With a strong stroke together they pulled away.

Willie chuckled with glee behind her.

"Oh, madam, the joke! For God's sake, listen! They have locked every door for the night. Have made themselves our prisoners. They will not know till morning! Laugh, madam!"

But Mary was staring upward to the window, where Mary Seton's dress showed as a dim whiteness. Love and prayers fled upward.

Hark! The window beneath opened, yet high up too, and a woman stood in the opening for a minute, then launched out like a bird into air, and flashed down into the black waters.

"Jean—Jean Kennedy!" cried the queen. "There—she rises—she strikes out. She is a glorious swimmer. We shall get her yet!"

And, sure enough, the flaxen head rose from the lake, and the steady strokes made to the boat, and she was hauled aboard, laughing and dripping.

"And Mary Seton, at the door of our rooms, is asking wine for the queen sick in bed!" cries Jean. "Oh, what a ploy! What a ploy! The world will ring with it! God bless you, my bird, for your brave heart."

Land nearing, Mary surrendered the oar and rose to her full height, not to be mistaken for any other woman as she snatched off her white veil and waved it like a flag on the wind.

George Douglas, watching in turn, leaped to his feet, giving the signal to another, and on the hills the hidden Setons caught it and galloped like mad to the shore, while Willie Douglas, taking the castle keys from the boat, flung them into deep water. The work was done.

Lights were flitting round the castle when they landed. Faint shouts were heard across the water. They knew! they knew!—but too late. Not only were the doors locked, but Willie had spent a fruitful afternoon in stopping up the rowlocks of the other boats. Useless! The Douglases were outwitted by the Douglases.

AMONG the shouting Setons, mad with joy, the queen mounted and rode for her life, the two Douglases beside her. It was a dream shot through with passing lights and shoutings until they reached the firth, and there, in a fishing-boat, Mary Stuart embarked, heading straight for the port of South Queensferry, where the Hamiltons awaited with a gathering of their own men-at-arms and troops of the gentlemen of the neighborhood.

My lord Seton led the gallop to his castle of West Niddrie, and so the sickly dream of captivity dissolved in the full dawn of freedom.

Shouts, bugle-calls, drums, and the wild skirl of the pipes next morning as the sun rose, and she with it, to the homage of the gallantest gentleman of Scotland. They shouted for the queen—the queen. They would not be gainsaid. Thousands had collected. How could they wait? Nor she.

White-robed, with shining hair falling in a silken veil to her knees, her face radiant with the freedom she had never known since Bothwell led her prisoner to Dunbar, she sprang on great window-seat and flung the window open. The fresh wind whipped her long locks about her, more beautiful than any poet's dream—Mary the queen. Some sobbed for passion, for in that moment she was Scotland—she was all loves in one fair face. And the cry that broke forth, that resounded far into the hills, was never to leave her heart.

At Hamilton Castle, where they took her, guarded like the jewel of the earth, before as many as could crowd into the great hall, she solemnly revoked her abdication, barring her arm that men might for themselves see the mark of Lindsay's iron gauntlet. She called on George Douglas, and the time-server Sir Robert Melville, to bear witness to the cruelty of that scene. And he, seeing the tide turned, spared nothing in declaring Lindsay's violence, until a deep, hoarse murmur shook the hall and men clapped hands to sword, swearing that Lindsay should pay for that deed of shame if they hunted hell to find him.

So in place of the six lords who had condemned her to shame and imprisonment a greater gathering of Scots peers and gentlemen pronounced her abdication null and void, and all acts since it by Moray and his peers null and void also. And false Moray sent cringing offers of negotiation until he could get word with Elizabeth and see what he dared with her behind him. And hope and joy beat in the sad heart of Mary Stuart.

So Mary Seton found her when, riding proudly with a guard of her father's men, she came laughing from Lochleven.

"What? Detain the queen's lady? With the Setons and Hamiltons out? Not they! When they had keys made to open the gates there was my boat waiting for me. The old woman scowled in the background, but Sir William bowed and said, 'Thank God we are rid of a charge that disgraced us.' And so warmly, madam, that I held out my hand and he kissed it. And the last I saw of the hag, her woman Erskine led her away half dead with fury. And so perish all the queen's enemies."

AT GREENWICH Elizabeth was engaged in one of the pleasantest negotiations of her life. Moray, who naturally had learned the great secret of diplomacy, "Nothing for nothing and precious little for sixpence," had been anxiously considering how he could best placate the great lady from whose hand he fed. He neither could nor would give her all she wanted. What she had used every art to gain, and now demanded of him, was the person of the little prince. With him Moray and the conspirators could not part. He constituted the sole right by which they could claim authority in Scotland.

If Mary's escape brought about civil war he was the only flag they could fly. With Mary's jewels in his hands Moray had sent splendid presents to Elizabeth, who, as she said herself, was growing readier to take than give as middle age crept upon her. What on earth could he do now—what offer?

Inspiration came upon him in the rifling of a box overlooked in the first plundering of his sister's possessions and the discovery of a treasure which might work the miracle of imposing Elizabeth to come to the rescue with the English gold which the confederates must have.

It was done, and the jewels sent by Sir Nicholas Elphinstone to London.

Lady Knollys, Elizabeth's handsome cousin, had the first information, and rushed with it to her majesty, who was taking her ease in her sanctuary with another lady high in her confidence, a new face before her in a gorgeous dress devised for approaching court festivals, where the queen would appear and dazzle the eyes of the youthful Duke of Anjou, the French suitor for her august hand.

The dress was of white satin in the French taste, but exaggerated to suit that of Elizabeth. French fleur-de-lis wandered over it in heavy gold bullion, picked out with pearls interspersed with golden peacocks, emerald-eyed, and with tails so widely displayed that three covered the enormous front breadth of white satin even as disdended by the farthingale. A peacock garnished each sleeve in bullion, and the dress, stiff with gold and so heavy that it could not have been worn but for the stalwart aid of the farthingale bearing it up, was finished with a ruff stiffened with pearls and brilliants, completely hiding the head from the back view, but giving what Elizabeth considered a most effective background for the face from the front.

"It will be magnificent," she said meditatively. "My only question is, when I dance what the effect will be from behind? Stand farther off that I may see!"

"Exquisite—magnificent, madam!" cried pretty dark-haired Mary Fitton, tottering under the weight of gold. "How could it be otherwise with all this magnificence?"

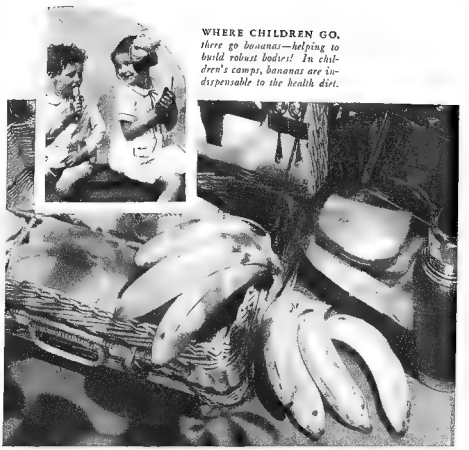
"But it will hide my hair and the small crown in brilliants and the grace of the neck——"

"Nothing can hide the grace of your majesty's neck," reiterated Mary Fitton. "Why, madam, it is only *my* neck you have seen in it—a stumpy thing that no mask would look at twice. If you could see your own—I should like to know the ruff that would hide its beauty! Do not, I beseech you, judge this triumph by me."

She felt she should drop if she stood a moment more.

"Stand a moment more, Fitton, while I consider the carcanets! Rubies—yes—that will give color, and a chain of emeralds will not be amiss to show them off. Why have I not something I have never worn—some-

Continued on page 71



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First of all a *Vitality food!*

IN FAR-OFF PLACES—*you can always get bananas. Rely on them for a light food that's easily digested, and geared to keep vitality high for action.*

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And don't forget that bananas are essentially a vitality food. Authorities recognize them as an energy-producer—as a valuable source of those precious vitamins A, B and C, and the body-toning minerals.

Serve bananas regularly. They'll help keep your family's vitality high through the enervating, busy days of summer.

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WHEN SUNSHINE BECKONS

Summer days will be more than welcome with attractive outdoor furniture

Photo by Hegen-Gist

(*Above*) Just the right amount of design and color has been used in these pieces to be interesting without being tiresome. The rug is dark gray, with a design in green and red. It is a husky member of the rug family and will stand up well in active service.

The table and chairs are of natural-colored reed or cane, with color-accents of navy blue and red. The seats of the chairs are broad and yielding, and the backs give firm support.

Both the table and chairs are light enough to be easily moved around if you are seeking either sunshine or shade. The table-top is large and firm enough for serving cooling drinks after tennis or a cold meal outside after business.

Pitchers and glasses for cooling Summer drinks come in many jolly shapes and colors this year.

(*Left*) For the active family wanting to spend every free minute outside of four walls it is an excellent idea to scatter sturdy benches and chairs wherever you have an open space. This type of furniture considers a heavy rain as only a good "face-washer."

The rug is one of those heavy grass ones so well constructed and so pleasing-looking that your guests who don't have one at home will be making mental notes to get one.

(*Right*) There is something about a piece of rustic-looking furniture which brings out the sun-worshiping spirit in all of us. We immediately vision a little place in the country and all the things we could make to enhance its appearance.

But once you have sat in this rustic chair and realized its pleasant comfort, you will say, "Please send out half a dozen," and plan to use your time in the garden.

Furniture, courtesy Stone Bros.

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Watch Super Suds Win Speed Test in these first actual color photographs* ever taken through glass dishpans

Instantaneous photographs show Super Suds floods water instantly with rich, lasting suds, while chips stay gummy, half dissolved.

←At Left Bead soap in action

Note in this actual color photograph the rich creamy soapiness throughout every drop of water. No particles of undissolved soap floating about. That shows every bead has dissolved instantly—shows why Super Suds cuts dishwashing time in half.

Slow-dissolving chips At Right→

This photograph, through a glass dishpan, using old-fashioned slow-dissolving soap, tells a different story! Look at the undissolved chips—floating around through the water. Look at the almost soapless water. Here's your explanation of slow, greasy dishwashings.

NOW by means of photographs through glass dishpans you can see what has never been seen before . . . *exactly how soaps act below the waterline in your dishpan.*

In one photograph you see gummy chips of soap . . . ready to stick to plates and glasses, to lodge between fork prongs . . . powerless to cleanse, because only half-dissolved!

In the other photograph you see Super Suds at work. Not the tiniest bead of soap remains undissolved! You see instant suds. Lasting suds, *through every drop of water in the pan.*

An utterly different kind of soap

Bead soap gives instant, all-through-the-water suds because it's soap in an entirely new form. Tiny, hollow beads made by spraying melted soap from high steel towers. Each soap bead has walls 4 times thinner than the thinnest chip or flake. Thus it's instant dissolving—complete dissolving. The only soap that cuts dishwashing time in half in these 3 ways.

(1) ***Saves waiting for suds.*** No stirring, coaxing or heating water extra hot to get soap to dissolve. (2) ***Washes dishes clean faster.*** The rich, penetrating, all-through-the-water suds wash dishes clean with lightning speed. (3) ***Saves dish-wiping.*** Because this soap dissolves completely, every trace of it is carried away in one hot rinse. Dishes drain dry to streakless, sparkling clearness Wiping is not necessary.

Get Super Suds from your grocer. A big box, 10 brimming cupfuls, costs only 10 cents.

*These tests were made under identical conditions. ½ oz. of Super Suds was placed in one glass dishpan. In the other, ½ oz. of chip soap. Equal amounts of water of the same temperature were then added to each pan. The time, from the moment the water touched the soap to the moment the photographs were taken, was the same in both cases, down to the very second.

Super Suds 10¢

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Go gle

A distinguished way to *beauty* in a New Treatment Set

MARIE EARLE now introduces this wonderfully helpful new beauty idea. A Basic Beauty Treatment Set of the three matchless Marie Earle preparations for the exquisite daily care of the skin.

In this delightfully simple way the selection of the preparations you need to bring your skin to flawless perfection is made for you. A selection which promises you ever increasing rewards — for Marie Earle's Creams and Lotions are scientifically made to restore youth to the skin.

Marie Earle's Essential Cream is a perfect cleanser. Instantly liquefying as it touches the skin it penetrates deeper into the pores to free dust, grime or make-up. It is not like the "cleansing" or hydro-carbon creams which slip over the skin washing away surface dirt. Made from costly ingredients with a natural affinity for the skin, it restores the action of the beautifying oils lost through the years, weather, hurry and worry. So one cleanses to sweet immaculateness with Essential Cream and then spreads it on again to replenish the oils that prevent wrinkles, coarsening and roughness. Marie Earle's Cucumber Emulsion is smoothed over the Cream to reawaken the youthful vigor of the skin, its clear translucence and childlike coloring.

And for your individual type of skin there is a Marie Earle Lotion to close the pores and tone. In each Treatment Set there are complete directions for day and night time care.

For two decades Marie Earle's distinguished paths to beauty have been followed on two continents by an exclusive clientele. Now Marie Earle is offering her new Basic Beauty Treatment Set at the better shops.

Write Marie Earle in New York for a complimentary copy of her beauty book, "Understanding Your Skin". 660 Fifth Avenue, New York. 15 rue de la Paix, Paris

Marie Earle

Continued from page 71

thing that would be talked of in France?" Mary Fitton smiled.

"If I know anything of men your grace's eyes and lips will so hold his gaze that he will not know a ruby from an emerald."

Elizabeth smiled as she looked at the great ring on her beautiful hand presented by the adoring Anjou. She had called him her French frog in an access of tenderness, and, accepting the jest, he had had a wonderful frog manufactured in rubies with brilliant eyes, which she wore as a compliment to his ardor.

"You are a wild girl—but men are men," she said. "Still, I would wish something new, startling and costly—" Mary Fitton looked longingly at a chair. Suddenly an interruption, and the privileged Lady Knollys came trotting in with hurried curtsies.

"Madam, may I speak and hastily, for time presses." A delightful bit of news reserved for your grace's ear first and foremost, beyond that of any other prince in Europe. Oh, madam, such pearls!"

Elizabeth started.

"Pearls? But I have fewer of them than of any jewels. How? Where?"

Lady Knollys collapsed into a seat.

"Madam," she gasped, "they are the Queen of Scots', and my Lord Moray has sent them to Drew, the jeweler, so much do the lords need money. But, madam, Drew has orders to offer them to your majesty at a price, and you have but to choose and take. Oh, madam, the beauty of them——"

"You have seen them!" Elizabeth cried. "It is I who should have had the first view."

"Madam, yes, but I was charged to bring them to you, for there must be no delay; and Drew had not the courage to ask an audience. May I show them?"

"Have them out at once, you fool of a crow!" said Elizabeth. "And you, Mary Fitton, stand till I put them about your neck and see how they set off the satin. Hurry, crow!"

Lady Knollys dived into the bosom of her stiff, peaked dress and produced a silken parcel which, kneeling before Elizabeth, she unfolded on her yellow-clad lap. The pearls made a dry tinkle as they poured out.

Six chains of great shimmering pearls strung rosary-wise, pearls with delicate iridescence shifting along their smooth and creamy skins. Great chains that hung low between the breasts. Pearls as large as those of a fairy-tale.

ELIZABETH looked her fingers into them. They fell in festoons from her hands.

"Beautiful, most beautiful! I must have them," she murmured. "Fortunate crow! It is but now I said I needed something new, something to set off my rich French dress, and here it is. To think that that slut of Scotland should have such pearls and ours like mere peas!"

"But there is more, your majesty, more! A world's wonder!" cried the gasping crow, holding up a chain so strange and beautiful that the queen had never seen the like.

Black pearls, twenty-six of them, large as muscatel grapes, and with the same purple bloom upon their mysterious beauty.

"They are mine if I had to pawn my other jewels to buy them!" Elizabeth said eagerly. "But I shall not, for Moray is so indebted to me that he must let me have them for an old song. I know the history of these pearls. They were given her by the queen mother when she was queen of France, and I longed for them then and little thought they would ever be mine."

Another interruption.

"My Lord of Leicester craves the joy of an audience with her majesty."

Elizabeth visibly fluttered, adjusting the falling ruff that it might disclose rather more of a. well beautifully shaped bosom than the manners of the day quite approved. She called for a glass, dutifully supported by Mary Fitton and Lady Knollys, and arranged the stiff curls of a rampant red wig to fullest advantage. Mary Fitton touched her lips with red and bathed her hands in perfume before she received the sharp order to take off the dress and hide the pearls; and not till then was Leicester admitted.

Kneeling, he kissed her hand with a lingering pressure. He assured her her eyes were bright as the sun in his strength, terrible and beautiful as an army with banners. And then, while that white hand still caressed the short curls in his handsome neck, he murmured that business of state stood at the door and would be admitted.

Instantly she stiffened. With that obscure and dangerous woman the brain seldom tripped over the heart.

"What is it? Be brief."

"Madam, the Scots queen has escaped from Lochleven and is with the Setons and Hamiltons, and an army. Scotland is rising for her."

She struck her hands together until the rings clashed.

"Moray! The fools, the fools! They should have murdered her sooner."

Lady Knollys echoed the cry of horror. Years of patient plotting and lying, bags of treasure spent in vain, men's honour and women's prostituted that the woman might be wrecked and ruined, and lo! she had broken the toils and was free! Elizabeth's hand shook a little.

"Is Robert Melville with her? Good! Then we shall know all her thoughts. The fool believes and trusts all the world, prattles to every one about her, trusting to fine eyes for conquest. This is damnable, but we shall get her yet. What is Moray doing?"

"Seeming to negotiate with her to gain time, and implores your majesty for succour—money or he is helpless."

"Will he sell me the prince's guardianship for money?" the queen asked shrewdly.

"Not yet. Your majesty sees that with the queen let loose he can not. The prince is his hostage for authority. But later."

LEICESTER had his own interests and understandings with Moray, as Cecil had also. Elizabeth by no means guessed all that went on in the counsels of her statesmen.

"Has the Scots slut money? (But she used a coarser name.) I think she can not."

"None. Moray has his purse on her jewels, money, all. She is as poor as we could wish her, and has nothing to feed or arm her men—nor the means to get it. If I dare prophesy to wisdom itself I say she will be in the Highlands in a few days, and there they will guard her until they get Moray murdered and she can lay her hand on her wealth. It seems there are pearls which alone would bear the cost of a war. She aims at them and completing most bitterly of their loss. It is a victory to her now if they were round her neck."

"By the passion of God she shall not have them! What! to make civil war and ruin her son and threaten England! The adultress, the Jezebel! No!"

She beckoned to Lady Knollys, and the pearls were brought and poured into her lap, and Leicester opened eyes and mouth at their peerless glory.

And so the deed was done and Moray's ruin completed. Could she have sold that treasure to the Lombard and Genoese merchants who competed for them she would have reigned in Edinburgh again, for she had all else but money: love, devotion, beauty, intellect, the nobility of a queen, the faith of a saint, the gallant spirit by which all men responded. But money she had not, and, all armed and fed, mustered and reported by spies, her army melted away before the onslaught of Moray's foe and armed by her own spoils and plundered treasures.

Vainly she rode into the press of men like another Jeanne d'Arc, cheering her men, calling on them to advance. Vainly. And more, the spies of England knew that Moray had whereof some among them to seize her again and put her in the hands of the lords. What could go well with one so fated?

Flight was the only hope, flight to her strong castle of Dumbarton, frowning down on rolling Clyde. But she was not to reach it. Lord Herries and a few gentlemen rode with her, Mary Seton behind her, and the two Douglasses and a few brave hearts. On the day of her last battle Lord Langside she rode sixty miles, and after that fled by night only. As she wrote to her uncle, the Cardinal of Lorraine:

I have suffered injuries, calumnies, captivity, hunger, cold, heat, flying, without knowing whither, ninety-two miles across the country without once stopping to dismount, and then lay on the hard ground, having only sour milk to drink and oatmeal to eat, without bread, passing three nights with the owls.

When Brantôme, who loved her beauty and gentleness, heard the pitiful story, he wrote with moistened eyes:

I know several, especially the queen mother, who were astounded that a princess so tender and delicate as the Queen of Scots was one had been all her life, could have gone through

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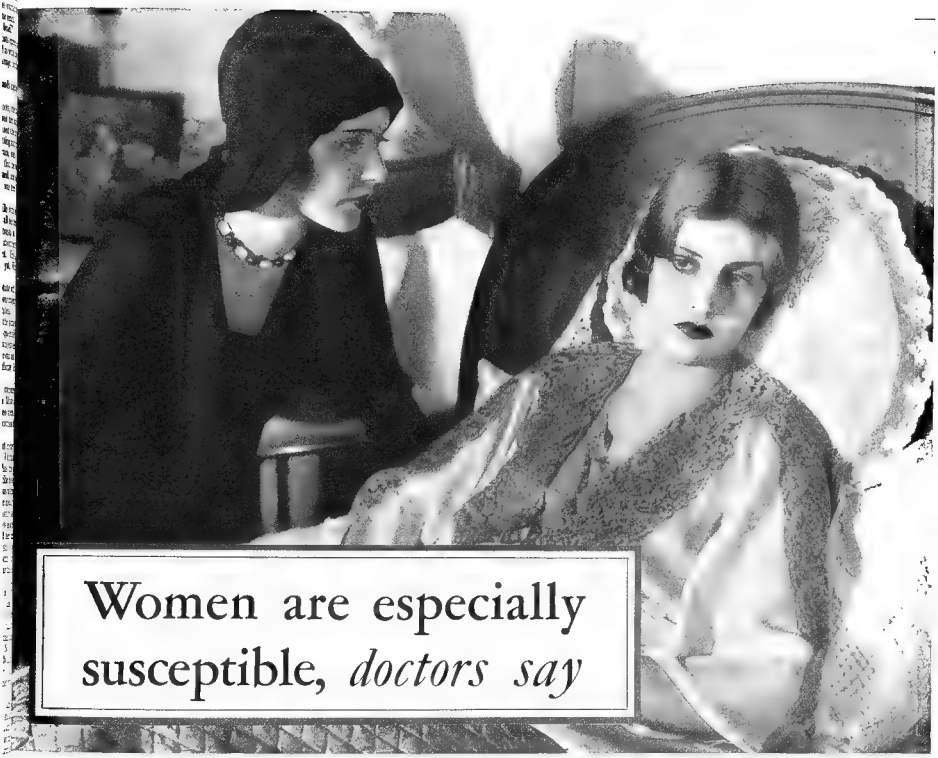

Women are especially susceptible, *doctors say*

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all the hardships and sufferings she did on that occasion.

So fleeing, she reached Dundrennan Abbey, where a council was held of such peers and gentlemen as could reach her. Lord Seton was absent—a prisoner and wounded. Fifty-seven of the Hamiltons had fallen, many others also, and her party was dispersed in flight, imprisonment, and death.

Seated in the vaulted gloom of the great refectory at Dundrennan, Mary received her friends for the last time, not with tears, but settled composure. She rose with the tattered dress falling about her in which she had fled from the fatal Langside, royal and calm, and so faced them in the shadows.

"My lords and gentlemen, we have the courage to acknowledge defeat. For the present our hopes are dead, and tho I know, and you also, that Scotland would rise for the Stuart, I will not expose brave men unarmed to those whom my plunder has armed in rebellion against me. I might fly to the Highlands, yet only prolong a hopeless civil war. I might escape to France, but will never enter as a beggar the country where I was once a queen. What, then, is left me, believing, as I do, that Time, the Father of Truth, will yet reveal my truth and honor even to my enemies? There is England."

AS SHE pronounced that fatal word a shudder of horror ran through the men. There was not one who did not know a part of the plots fed by Elizabeth which had blighted the youth and royalty of the fairest, most hopeful sovereign who had ever sat upon the Scottish throne.

To Hamilton, Archbishop of St. Andrews and a true lover of her youth and beauty, she seemed the heroine of a Greek play, the sport of Destiny and the Furies, fated always to do noble, generous deeds, yet always to be hunted down and the cup dashed from her lips. What mercy had life given her? No woman had ever more guiltlessly and bitterly suffered. And now England! The moment her clear voice had ceased to vibrate the archbishop rose to his feet, and, fixing his eyes on her, spoke. She remained standing also, and the two figures in the hushed hall concentrated every thought.

"Madam, you are right. Civil war would break the heart of Scotland and lay her open to England's misrule. We must wait, but with a passion of hope and trust such as never yet burned in men's breasts. But where and how? That matter concerns us all more poignantly than it concerns your majesty's self, for—we love you."

If his voice fluttered a moment it was under the heavy responsibility of saying all that her beauty, youth, and courage, her sorrowful destiny meant to him and to all.

"England, madam—never! I implore your grace by the memory of all you and yours have suffered by the treacheries of her cruel queen, by the wicked deeds of Moray, by your ruined hopes, your child, and the one hope still left to you—do not cross the Border. Go to France. Wait there—in that dear land where you are still loved. But England—never. Never!"

He uttered those last words with the finality of doom, and a deep, hoarse murmur seconded his words. Men cursed Elizabeth aloud. They shouted, imploring her to die rather than trust Elizabeth. They would face any odds. At last Mary waved her hand for silence, and her voice, clear as a bird's, thrilled the hall.

"My friends, you do this queen injustice. In my imprisonment she wrote with kindness and pity. She has promised me safety and shelter if I should need them. She has pledged herself in writing and by this diamond heart which I carry on my finger. She is a queen crowned and anointed, and in the face of Europe, and of France especially, she dares not deny her pledge even if she would. She is negotiating marriage with a French prince. She dares not imperil her friendship there by injuring me, who was queen of France.

"No, I will see her and pour out my heart to her. My friends, I shall strike a great stroke for Scotland in seeing my good sister and possessing her of the truth. Do not impede my will. Hear the letter I have written her, and own that it binds her to my cause."

She read aloud the fatal letter amidst profound silence.

You are not ignorant, my dearest sister, of a great part of my misfortunes; but those which induce me to write at present have happened too recently to have reached your ear. I must therefore acquaint you as briefly as I can the some of my subjects, whom I most confided a and had raised to the highest pitch of hono have taken up arms against me and treated m with the utmost indignity.

By unexpected means the Almighty Disposer of all things delivered me from the cruel im prisonment I underwent, but I have since ha a battle in which most of those who preserve their loyalty fell before my eyes. I am no forced out of my kingdom and driven to sol straits that, next to God, I have no hope but in your goodness. I beseech you, therefore, m dearest sister, that I may be conducted to you presence that I may acquaint you with all my affairs.

In the meantime I beseech God to grant you all heavenly benediction and to me patience an consolation, which last I hope and pray to ob tain by your means. To remind you of th reasons I have to depend upon England I sen back to its queen this token of her promise friendship and assistance.

Your affectionate sister, MARY R.

She drew off her finger the diamond heart and laid it on the letter. Again a storm of entreaty broke about her. Let her say where she was. They swore to defend her for forty days in the abbey itself if she would only stay until a calmer decision was possible. Or France? She shook her head, smiling but resolute. In Elizabeth was no last hope, and she would not relinquish it. For hours the dispute lasted, until at last she sank back in her chair all but exhausted, yet still resolute.

Through the window the English hills were withdrawing into twilight. To her excited imagination, wearied with fatigue, they seemed the hills of peace. She saw herself seated by Elizabeth hand in hand, confidence established between them, the bitter past undone.

"I will go. I know her heart. I will go," she repeated gently.

"Then alone you shall not go!" cried Lord Herries. "I will go too."

Lord Fleming, the true-hearted, echoed him. The Douglases stood shoulder to shoulder. Lord and Lady Livingstone ranked themselves with them. Mary Seton and Jean Kennedy smiled in silence.

Then slowly and silently the gathering dispersed, heavy with doubt and grief. The queen had chosen. There was nothing more to be said—and little to be hoped. Yet her beauty and charm might conquer England. Who could tell? They kissed her hands, took her praises and blessings, and went their ways wondering.

A few days later a fishing-boat waited by the Abbey Burn-foot. There once again the Archbishop of St. Andrews, with others, mustered round the queen for their last entreaty that she should stay with them. She put them away. The hills of England, fair in sunshine, called to her with soft, deceitful welcome after her long griefs in Scotland.

So she stepped into the boat light as a girl, and sixteen faithful hearts followed her, while those as faithful remained to work for her in the country which had cast her out. Now a saddened woman of five-and twenty, did she remember the day when as a girl of nineteen she had landed there from France?

They pushed off. The sail took the wind. The good archbishop rushed into the water, and gripped the boat side.

"Madam, it is not too late. Stay! Stay!"

She leaned forward and laid her hand on his.

"Would you deprive me of my last hope?"

With tears in his eyes, he looked up at her and dropped his hold. He had failed.

The light wind took the sail softly and drifted her through surf to the calm expanse beyond. It set fair for England, and now there was no return. Mary saw the little groups on the shore waving, kneeling, praying, the archbishop in their midst—the true Hamilton! And suddenly deadly doubt pierced her soul. But it was too late. She turned and looked last on Scotland, and presently mist dimmed it.

AS THE boat's bow grated on English soil hope sprang in Mary's undaunted soul. A new world to conquer. New hearts to win, and the certainty that she could win them from Elizabeth down to the lowliest child who stopped to stare at the strange fisher-boat with its crowd of wearied men and women.

Such cargoes did not come from Scotland nor in such boats, and word was hurriedly sent to the lord of the manor, Sir Henry Curwen, that ladies were grouped upon the beach. He snatched his velvet cap and strode down through the pleasant glades of

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Continued from page 76

Workington Hall to see what might be agate. Ladies! Could they be the survivors of some wreck in the treacherous Solway Firth?

Workington Hall had large hospitality for wanderers who needed help. He shouted over his shoulder to the gentle Lady Curwen that guests were at hand, and left her busy at her orders.

It was a mild Sunday with a westering sun, and the warmth of Spring was in the air. Sir Henry looked round him with pride on his broad acres and thought of his goodly lot. Quiet. Peace. Nothing to mark the change from day to day except the growth of his children, and the gentle transition of the seasons. The court had never interested him. He accepted the occupant of the throne as he accepted the teachings of the Reformed Church, without question or interest. A kindly man, well reported of to Elizabeth, and therefore left in peace in the stormy North, which held its own opinions and kept the Border faithful.

Steps came running behind him, a fair-faced lad of seventeen, his nephew, a fine, promising youth of the allied Camden family, with a taste for scribbling in odd corners. A lad later to be famous.

"Take me with you, uncle. If it should be a wreck that's stuff for my stories!"

The men of the party seemed to be busy in helping the fishermen with certain packages they were getting ashore. The women stood together, and as Sir Henry and Camden came up, one detached herself from the group and advanced.

She was more than common, tall, slender as a young birch-tree, with a kind of radiant youthfulness which no weariness could dim. Beautiful—the male in both of them acknowledged that. Yet Sir Henry was perplexed. Where had he seen the beauty before? The clear, fine line of her brow and haughty little nose, softened by the radiant smile, were familiar, yet strange. Her dress, a tattered silk, once white. Her voice, soft and golden, was strange also to him. She spoke with perfect assurance.

"Sir, I do not know you, but I see an English gentleman. I am the Queen of Scots, and I have sought refuge from my rebels in my good sister's kingdom of England."

There was more, but light had broken upon him and effaced the rest. There were few men of gentle birth in the North who had not fed their eyes upon the pictured beauty of the Northern queen. Her loveliness and the wild romance of her story had set many an English heart beating.

DOWN on his knees he fell and kissed the hand she stretched out to him, and Camden, blushing scarlet, followed after. Her ladies closed up behind her, and a noble-looking man came hurrying up and announced himself as Lord Herries.

"Worthy sir, can you direct us to any place where her majesty can find a resting-place until her English majesty arranges their meeting? We have come in great haste and unprovided that they may meet—"

Sir Henry sprang to his feet.

"My lord, there is Workington Hall and my wife and mother at her majesty's service, and I am Sir Henry Curwen. We are unworthy of such an honor, yet know it as one. Run, Camden, run, and prepare them, and send the coach down in hot haste."

"I thank you, Sir Henry, with all my heart." She caught him up. "But no coach. I see a glimpse of the house through trees. Let us walk and talk as we go."

Camden, legging it like a deer through the glades, got his first swift look at the beauty of this most royal appearance. So queens should look and not otherwise. The royal lovely lady!—what wonder that men had died for a look or smile! Should he dare to speak to her? His lips yet felt the warmth of her hand.

And who was that Scots boy who walked so close behind her? Could that be the famous lad who had fixed her from Lochleven? Silly boor! And that other young man, haughty and fair-haired, who held his head like a stag. Who could he be, and what had he done to entitle him to such pride? Could that be George Douglas, of whom men spoke? So Camden fled onward, and with a shout roused the old hall to some purpose.

But on the dazzled and astounded Sir Henry new and bewildering thoughts were crowding as his guest went beside him [illegible] This was an event of the first political importance. He must not keep it to himself for an hour, for a minute; even now messengers should be speeding to London with the news, for the Earl of Northumberland, the proud Percy, Lord of Cockermouth Castle, would claim the right of knowledge. On that thought he stopped, courteously asking the queen's leave, and, calling up a young man, sent a verbal message in hot haste to the great man.

Suddenly, and for the first time also, there flashed into his mind the reputation of the woman he was welcoming. She was accused by her own subjects of murder, the treacherous murder of her husband, not indeed with her own hand, but by direct inspiration of the deed. And this murder had been committed by a man who had abducted her with her own consent and carried her off to his castle of Dunbar. She had married him three months after the miserable death of her husband, and the guilty pair had only been separated by the armed intervention of the lords. At this very moment it rang through England that the lords had discovered a silver-casket containing her guilty and loathsome love-letters to the murderer!

This was the story told in the world's ear, this the woman to whom he had offered the homage of knees. What had he done? What else could he do? Queens can not be left unsheltered in a strange land.

Yet when he looked at her—could it be possible? Her simple, clear-eyed dignity, the gentle grace which she turned to Mary Seton and Lady Livingstone to include them in the story of the adventure in the fishing-boat, her gracious gratitude to himself, swept away prejudice as a thing impossible. He did never feel so proud of the sylvan glories of his park.

And when, as the house came in sight, dreaming of past centuries on its green lawns, she stopped to say "Lovely, most lovely," his highest wish would have assured him of her innocence if all the world had cried "Guilty!"

An hour later the much perturbed Northumberland galloped over from Cockermouth with a train of men-at-arms, having sent a flying post to London, and posting his guards about the house, requested an audience. Mary Seton came gliding out of the great bedroom, hurriedly improvised for the queen, with a finger on her lip.

"My lord, her majesty sleeps. She has undergone such weariness and fatigue that I dare not wake her. She is clean exhausted," and was gone as she uttered the last words.

The earl and Sir Henry and his wife and mother stood in the great withdrawing-room into which the bedroom opened, and looked at each other, with Camden dodging behind to hear.

The Percy shook his head dubiously.

"This is a most grave matter, and what our queen will say it would ill become me to guess. It is scarcely for her pure ears to be affronted with this lady's misdeeds."

"But they are not true!" cried meek, little Lady Curwen. "No one could look at her and believe one word against her. Furthermore, my Lady Livingstone and Mistress Mary Seton speak of her as an angel of gentleness, and I feel commend her high heart and courage that nothing can daunt. And as for beauty!" She raised her open hands to heaven.

"But look, my lord, what her majesty gave me!" cried young Camden, coming up before them to display a small gold medal hanging from a slender chain. "She said it was for my swift running to do her service and that when she was a girl she ran as swiftly with her Marys, and Mistress Seton laughed and said it was true. And I will keep it and dash my fist in the face of any man who slanders a lady so lovely and true."

The old story! Northumberland took the medal and examined it with curiosity.

"This is a great treasure, my lad!" he said gravely. "Have a care of it. Look, Sir Henry! It is a wedding-medal of her marriage with my Lord Darnley. See, *'Henricus et Maria,* by the grace of God King and Queen of Scotland.' I trust my lady that it is hard to believe she would carry such a thing with her were the stories true that the rebel lords tell. But what say queen will say of her coming hither passes my knowledge, for I think her royal nose is firmly set against her."

The elder Lady Curwen shook her head sadly.

"God forbid! Yet I fear it! The sweetest lady—and kissed me like a daughter, with the tears in her poor wearied eyes. She is in mere tatters with riding from the battle. And here is a letter, my lord, which she has written to be sent to our queen. She bid me read it, and you also."

Northumberland read it aloud, young Camden pushing up to his elbow to hear, his heart in his eyes. What could he do for this queen of hearts to rival the young Willie Douglas now munching English roast beef in the dining-room.

THREE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

THESE new booklets, containing clever suggestions for those who are planning to build or to redecorate, are now available:

"HOW TO BEAUTIFY WITH PAINT." Original ideas for brightening your furniture and your rooms with color.

"MODERN HOMES." Dozens of complete house-plans, fully illustrated.

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Send 75 cents for the three, or 25 cents for each one you want, to Home Bureau, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th St., New York City.

MY GOOD SISTER AND COUSIN: I entreat you to send for me as soon as possible, for I am in a pitiable condition not only for a queen but a gentlewoman, having nothing in the world but the clothes in which I escaped, riding sixty miles the first day, and not daring to travel afterward except by night, as I hope to be able to show you if it please you to have compassion on my great misfortunes and permit me to come and bewail them to you.

Not to weary you, I will now pray God to give you health and long and happy life, and to myself patience and that consolation I must from you, to whom I present my humble commendations. From Workington, this 19th May, your very faithful and affectionate good sister and cousin and escaped prisoner. MARIE R.

"It should move our queen to great compassion," Northumberland said. His swarthy, handsome face had a touch of unusual emotion under its mask of reserve. Could some soothsayer have revealed to him that he was to risk his all, and finally to lose his head as the reward of his belief in her innocence, would he have resisted that irresistible charm which, having proven so many noble hearts into the toils, was to doom them with itself to ruin?

He saw her next day, and as he knelt before her that something within him which no man can contravene vowed itself to the service of the lovely stranger who should have been his queen if right had its own. Why not? King and parliament had made Elizabeth illegitimate, and this lady stood next. He removed her next day to his castle of Cockermouth, jealous of her stay for a moment under any roof but his own, vowed to her defense tho silently. But she knew it and gladdened.

SURELY it was her business, as it was her pleasure, to win these English hearts, and in his eyes, and in the devotion of young Camden and Sir Henry and the eagerness of his wife and mother to serve her, she read her success. She was always keen-eyed that way. Mary Seton shook a warning head.

"Madam, it is well. But what will its queen say?"

"How shall she know? They will not tell."

"Deeds will tell, madam, and you wish it so. You wish their support. They will pay dear, dear for it, and you also. Oh, that you had never come here!"

The queen would have none of this.

"Little fool of a girl! I am glad I came. They did not know me. Now they shall, and it will run like wildfire through the North, and I will win my sister's heart as I win theirs, and we will be like true sisters!"

"Birds in a nest!" mocked Mary Seton.

"And you will make a good Catholic of her and she will leave you the kingdom and go

Continued on page 80

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THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

inconspicuous

MODESS COMPACT

Thinner—for the fitted silhouette

THE SLIM, classically long, unbroken lines of evening and afternoon frocks render doubly acceptable the concealing thinness of Modess Compact. Its inconspicuousness is attained without sacrifice of efficiency or the gracious softness and comfort which have so commended Modess to women.

Modess Compact is simply regular Modess, gently compressed. It has exactly the same amount of material, the same absorbency, the same yielding pliancy. Yet it is thinner by half.

This refinement is made possible by the wholly different construction of Modess and by the fluffy, cotton-like, disposable filler.

The sides of Modess are smoothly rounded to prevent irritation, and ends are conformingly tapered. The specially softened gauze is made still more gentle by a meshing film of downy cotton.

To provide an assortment adapted to the range of gowns of smartly dressed women, three Modess Compacts, in a special wrap, are included in every box of regular Modess.

We have convincing evidence that every woman who tries Modess prefers it to the kind she had been using. Its obvious superiority will, we are confident, impress you.

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NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., U. S. A.

World's largest makers of surgical dressings, bandages, Red Cross absorbent cotton, etc.

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Bowlfuls of PEP—brimful of HEALTH

SWING into the march with pep in your stride. Rhythm in your muscles. Help yourself to health with a bowlful of Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes.

A wonderfully balanced food with milk or cream. Brimful of health-building wheat . . . the wholesomeness of the whole grain. With just enough bran to be mildly laxative . . . to help keep you feeling fit. And filled with the glorious flavor of PEP. The famous delicioussness that makes Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes the best bran flakes you ever ate.

How the flavor thrills your taste. Every one welcomes it. At every meal. Great for young folks and folks who stay young.

Serve Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes often. For pep! For health! Look for the red-and-green package at your grocer's. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

Kellogg's

PEP BRAN FLAKES

IMPORTANT—*Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes are mildly laxative.* ALL-BRAN *—another Kellogg product —is all bran and guaranteed to relieve both temporary and recurring constipation.*

Continued from Page 78

into a nunnery and forswear Leicester and— Oh, madam."

Mary laughed and would hear no more. "I will be queen of hearts now and Queen of England if I outlive her."

Two days later she held a court at Cockermouth for all the ladies round, who were mad to see the heroine of all romance. They crowded in, headed by Lady Scrope, sister to the Duke of Norfolk, who was later to offer her his hand and dukedom, and whom Elizabeth was to make shorter by a head for his pains.

She received them, sumptuous in the white brocade which had been the wedding-robe of little Lady Curwen, and, so smiling and raying sweet influences upon them, there was not one but protested her worthy to be the world's queen as well as England's.

Two days later Sir Richard Lowther, Deputy Governor of Carlisle Castle, claimed the honor of housing her, and, having removed her there with her suite, the jealous Earl of Northumberland, fired with all the spirit of all the Percys, drew his sword on Lowther, and in right of his office of lord warden claimed her again for Cockermouth. Why had he yielded? He would not yield.

"You varlet! You are a man of too low birth to pretend to such a grace and honor. We will house her at Cockermouth!"

They were separated with difficulty and only by her entreaties. So it was throughout the North. Every Catholic man looked out his sword and armor and considered his charger and the day at hand. Every Catholic woman was on her knees before the crucifix, praying for the rightful sovereign at last come home to them—the true queen, heiress of all the Tudor and Plantagenet glories, rightful heir of the Seventh Henry.

AND Elizabeth in London, reading Mary's letter, with Cecil on his knees to hear the great news, knew as well as they what thought was in their hearts, and sent orders to Carlisle that "especial diligence should be used to prevent the Queen of Scots or any of her company from escaping."

"Escaping!" Thus easily had the spider woven her web and the golden fly walked into it.

"Was ever such a fool!" Elizabeth said to Leicester. "You did well indeed in escaping such a marriage, for the man that has a fool to his wife—"

"Madam, I never desired it," Leicester answered. "It was your own dear wish, and the it worked me to the core I would have obeyed, but thank God for my freedom to love where I must."

Meanwhile the position of the English noblemen and gentlemen in the North was alternately pathetic and ludicrous. They knew not how to deal with either majesty—the one so beautiful and winning, the other so harsh and suspicious.

It was obvious that as a first step the young queen must be provided with garments, and accordingly Lord Scrope and Sir Francis Knollys were made bearers of boxes from Greenwich with what they supposed to be a goodly store of splendor for her use, chosen from Elizabeth's own elaborate wardrobe.

Comedy, hand in hand with Tragedy, smiled on the scene when, in the presence of the expectant Mary Seton, those boxes were opened by their attendants, the two gentlemen responsible standing gravely by to await her gratitude. The packages disclosed themselves as stuffed with rags and sheets, two old shifts, two pairs of shoes, and a few yards of old black velvet. That was all. The expression of disgust on Mary Seton's face as she turned away needed no words, and sent the two gentlemen to their contrite apologies, Sir Francis Knollys catching her dress to stop her exit.

"It is a mistake, madam, a very grievous mistake and my own folly, for I told the lady in waiting so clumsily of your queen's needs that she must have fancied they were for one of the maids."

Mary Seton detached her robe and departed speechless. Not so the world, which cackled with laughter when the Spanish ambassador imparted the news of Elizabeth's queenly liberality to Catherine of France and to his own court. It was the jest of Europe, and Elizabeth smarted for it. Mary at least forgave, or appeared to do so, waving the subject aside.

"I will send to my Lord of Moray for my own garments, as is but right. My sister should not have been vexed with this trifle."

But there the trouble could not end, and the two commissioners unfortunately remained to manifest an interest in the fugitive and her doings, which caused fresh fury at Greenwich.

Every man who came near the distracting Mary appeared to lose his senses in one way or another. Young Camden already dreamed of that history in which the queen shines innocent and lovely. Sir Henry Curwen and his family rued the day when they had not warned her to escape while escape was yet possible. The Percy was deep in plots to free her from the net he saw too well closing upon her.

Elizabeth threw herself into more urgent communication with Moray, eagerly plotting a commission to examine the alleged love-letters to Bothwell, refusing to see Mary until her character should be sufficiently cleared to enable the crowned virgin to meet her without contagious danger.

It was fain for Mary and the French and Spanish courts to assert her rights as a sovereign in no way amenable to the English laws. The coil of intrigue inwound her delicately but firmly. Mary was never to see Elizabeth face to face, never to be faced outright with charges she could disprove.

Slowly and steadily between the queen and Moray the plan was consolidated which would doom Mary not only to lifelong imprisonment, but to the shame which hangs about her memory still for those who have not the means or patience to unravel the threads of the long intrigue which ruined her. It was difficult for Elizabeth herself, and required all her feline skill and that of her advisers to reconcile her strong sense of the right of kings with her determination to ruin her cousin. But it was done. As the faithful Melville wrote:

The Queen of England, having obtained her will, had great contentment. She was glad of the queen's dishonor, but she detested in her mind the regent (Moray) and all his company.

Nothing but the impartial voice of history can tell the means whereby Elizabeth "obtained her will," nor recount the investigation into the "casket letters" supposed to have been written by Mary to Bothwell, nor show how gradually she closed door after door of escape from the imprisonment which was to last for nineteen cruel years, more and more rigorous, until it destroyed health and heart and hope in the victim and all but the divine faith which no cruelty could break.

She struggled. Sometimes she wrote with passionate truth to Elizabeth that met no response, yet survives to prove the innocence which maintained her self-respect in the midst of torture.

In the wild, beautiful letters of Mary to Elizabeth the beating of a royal heart is heard through the centuries with its eager pleading, the indignant cry of innocence outraged and pleading to God against the injustice of man —a pain exceeding all pain —"Where is sorrow like unto my sorrow?" —blood-tinctured through and through by the eager humanity which was always her joy and torture and charm, and singles her out from other women who have wielded a scepter over men's hearts in all the history of the world

CALVARY trodden by her bleeding feet in England. Those letters alone place her among the great women writers of the world. Drama and beauty brim them, and the contrast between them and Elizabeth's intricate efforts to express her torturous thought is an epitome of the characters of the queens.

Yet Mary had sometimes alleviations clear as a white shaft of sunlight in a prison. There were those in Scotland and in France who wept for such a bird in such a cage. Ronsard could never forget that tortured beauty. When she had been fifteen years in prison he published a book of exquisite poems which the world will not forget, and, dedicating it to her, sent her a copy. Sitting by her solitary prison window, she read the concluding lines with Mary Seton kneeling beside her, and tears were in the eyes of both, remembering that beloved France where all her joy lay buried.

Also there came a thing strange in its own beauty of a very different order. The heart of Darnley's mother had smote her in thinking of the lying accusations of her son's murder brought against the innocent queen. She herself was imprisoned in the Tower by Elizabeth's implacable hatred. There, sitting in the menacing gloom of that terrible prison, the old countess with her failing eyes worked a little square of the

Continued on page 84

NEW READERS... PROCRASTINATORS.. BUSY PEOPLE...

You can still try

this amazing Ammonia Discovery

at our expense!

BEEN too busy to try Old Witch? You've missed something. Old Witch was made for busy women. Saves their time and energy. Safeguards pretty hands.

You be the judge. *We'll* take the risk. Go to your grocer *before June 15.* Deposit the price of a quart bottle. He'll give you an extra bottle, a regular 11-ounce bottle, *free.* Use the free bottle. Then, if you don't think Old Witch is the finest ammonia you've ever used, return the quart bottle. The grocer will return your deposit.

But *try* Old Witch. You won't go back for your money. You'll never go back to old-fashioned cleansers. For Old Witch ends cleaning drudgery, saves time and strength.

A liquid, it begins to clean at once. No stirring, no waiting. Can't scratch. No muss to clean up afterward. And it leaves hands soft and smooth.

You're almost certain to find Old Witch at your regular grocer's. But it's *new,* so please try one or two others. Look for the milky-white fluid in the handy-grip bottle with the orange label. If you *can't* find it in your neighborhood, write The Old Witch Co., Inc., Dept. P-3, Chanin Building, New York City.

Old Witch

MILKY-WHITE AMMONIA DISCOVERY

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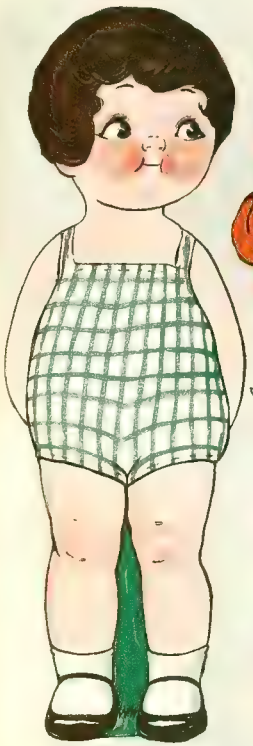
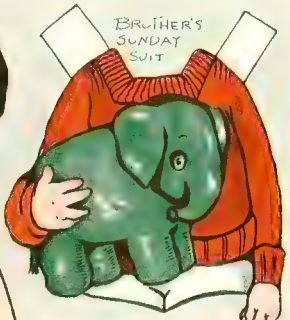
DOLLY DINGLE

By GRACE G. DRAYTON



BROTHER



BROTHER'S SUNDAY SUIT

BROTHER'S PLAY SUIT

BUNNIE

SISTER'S HAT

KITTY CAT

SISTER

BROTHER'S CAP

SISTER'S DRESS

SISTER'S SUNDAY DRESS

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Conducted by MARION LAMBERT

JUST AMONG OURSELVES

OUR first problem this month is a very sad and a very real one.

Dear Marion Lambert: I am a school-teacher, thirty-one years old. I was married when I was twenty-two, but my husband lived only two years and I went back to teaching. I have a lovely little girl to support. And, Marion Lambert, to my utter terror, I am growing quite deaf. It has been coming on for three years. At first I just couldn't and wouldn't believe it. When I had to admit it was true I went to the best specialist in our city—and learned there was no hope.

No, I didn't stop at that. I went to others, tried everything, but it is no use. I'm going to be worse and worse. It isn't only the thought of being shut out of everything—music, lectures, friends, my darling daughter's voice. I could bear all that, tho it is hard. But I have to support myself and Marjorie, and how shall I do it?

I try to be brave, but this is the last year I can teach, and I wake in the night—you know those terrible, small black hours?—and lie and think what is coming and shiver with dread. There must be something I can do, and yet—sit down and try to count up the jobs a deaf person can get! I don't want to be a coward. I mustn't fail my child. I wish I could hear from some one who has had the same experience. Oh, if you can suggest something it will be like lighting a lovely candle in a black, haunted house. Felicia.

I feel sure that many of our readers will write to you, Felicia, because I have had a large number of letters from women who are facing this trouble. And I am glad to be able to tell you that there are two national organizations which are eager to help you. One is the Volta Bureau; the other is the American Federation of Organizations for the Hard of Hearing. They are housed in the same building and work in close co-operation.

There is a woman connected with these organizations who has the rare ability to combine sympathy, understanding, and inspiration with definite, practical suggestions. To read one of her letters is to feel immediately encouraged and filled with the spirit of "Others have found a way, and I can!" I know this because I have referred many correspondents to her, and I have grown to be unutterably grateful to her for the graciousness and efficiency of her response.

The Federation gives information about reliable hearing-aids, quack remedies, employment problems, hearing-tests for children, lip-reading, and local organizations for the hard of hearing. There are seventy-seven of these local organizations. Most of them have practise sets, powerful radios, demonstrations of hearing-devices, and employment bureaus.

For those who can not join the local organizations there is the Everywhere League, which is a correspondence club for the isolated hard of hearing. It is so natural for the deaf person to shrink away from social contacts, and the friends secured through correspondence are such a help. Try not to shrink away, Felicia. Get a book (The Friendly Lady will tell you what book and where to get it if you write her) and study lip-reading. Get Marjorie to practise it with you. Make a game of it with her.

Tell your friends and they will help you. People really *are* kind, you know.

Address a letter to The Friendly Lady, 1601 35th Street, N. W., Washington, D.C. She will link you up with those who can help you most—and you'll get one of her charming letters.

And let all of us who are fortunate enough to hear perfectly, try to remember to be kind, encouraging, and if possible definitely helpful to these lonely, discouraged, shut-out ones.

I confess that I never had done this until I began to receive these letters. Now I *know* what it means to see the wistful, lonely faces light up when one takes the trouble for a few minutes to speak clearly, listen patiently, and make the afflicted one feel that he or she isn't entirely out of everything. Please, if you have a neighbor who is hard of hearing, try to help.

EDITOR'S NOTE

Do you ever have a problem or a trouble which you long to talk over with some one who will listen, understand, and never tell? Marion Lambert is that some one. Have you gained from life some bit of experience or wisdom which you would be glad to pass on to those who need it? Send it to Marion Lambert. It will be used to help those who will deeply appreciate it.

This page is for all our readers. We want you to use it. Every letter is considered confidential. The writer's real name is never printed.

If you need immediate advice enclose a stamped envelop addressed to yourself.

Address Marion Lambert, Pictorial Review, 222 West Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.

Dear Marion Lambert: Do please give us more of the courageous, inspiring, and happy letters. I don't mean print nothing else, for of course we all sympathize with the troubled ones and want them to have help and comfort; but all of us need the uplift which comes from such letters as D.W.'s in the May issue of Pictorial Review, and the wonderful ones from Mrs. C. A. F. and the Lighthouse Lady, whose letter appeared so long ago. You wouldn't believe how often I think of that Lighthouse Lady!
Mrs. J. J.

Thank you for the suggestion, Mrs. J. J. And here's a letter which fills the need for something "courageous, inspiring, and happy":

Dear Marion Lambert: I'm neither brilliant, beautiful, nor well educated, and yet I'm rather proud of the way mother and I have solved our problems.

I was the only child of a happy union, but father died, and when I was ten mother married a beast. I ran away when I was eleven. In a pair of dirty overalls I sold papers on street corners until they got me and sent me to a girls' home.

At thirteen, an ignorant, foolish kid, I ran away from the home and married a man who was forty-two. He drank, gambled, beat me—and is the father of my two children. My oldest, a boy, is thirteen now; the youngest, twin girls (I have two pairs of twins), are five. Before the last babies were born he deserted me, and I divorced him.

I wonder if you can picture us? I was twenty-two years old and looked thirty-five. We lived in a mass of rags and poverty. Eight children, all under eight years, and ready for another birth. No money, no way of getting any.

Then mother came. Her husband had also deserted her, She had four boys, all older than mine. She had a wee bit of ready money and she stayed right there with me until after the twins were born. How she managed! How she cooked and stuffed the children! How she had courage into me!

When the babies were two weeks old we took inventory. Result, how less worse-than-widows, untrained and uneducated. Fourteen children, the oldest not twelve. My own father had left mother one thing she had rented out at a pittance all these years: a twenty-acre farm a few miles from town with a good-sized house. I had a cook-stove and some bedding, mother had a few sticks of old furniture and a little less than a hundred dollars.

Since the place was empty we moved into it. I won't go into detail, but mother with the help of her boys made a home. She painted, papered, cleaned up, borrowed money, and bought two cows, pigs, chickens, ducks, pigeons, rabbits, bees. It was up to me to help out with finances. The one thing I can do is talk! So at mother's suggestion I tried house-to-house canvassing, and I succeeded.

I sell candy, Christmas goods, books, silk underwear and stockings, toilet goods, shirts and ties. I have a big territory and do a cash business. My goods are all first-class, nationally advertised things. Now, five years after our start, I have nice clothes, a neat little car, a bit of money saved, and a real job. I make more than lots of men.

Best of all, we have a real home. Mother does well with her various stock and truck. Our place is very pretty and comfortable now. We have no fine clothes or luxuries, but we do have happiness. Most of our furniture is second-hand or home-made. We have hand-made rugs. Our pictures are magazine-covers, and all the books we have came from the public library. But how we do read them!

We have taught the children to love good books, pictures, and music. We have taught them that work is a pleasure and idleness a crime. They see joy and beauty in everything and they all have a sense of humor. My brothers are smart, but working now and living at home; the other two are in school, leading their classes and helping mother after school. My ten are adorable, healthy, independent youngsters.

Once a month mother takes six of the children in my little car and goes to a good movie. The next month I go with the other six. We still think the five-year-olds too young, so we make it up to them with a rare treat of candy. We have a cheap little phonograph and a good selection of records, and we are saving up for a radio.

We may never have a car big enough to hold the whole family at once, or a piano, or French lessons, or the wonderful trips the boys dream of, but by the time each child is eighteen he or she will be able to earn a living and to meet life's problems. All mother and I ask is to be able to see and to give to America our fourteen youngsters as wise, decent, educated men and women, who will be a credit to their country and make good fathers and mothers.

How I worship my boys and girls! How mother loves her four sons and incidentally me! How we all adore mother! I couldn't ask more for my children than the heritage of her splendid love and training.
Mrs. M. L. B.

There! I know you have all enjoyed that letter. And if Mrs. M. L. B. herself sees this in print I want to ask her as a special favor to write to me again.

Now that school is closing I hear daily from eager young girls and from tired but no less eager teachers who long to have a happy Summer vacation, full of good times. "If I could have just one lovely Summer, with lots of invitations and heaps of friends wanting me, I'd try to be satisfied the rest of my life," writes one girl.

Well, a lot of girls have been helped by our "popularity letter." All of you can have one if you send me a stamped envelop, addressed to yourself.

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AN OLD BEAUTY SECRET

HELPS TO KEEP LIPS YOUNG

WHAT most excited the astonishment of those bedazzled Spaniards who first set foot in Mexico was not the glittering gorgeousness of Aztec civilization half so much as the Aztec women's seeming possession of the Secret of Perpetual Youth. It was observed that Aztec women rarely lost their teeth and their lips stayed marvels of youthful loveliness even into old age. Could this signify that a woman is only as young as her lips? Did the Spaniards know the Aztecs chewed gum? Wrigley's is the same sort of chewing gum only enticingly more delicious. Chew Wrigley's ten minutes or more each day. Wrigley's tones up the muscles about the mouth and preserves the youthful contour which keeps you looking healthy and young. Try Double Mint—for its delightful and sumptuous new peppermint flavor.

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All 3— Aged 6 Months in the Making —for rich mellow flavor

DIFFERENT in flavor, yes. But alike in rare old mellowness because they are aged 6 months in the making—*an* exclusive process that makes Clicquot Club Ginger Ales exceptionally delicious. Have you tried all three of them?

***GOLDEN** has the spirited tang of real ginger—a zestful drink that is stimulating to the appetite—the much-favored old-time ginger ale so many folks prefer.*

***PALE DRY**—with fruit flavorings more pronounced—is mild and delicate, ideally suited for many recipe drinks. And delightful alone.*

***SEC** is dry . . . very dry . . . a modern-day ginger ale. Its own distinctive flavor blends perfectly because it is a perfect blend itself . . . a ginger ale supreme.*

In no other ginger ale can you enjoy this choice of flavors to suit different tastes, or moods, or occasions. No matter which you prefer, you can always serve Clicquot and be sure of wholesome purity that is finally guaranteed by the use of *brand-new bottles*. No bottle is ever used a second time.

CLICQUOT CLUB
GINGER ALES

The Eskimos—*Every Friday evening on your radio from WEAF and associated N.B.C. stations at 9 p.m. New York time.*

Continued from page 80.

rare and beautiful lace known as *point tresse*, made of her own hair silvered with grief and woven by the needle with fine flax thread. It is a forgotten art now, but if that square, robbed from the queen at Chartley, could be discovered, what would it not be worth to those who can estimate the sorrow and repentance of great hearts?

Here is the living testimony that the mother of Darnley at least had nothing but loving trust in the woman whose hope and love her son had broken. She wrote a letter of consolation also.

I beseech your majesty fear not, but trust in God that all shall be well. The treachery of your traitors is known better than before.

Yes, but too late. No repentance, no tears could wash out the ruin wrought upon the loveliest and most generous of women. On the window of her prison she wrote with a diamond the distich which sums up her life and character:

From the top of all my trust
Mishap hath laid me in the dust.

For her it was all too late. Nothing remained but the inextinguishable hope of the spirit.

There was no hope for her in England. She was a doomed woman from the moment she set foot in England, and Moray and Cecil were brothers in their purpose.

NINETEEN years later the sorrowful tale of Mary's long and grievous imprisonment was drawing to a close. Elizabeth had resolved upon her death, but without courage to execute an independent sovereign, her kinswoman, and one who had fled to her for safety on repeated promises of help. To take her life was to challenge every sovereign in Europe, to send a shudder of horror through the world. Could she dare it? Was her position strong enough to face universal contempt and hatred as the blackleg among monarchs?

Day by day she and Cecil—now Lord Burleigh—Walsingham, and Secretary Davidson consulted, weighing the pros and cons. All were agreed that Mary must die, that the person of her son or his allegiance must be secured if there were to be peace in England and the faintest hope of union with Scotland.

While Mary lived the Catholics would hope and struggle; men would stake their lives for her as readily as a coin at cards. Elizabeth's own life was insecure. Mary protested she had never inspired an attack upon it, which might be true enough, but yet she was the handle of every dagger, the trigger of every pistol raised at the English queen.

Die of her prison hardships she would not. They had tried damp and rigorous imprisonment to a body free and eager as a hawk's on a wind; they had added mental torture with every refinement of cruelty. Her clean blood and valorous spirit kept life in her, but it ruined Mary Seton's blithe health and sparkle, and reduced her to a crawling invalid who could no longer lift a finger in her darling's service and faced certain death if she stayed to share her miseries.

No words can paint the agony of parting between those two. With Mary Seton went the royal Mary's youth and dreams, a love which had refused all lower love, all the joys of life, asking no reward but love's self. There was no speech at their parting. They looked in each other's eyes and clung together dry-eyed. At the last Mary Seton said, choking:

"When you come to France—" and the other shook her head. She was past all words, and Mary Seton departed to the quiet convent at Reims, where the Princess Renée de Lorraine, her queen's aunt, ruled as abbess. She had no use for a maid which could so misuse all beauty, grace, and true-hearted loyalty. There she prayed for her Mary until death took her, and since each prayer is a draft on the power of the whole universe who shall say hers were useless?

But to Mary Stuart all things grew sadder one by one, and as they did so Elizabeth's difficulties increased. She had warned Elizabeth with her own strange frankness that she would escape if she could, and constant plots to deliver her were in the air. The Northern lords had rebelled; many of the noblest had lost their heads. By her long and wicked plotting in Scotland, Elizabeth had brought herself into a position from which there was no retreat, and the more she maltreated her prisoner the more her troubles grew.

In Scotland there was no peace either. Mary's party was strong; the men who loved her were still active. Moray and nearly all the conspirators in her ruin had met with the terrible ends they deserved. He, Lethington, Morton, Kirkcaldy of Grange, and others had all gone to their bloody assize by the road of well-earned assassination. Elizabeth had lost her tools there, and worse—Mary's son James, now growing a lad of reflective and reasoning mind, began to show a most unwelcome interest in his mother's imprisonment and bitter fate.

He had read Bothwell's dying declaration of her innocence of all the imputed crimes. His blood, chilled by calumnies of his mother, kindled in the reading, and there too Elizabeth feared for the future with a fear intensified by the memory of her own treasons.

So the end was decreed, but the means cost her agonies of fear. Open execution of a ruling sovereign! She swore by the passion God that she never would risk it. Yet Mary must die.

The day came in her cabinet at Hampton Court when, with set lips but the jaunty hardness that she assumed in her most dangerous moments, she spoke her mind.

"Sir Amyas Paulet and Sir Drue Drury are excellent jailers for this pest of a woman. Yet they have no pity and understanding of their sovereign's difficulty, no wish to help her at however little cost to themselves and the earning of my undying gratitude. Consider, Cecil! Here is the French ambassador pleading for her life in the name of the French queen and king. I have told them my own is not safe while she lives and plots my death, and they care nothing. Why should they?

"My own ministers care nothing. And there is Melville stirring up the King of Scotland for his mother. I am beset with raging difficulties, and of those the greatest is to sign the warrant for her execution. And Paulet and Drury could deliver me and will not! Well—let be! Let them go their way. I hope I know how to die."

"As how, madam?" Burleigh asked seriously, but his lips also paled. He, Walsingham, and Davidson shot one swift glance at each other and looked away. They also knew, but not one would relieve the queen of this delicate difficulty.

She was an old woman now—well over fifty. When she smiled, which was seldom, blackened, decaying teeth showed through reddened lips. Deep wrinkles were carved in her face by the anxieties of her throne, and her small, dark eyes glittered with brittle lights through a fine spider's web of wrinkles that scarred the skin. Her hawk's nose was the beak of a bird of prey, and the leanness of her throat, seen above the falling ruff, gave it a vulturine air.

Every looking glass in the palace was destroyed that she might not see the ruin she guessed. She did not know that sometimes her women revenged themselves for her fits of fury by painting her face and eyebrows grotesquely when she was not preparing for a public appearance. They had done it to-day with a few artful touches, and the result was terrible.

THEY looked at her silently, realizing her death might any day change the whole position of the actors in this great tragedy. Yet even so they had taken their side against Mary. Against her they had sinned unforgivably, and for their safety Mary must die and Elizabeth live until at least they had made their own of James of Scotland.

Davidson put in smoothly:

"And what answer did your majesty return to Melville? The fool always puts the Scots queen first. As if she had not long ceased to be his sovereign!"

Elizabeth turned on him venomously.

"Little man, little man, you speak shameful truth! If my subjects loved me as hers love her I should not be in this bitter strait this day. He told me that he offered the engagement of her son and all the Scots nobles that if the said queen were delivered up to them she would renounce in favor of her son all right to the English throne. And they offered the pledge of the King of France and all the other princes that this should be so, and they would themselves keep her in safe custody and her political life ended. To this they pledged their honor."

Walsinghm shook his head, smiling thinly.

"And your majesty's wisdom can not accept this offer. No, most certainly it can

Continued on page 86

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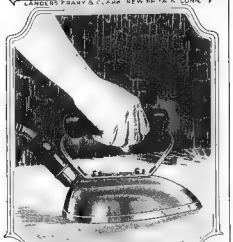

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Continued from page 84

not. Who can trust their word? And she is still possessed, even at forty-four, of that deadly allurement which causes men to go mad at the sight of her. If she were old and wrinkled ..."

That touched Elisabeth on a cruelly tender point.

"By God's death, she shall never live to be that!" she cried. "But what a case is mine? I am to refuse this offer—to be the bloody executioner. Is there no man will rid me of her privately? When Henry the Second called on his barons to rid him of Becket they rode within the hour to Canterbury and dispatched him."

SILENCE. She sprang from her chair and paced to and fro swiftly.

"Letters from the King of Scotland, from France, from Spain, enough to drive a woman mad, and nothing done for me! I will write—no, you, Walsingham, shall write to Paulet and Drury. They must act like Englishmen and save me and the country with me. Bring me paper, ink—now!"

Trembling, Davidson, her secretary, fetched both and set them before her as she flung herself into her chair again. They could measure the danger of that course better than she, for passion blinded her. Would Paulet or Drury have the folly to believe in her gratitude and protection? Scarcely! But let her try it if she would. She wrote swiftly and flung the letter to Cecil.

AMYAS: My most faithful and careful servant. God reward your treble-fold for your most troublesome charge, so well discharged. If you knew, my Amyas, how kindly, besides most dutifully, my grateful heart accepts and prizes your spotless endeavors and faultless actions it would ease your toils and rejoice your heart, in which place this thought that I can not balance the value at which I prize you. If I do not reward such merits let me suffer when I have most need of you!

Let your wicked neighbours know how her vile deserts compel these orders, and bid her ask God forgiveness for her treacherous dealings toward me, the savior of life to many others. Let repentance take place and let not the fiend possess her, so that her soul may not be lost, for which I pray with hands lifted up to Him who can both save and spill. With my most loving adieu and prayer for your long life, your most faithful and loving sovereign.

While she looked moodily at the floor they read the letter. Exactly what they had expected! Not a word or syllable to tell against herself, not a wide door for the condemnation of Paulet and Drury. Doubt and dismay on all three faces. Yet Mary must die. Then Burleigh spoke:

"Madam, she must die. Your precious life is not otherwise to be safeguarded. Yet better face the world with the warrant for her execution and——"

She answered briefly:

"By God's death and my hope of eternal salvation I will not do it. It will ruin me and England. If you value either send this letter to Paulet, and follow it with one in which he may read my meaning. I charge it on you. Write."

They evaded, paltered, argued, but she would have it. They could not resist. All they could do as she stood over them was to implicate her in the letter, so that every word disclosed her guilt, and that attribution she dared not refuse at the moment, knowing Paulet would not act otherwise.

Walsingham and Davidson wrote officially to Amyas Paulet and Drue Drury. Burleigh stood out of it with finesse they could not combat.

After our hearty commendation, we find by a speech lately made by her majesty that she notes in you both a want of that zeal for her service that she looks for, because you have not in this long time of yourselves found out some way of shortening the life of the Scots queen, considering the great peril to which our queen is hourly subject so long as she lives.

In this, besides the want of love to herself, she wonders greatly that you have no care for the preservation of religion and the public good, especially having such good ground for the satisfaction of your consciences toward God. And therefore she takes it most unkindly that men, professing the love to her that you do, should cast the burden upon her, knowing, as you do, her dislike to shed blood. These speeches, we find, trouble her majesty greatly, who protests that if the danger of her good subjects did not move her more than her own peril she would never be drawn to shedding blood.

We thought it proper to acquaint you with these speeches lately uttered by her majesty, referring the same to your judgments. And so we commit you to the protection of the Almighty. Your most assured friends, Francis Walsingham, William Davidson.

"It is not good, but it must do," Elizabeth said, almost exhausted by the scene, and half collapsed in her chair. "Send mine first. Let the other follow, and by their deeds I shall judge them."

The letters went as she directed, the Davidson, in terror after the second had gone, sent a mounted messenger flying after it with passionate instruction to Sir Amyas to burn that most dangerous letter "like a heretic at the stake." What in God's name would he answer, what do—the sour-faced, serious man who soothed his conscience by persecuting Mary with all his petty power?

Swiftly, in the ride and return of the messenger to the prison of Fotheringhay Castle, came the answer of Sir Amyas to Walsingham. He sent it on to Davidson.

SIR: Your letter of yesterday coming to my hand this present day, I would not fail to return my answer with all possible speed, which I shall deliver to you in great grief and bitterness of mind that I am so unhappy as to live to see this unhappy day in which I am required by direction from my most gracious sovereign to do a deed which God and the law forbid.

My goods and life are at her majesty's disposal, but God forbid I should make so foul a shipwreck of my conscience or have so great a blot to my poor posterity as to shed blood without law or warrant. Trusting that her majesty, of her accustomed clemency and your good mediation, will take this my answer in good part, I commit you to the mercy of the Almighty. Your most assured poor friend, A. Paulet.

P. S. Your letters, coming in the plural number, seem to be meant for Sir Drue Drury as to myself. Because he is not named in them he forbears to make any particular answer, but subscribes in heart to my opinion.

This postscript was signed "Drue Drury."

Hopeless! Davidson took it, quaking to Elizabeth in the long gallery where she paced up and down, a mantle of white fur about her lean shoulders. She read it and flung it aside.

"The fools! The traitors! That precise fellow Paulet! And who is he to set up his dainty conscience against his queen's and nation's need? God's will be damned anyhow if had as well be for a sheep as a lamb!" Davidson dared say nothing. She raged over the letter.

"Amyas Paulet—that calls himself a faithful servant—the scoundrel! Ready in words but useless when deeds need doing. What servants—what servants! But I will find those who will do it and shame Paulet and Drury. I am not Queen of England for nothing."

SUDDENLY she fell into passionate, angry sobbing.

"It is shame—damnable, burning shame to my ministers and Privy Council that I can find none to rid me of this toad, this foul blot and leprosy upon my life and reign."

She sat in this paroxysm for a while, spasmodic convulsions running over her face, then called for wine, drank a little, and strode up and down the gallery again, her lips moving in the sore struggle of conscience and self-interest. Davidson watched his change until she passed him again, then stepped to her shoulder.

"Madam, sign the warrant for her death. There is no other way. The kings and princes will make little ado over blood once spilled, and—dead women do not bite."

The struggle was ended. She crept out of the gallery, the old woman time and care had made her. The day after, she signed the warrant—signed it, Davidson only present, with one of her fierce jests that with her always denoted a heart ill at ease and nerves quivering like wires.

"Go tell all this to Walsingham, who is sick, tho I fear he will die of sorrow when he hears it! Seal it with the great seal"—and so flung out of the room.

He looked at it with terror. It meant to him and to his confederates Walsingham and Burleigh the attainment of all their ends. But what if her storm-tossed mind should change again to insecurity? He stood long, plunged in thought, lost to all the world but that one desperate fear, then stooping, folded, sealed, and wrote certain words upon the outer cover, and so left the room with the warrant in his bosom.

At Fotheringhay Castle, Mary, refused even the aid of a secretary, had defended herself for days against the charge of attempted murder of her oppressor, which was to lead her to death. She owned her

Continued on page 88

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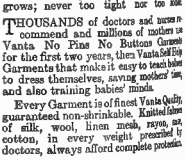

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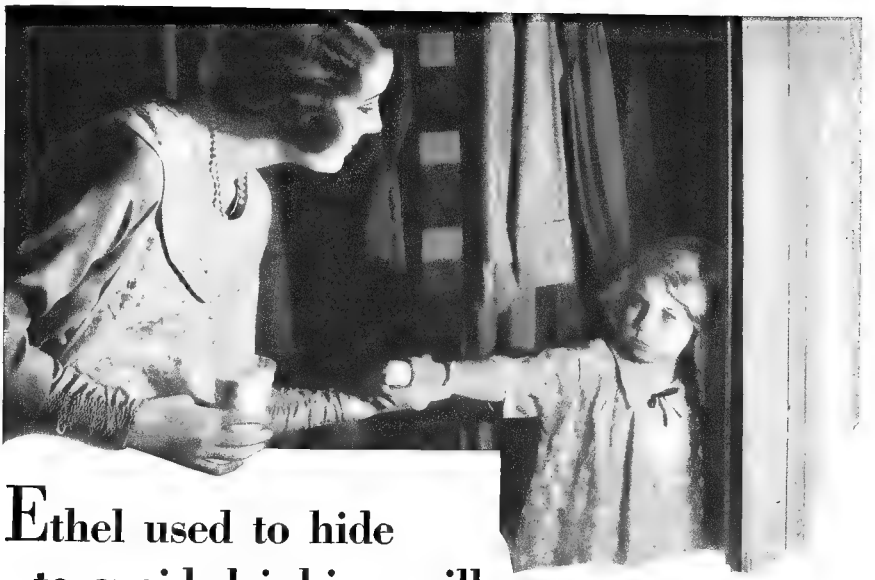

Ethel used to hide to avoid drinking milk

. . . but now she eagerly drinks four glasses a day

"I COULD hardly get my 6-year-old daughter to take milk. She fussed and cried and sometimes even *hid* to keep from drinking it.

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This mother's experience is typical of similar experiences in thousands of homes everywhere. When growing children tire of the monotony of milk, Cocomalt not only wins them with its rich, creamy, chocolate flavor—but adds 70% more nourishment as well. This means that each glass of Cocomalt counts for nearly *two* glasses of plain milk—besides furnishing the precious Vitamin D.

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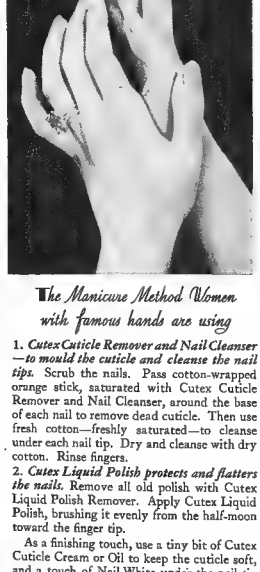

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So many smart women use it that it costs only 35¢ • *perfumed of course*

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Continued from page 86

many attempts to escape. But she resolutely denied all plots for Elizabeth's death, and appealed to the English Parliament for judgment on her evidence, and that expedient they could not dare. Their case was too weak.

FOR the time had come when the long and tragic farce must end. They would have no more. A deputation of the Privy Council was sent to prepare her for death. She heard them calmly, making a formal protest of her innocence and the sovereignty which should have protected her from such outrage, then watched while they hung her bed and presence-chamber with funeral black, bidding her consider herself no longer as a queen, but as a dead woman.

Left alone, she wrote her last letter to Elizabeth, high in thought, pure in purpose, and beautiful exceedingly. Not if the genius of Shakespeare had composed it as a valediction for a great soul facing the agony of death could the strength of genius more illumine it than in the words that flowed from Mary's heart to her most royal hand. Tho they charged her with nothing, they drew tears even from Elizabeth's parched eyes and might have stayed the crime but for the determination of the three who drove her on.

MADAM: I have with difficulty gained leave from those to whom you have committed me to open to you all I have on my heart. You will credit or disbelieve me as it seems best to you. I am resolved to strengthen myself in Christ Jesus alone. He has equaled my expectation, having given me courage and strength in hope against hope to endure all. Now since I have been informed of the sentence and admonished to prepare for the end of my long and weary pilgrimage, I beg to return thanks for these happy tidings. I will accuse no one. May I pardon with a sincere heart every one even as I desire forgiveness? But I know that you, more than any one, ought to feel the dishonor of your own blood and that of a queen and a king's daughter.

Then, madam, for the sake of Jesus, to Whose name all powers bow, I require you to ordain that when my enemies have shaked their black thirst for my innocent blood you will permit my servants to carry away my corpse and bury it in holy ground with the other queens of France, having this in recollection that in Scotland the bodies of the kings, my predecessors, have been outraged and the churches profaned and abolished.

Do not refuse me this last request—that you will permit free sepulcher to this body when the soul is separated, which, when united, could never obtain liberty to live in peace—such as you would procure for yourself. Against which peace (before God I speak) I never aimed a blow.

And because I dread the tyranny of those to whom you have abandoned me I entreat you not to permit that I be slain without your knowledge. This is not from fear of the torment which I am most ready to suffer, but on account of the reports [of suicide] which will be raised, and without other witnesses than those who would inflict it.

One jewel that I received of you I shall return to you with my last words, or sooner if you please. Once more I supplicate you to permit me to send a jewel and last adieu to my son.

In the name of Jesus Christ, and in respect of your kinship and for the sake of King Henry VII., your grandfather and mine, and by the honor of the dignity that we both held and our common sex, I implore you to grant these requests.

As for the rest, I think you know that in your name they have taken down my canopy and dais, but afterward owned to me that it was not by your commandment. I thank God that this wickedness came not from you. They told me "I was a mere dead woman incapable of dignities." I would wish that all my papers were brought to you without reserve that at last it may be manifest to you that the care of your safety was not confined to those who are so prompt to persecute me.

Yet while abandoning this world and preparing myself for a better I must remind you that one day you will have to answer for your charge and for all those you doom, and I desire that my blood and my country may be remembered at that time. For why? From the first days of our capacity to comprehend our duties we should bend our minds to make the things of this world yield to those of eternity.

From Fotheringhay, your sister and cousin,
Prisoner wrongfully,
MARY REINE.

Yet these words could do nothing. Elizabeth was half mad with fright and indecision. For Mary it mattered little—her life was lost, come what would, for Elizabeth herself now was caught in the torrent hurling her to the abyss. For her there was no salvation.

On the 7th day of February, late in the evening, the Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent, attended by Mr. Secretary Beale, reached Fotheringhay and asked for the prisoner. Her answer was that she was ill and preparing for rest; there was that their business would not stand delay, and instantly she called for a mantle, and, seating herself in a chair at the foot of her bed, attended by her ladies, received the earls with courtesy.

Shrewsbury briefly announced her death, and the warrant, decorated with the great seal, was read to her by Beale. He added with unction:

"Madam, I admonish you to dispose and hold yourself ready to-morrow morning to suffer the execution of the sentence of death."

She listened, bowing her head, and crossed herself, saying with serene fortitude:

"In the name of God these tidings are welcome, and I bless and praise Him for the end of my bitter sufferings is at hand. I did not at one time think the queen, my sister, would have consented to my death, but God's will be done. He is my witness that I render up my spirit with a pure heart and clear conscience before His divine majesty."

Listening in amazement, they repeated of her to Burleigh that she seemed not to be in any terror, but rather with smiling face accepted the admonition. She then asked what time was appointed.

"To-morrow morning at eight o'clock."

With her ladies and servants weeping about her, she asked for a few more hours that she might make her will and provide for them and others. Shrewsbury refused the request roughly.

"No, no, madam. It is not in our power. You must die to-morrow at the hour we have named."

She accepted the refusal with the same serenity, and when they offered her a minister of the Reformed Church and refused a priest of her own, she put the offer by with tranquil dignity. Then, turning to her weeping servants, she smiled:

"Up, up, Jean Kennedy! Leave weeping and be doing, for the time is short. Did I not tell you it would come to this? Blessed be God it is here and fear and sorrow are ended!"

Among her ladies she divided what money she had into portions for all her attendants to reward them and defray their return to France, and, this done, they supped together, and for the last time she pledged them, and they her, drinking their toast with the wine. Surely they would have despaired but for the sweet consolations and strength this poor princess gave them in her own extremity.

Then having divided her little possessions among them, she wrote her will, and, this being done, begged her ladies to watch and pray constantly with her until an hour or two past midnight, when she desired to rest a while upon her bed, being very weary, and, having done all even to the choosing of a fair handkerchief with which she desired Jean Kennedy to bandage her eyes upon the scaffold, where she desired to appear with strength and calm, tho sorely crippled with rheumatism.

THUS she lay with her ladies about her, her eyes closed and lips moving in prayer. This they remembered and recorded, to whom her every motion was precious and not to be passed over while life lasted.

At six o'clock in the morning she arose, and commanded them to dress her as for a festival, that, as a great queen should, she might pass undaunted to her death with all dignity and ceremony and that her dress be memorable. She wore a sweeping gown of black satin, and beneath it an underdress of crimson velvet that, when the upper dress was discarded, she might appear still robed before the people. Over her coif fell a transparent white veil to the ground.

Then, statelier and more beautiful than they had ever seen her, with the unearthly beauty of death in her eyes and the bright flush on her cheeks, she turned to her ladies and spoke with deep earnestness and pleading:

"Very soon I shall be incapable of thinking of this poor body or caring for it. Oh, then for the love of our blessed Savior cast for it, cover it, and do not abandon me under the hands of the executioner."

Sobbing, they promised to protect her dignity and modesty. "And now I must be alone, for I have a great deed to do and a great prayer to make," and, so speaking, left them and entered her little oratory.

Who can tell what thoughts filled her as

Continued on page 99

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The Mennen Company Offers $3300 In Prizes

(A) For a NEW NAME for MENNEN BABY OIL

(B) For the BEST LETTERS on MENNEN BABY OIL

Baby Oil is a new product of the laboratories of The Mennen Company, famous as the makers of Mennen Borated Baby Talcum.

It is a high grade, sterilized, medicated blend of oils, specially prepared for the massaging, general care, and protection of baby's body.

We want a better name for "Mennen Baby Oil"—and are asking the mothers of the country to help us. There is nothing to buy. All you have to do is to go to your neighborhood druggist and he will give you a FREE Sample of MENNEN BABY OIL together with Entry Blank and full contest details.

Use the oil on your baby—note how soft and smooth it leaves his skin; how it protects him from chafing and irritation.

Mennen Baby Oil is prescribed for the daily massaging of baby's buttocks and thighs after every diaper change to act as a water-proof coating and to prevent irritation in the diaper region. Note the feel of the oil on your own hands, and its pleasant odor.

Decide then to enter one or both contests. A little thought on your part may be rewarded with one of the splendid prizes listed here. The contest is a fascinating one. Go to your druggist today and ask him for the FREE Sample of Mennen Baby Oil and the Contest Entry Blank. Don't wait!

RULES

1. Entrants may compete in one or both contests as they prefer, but each entry must be mailed in separate envelopes.
2. All entries must be mailed in sealed envelopes postage prepaid, addressed—The Mennen Company, P. O. Box No. 1605, Newark, New Jersey. (No other correspondence concerning the contest can or will be given consideration.)
3. Entry Blanks must be obtained from your druggist, with a *Free* Sample.
4. Contest opens May 1st, 1930, and closes midnight June 30, 1930. (Entries post marked later will not be considered.)
5. In submitting names for Mennen Baby Oil in the "Name Contest," the contest blank enclosed with the sample bottle must be used and not more than three names submitted.
6. All letters in the "Letter Contest" must be written with pen or typewriter, on one side of the sheet only and not longer than 300 words.
7. This contest is open to everyone, except employees of The Mennen Company and their families.
8. In the event of a tie in either contest a prize identical with that tied for will be awarded to each tying contestant.
9. All letters and names which are submitted become the absolute property of The Mennen Company, and by entering the contest and submitting a name or names or a letter, each entrant thereby consents and agrees that his or her name and address, together with the names or letters so submitted, may be used by The Mennen Company in any of its advertising matter, at its option, at any time or times, without any obligation to any entrant.
10. Names of the Prize winners will be published after the contest.
11. Names of the judges in both contests will be announced later.

"Name Contest"

1. Use the Entry Blank that is wrapped around the FREE sample of Mennen Baby Oil which your druggist will give you and send us not more than three suggested names for this new product.
2. Mennen Baby Oil is a sterilized, medicated blend of oils, for the general care of baby's body. It is used as a massage, as a preventative of chafing in the folds of the skin, before shampooing the hair, as a preventative of sunburn, and to keep baby's body soft and smooth.
3. Suggest to us a short name that will be easy to pronounce, easy to remember and possibly descriptive—a name that does not limit the use of the product to child or adult—a name that we can use to individualize the product.
4. The 208 Prizes in this Contest will be awarded for the names which in the opinion of the judges are best.

Name Contest Prizes

First Prize	$500.00
Second Prize	250.00
Third Prize	100.00
25 $10.00 Prizes	250.00
80 $5.00 Prizes	400.00
100 Mennen Baby Gift Sets at $1.50 each	150.00

"Letter Contest"

Write us a letter of not more than 300 words using the following topics as your subject matter:

What is your regular procedure in the use of Baby Oil on your baby, and what uses have you found for Baby Oil in the general care of baby's body and the protection of baby's skin?

What would be your procedure in applying Baby Oil and talcum powder to baby's body to prevent chafing and skin irritation?

Also tell us how you like the smoothness, feel and delicate scent of the Mennen Baby Oil which the druggist will give you as a sample and how would you use Mennen Baby Oil on your own body?

The 208 Prizes in this Contest will be awarded for the letters which in the opinion of the judges are considered the best.

Letter Contest Prizes

First Prize	$500.00
Second Prize	250.00
Third Prize	100.00
25 $10 Prizes	250.00
80 $5.00 Prizes	400.00
100 Mennen Baby Gift Sets at $1.50 each	150.00

MENNEN
BORATED
TALCUM

SPECIAL OFFER: For a limited time only. 1 can of Mennen Borated Baby Talcum FREE with each bottle of Mennen Baby Oil. Price 50c at your druggist.

THE MENNEN COMPANY
Newark, N. J.

MENNEN
Medicated Sterilized
BABY OIL

Google

The daintiest way to remove cold cream

Pastel tinted Kleenex Tissues . . . which are used once, then discarded

ONE important reason why Kleenex is essential to proper beauty care is this: It is absolutely clean and hygienic.

Most methods of cold cream removal are inefficient, and even dangerously unclean. Cold cream cloths, for instance, are usually filled with germs.* And germs in the pores are the starting point of pimples and blackheads. Towels are inefficient, because their harshness prevents absorption, and thus oil and dirt are not removed.

Soft, dainty Kleenex tissues actually *blot up* the surplus cold cream. Along with the cream come any dirt and cosmetics which may be lingering in the pores.

It isn't necessary to rub and scrub and stretch the skin, which beauty experts say induces wrinkles and premature aging. And it isn't necessary to soil and ruin towels.

Daintier for handkerchiefs, too

Many people use Kleenex almost exclusively for handkerchiefs. Think how much more sanitary it is, when there's a cold! Kleenex is used just once, then discarded. Cold germs are discarded, too, instead of being carried about in a damp handkerchief, to infect others, and reinfect the user.

Kleenex is soft and gentle, and soothing to inflamed skin. Mothers find it wonderful for children. Kleenex does away with unpleasant handkerchief laundering.

Kleenex comes in a lovely box, in white and tints. Drug and department stores sell it.

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Building, Chicago, Illinois
Please send a sample of Kleenex to

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

SALLY EILERS is another screen favorite who considers Kleenex an absolute essential:
"I'd expect all sorts of complexion trouble if I didn't use Kleenex regularly to remove every trace of make-up. It's so thorough, so sanitary."

Sally Eilers

EXQUISITE TINTS of green, pink or yellow make Kleenex especially dainty. (There's white, of course, if you prefer.) The tints are absolutely pure and safe. The smart, modern box automatically hands out two sheets at a time.

Kleenex Cleansing Tissues

TO REMOVE COLD CREAM

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PICTORIAL REVIEW INTERPRETS LEADING PARIS FASHIONS

Paris says—

• • • days are gay and glorious these few weeks before the heat of Summer drives every one away to Cannes, Deauville or some other continental resort. The perfect "little season" attracts the smartest and most amusing people of the world that spells Paris; gay French women, up from the Château country, chic Parisiennes in town between a round of visits, eager to be amused by the latest revue, art exhibit and of course the new clothes.

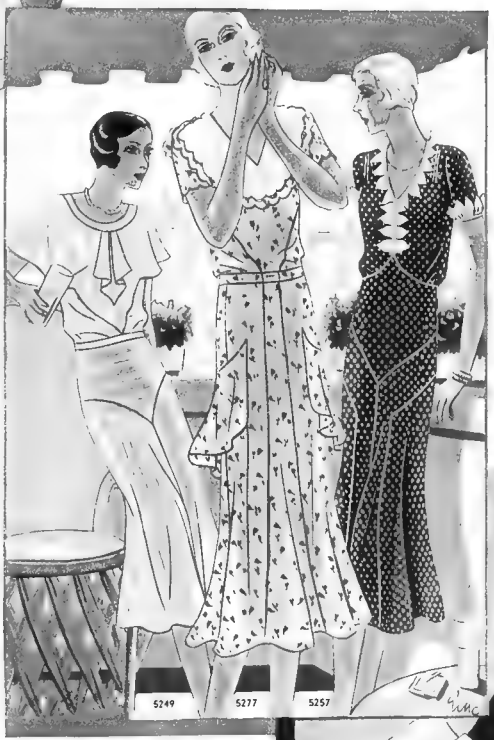
One lunches at the Ritz, to see what the rest of Paris is wearing, and then flies away for a reception at some important embassy, where lovely ladies and their distinguished escorts flit through stately rooms in a procession of smart sophistication, style and beauty.

The Bois de Boulogne is a gay place between the hours of eleven and the late lunching hour, for so many women ride here, while others come to promenade or lunch at the nearby cafés. There's a spirit of femininity and a softness to the silhouette in street costumes worn here, with the usual latitude in types. Slim trotteurs, dashing caped-models that vie with two- or three-piece ensembles. Little nipped-in jackets, peplum styles and of course the cape fashions, similar to modes 5263 and 5256, on page 94, are observed.

In her accessories, the true Parisienne shows her instinctive appreciation for a discriminating taste, particularly in her street costumes, for she selects only those trifles that are perfectly attuned to her costume; smart pumps and ties that must have leather heels, and chapeaux that follow either the beret or the brimmed fashions.

Formal afternoon and evening modes appear as a medley of pastel and high-colored chiffon and lace frocks, at the many smart terrasses and night clubs. At Ciro's, the smartest gathering place of the sophisticated world, the ever ankle-length frock predominates in either the silhouette of Grecian or Directoire influence.

Colette Carteer



CHIC STRIPES

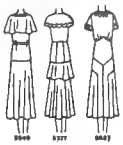
5249—A capelet that harmonizes with the pointed yoke detail of the skirt is emphasized by contrasting trim. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch striping—⅞ yard plain. Width 2⅞ yards.

PEPLUM EFFECT

5277—Featuring a gored skirt with a rippling peplum arranged in a curving line. The collar is scalloped. Designed for sizes 14 to 40. Size 16 requires 5½ yards 39-inch print, ½ yard plain. Width about 3 yards.

LINGERIE NOTE

5257—Seaming encrustations emphasize the normal waistline and outline the skirt details. Designed for sizes 12 to 40. Size 16 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch dotted, ⅜ yard 36-inch plain. Width about 2¼ yards around.



Patterns, including Pictorial "step-by-step" directions for Cutting, Sewing, Finishing—are obtainable at leading shops throughout the world, and at Pictorial Review offices; prices given on Page 119.

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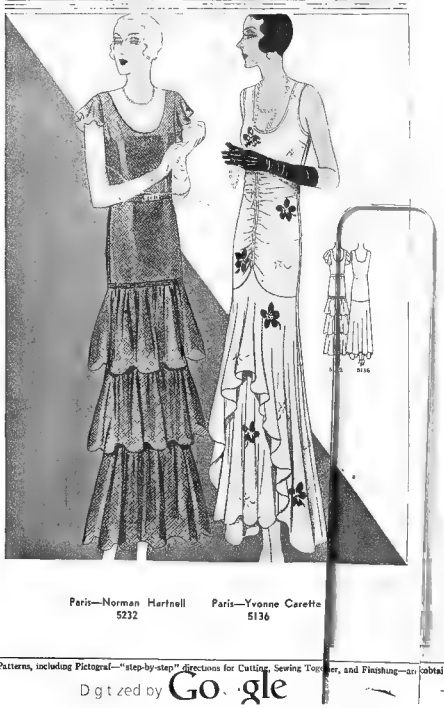
CIRCULAR RUFFLES IN FORMAL STYLES



TRIPLE FLOUNCES

5255—A delightful version of the tiered silhouette that favors triple even flounces and a dainty ruffled bolero supported by lingerie straps. Note the bloused bodice. Designed for sizes 14 to 40. Size 16 requires 4⅝ yards 39-inch sheer material. Width about 3⅛ yards at the bottom.

COTTON NET IS CHIC

5232—Crisp cotton net would be a happy selection for this picturesque model, with its triple-flounced skirt, even hemline and demure cap-sleeves. Designed for sizes 12 to 40. Size 16 requires 7⅜ yards 36-inch material, with the flounces laid lengthwise. Width about 1¼ yard.

DRAPERY GOES MODERN

5136—The charm of this distinguished evening gown is emphasized by the slim princess lines of the bodice, and the unusual skirt drapery—a new gesture favored by Paris. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch printed material. Width about 3⅝ yards.

THE PEPLUM AGAIN

5233—This formal evening ensemble consists of a bolero and stunning ankle-length frock, with a full skirt topped by a flaring peplum. The slim bodice is shirred at either side. Designed for sizes 12 to 40. Size 16 requires 7⅞ yards 36-inch printed material. Width about 4½ yards around.

CIRCULAR FLOUNCES

5218—Flattering shoulder flounces outline the V-shape neckline and harmonize with the double circular flounces of the skirt, dipping gently in the back. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 5¼ yards 39-inch sheer material, with flounces laid lengthwise. Width about 4 yards.

WITH SPIRAL DRAPERY

5210—Graceful formality is interpreted in terms of flattering capelets and smart spiral drapery, so as to lend an air of sophisticated charm to this model for afternoons and informal evenings. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 5⅝ yards 39-in. print. Width about 1¼ yd.

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CAPES AND SLEEVES HOLD NEW INTEREST

Paris—Norman Hartnell
5258

Paris—Mag Holly
5251

SLEEVE PUFFINGS

5251—The short bodice is molded and tiny puffs are gathered on kimono sleeves. Front interest centers in a long, frilled panel from neck to hem. Designed for sizes 12 to 20. Size 16 requires 3 yards 36-inch print, 1 yard plain, 2¾ yards frilling. Width about 2½ yards around lower edge.

SOFT COWL DRAPERY

5212—An unmistakable French touch is found in the cowl neckline, and in the fitted hip-yoke with its interesting cut-out motif. The shaped sleeves are full and gathered at the wrist. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch material. Width of the frock about 2⅞ yards.

THE PIQUANT CAPELET

5251—The lightly flared capelet dips to the waistline in the back and serves in place of sleeves. A long, shaped panel adds decorative seaming to the front of the frock. Designed for sizes 12 to 20. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch semi-sheer material. Width about 2½ yards at the bottom.

QUAINT CAPE COLLAR

5253—This new variation of the cape collar outlines a flattering round yoke. Its very demure feeling is carried out in the narrow sash that emphasizes the slender waistline. Designed for sizes 12 to 40. Size 16 requires 4⅛ yards 39-inch printed material. Width of the frock about 2⅞ yards.

SUBTLY MOLDED LINE

5036—The vertical band of self material encrusted at the waist of this frock holds the shirring in place and is the focal point for the diagonal lines of the skirt. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 39-inch printed material, ⅞ yard plain. Width about 3 yards at bottom.

CRISS-CROSS BERTHA

5258—Puffed sleeves and a frilly criss-cross collar that terminates at the normal waistline have a charming old-fashioned quality. The skirt is full and flares gracefully. Designed for sizes 12 to 20. Size 16 requires 4½ yards 36-inch sheer printed material. Width about 2 yards at the lower edge.

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SUMMER ENSEMBLES SHOW DIVERSIFIED FABRICS

A FLARED COLLAR

5273—This little collar which flares out from fine tucks successfully adds verve and dash to a frock. Designed for sizes 16, 20, and 42. Size 16 requires ½ yard 39-inch coin-dotted material.

A TUCKED COLLAR

5267—This blouse centers its interest well and wisely in the always becoming jabot collar, which ruffles out from tiny tucks. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 1⅝ yd. 39-in. fabric.

NEW CAP-SLEEVES

5271—A tailored blouse goes feminine half-way down with a delightfully irrelevant bow. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 16 requires 1⅝ yard 39-inch print, ¼ yard 39-inch fabric for trimming.

FOR AFTERNOON

5248—A graciously feminine ensemble. Designed for sizes 16 to 42. Size 16 requires 2 yards 39-inch print for frock, 3⅜ yards 39-inch fabric for jacket, 1 yard binding. Width about 2¼ yards at the edge.

JAUNTILY CAPED

5266—Coat. Designed for sizes 16 to 46. 5240—Frock. Designed for sizes 16 to 48. Size 16 requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch fabric for coat, 2¾ yards 39-inch fabric for lining, 3⅛ yards 39-inch material.

SOFT ENSEMBLE

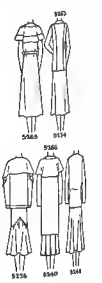
5256—Scarf-like points accent the capelet. Designed for sizes 12 to 40. Size 16 requires 4¼ yards 39-inch material for frock and jacket. 1⅛ yard polka dot for trimming. Width about 2⅜ yards at bottom.

NEW TAILLEUR

5263—Jacket. 5274—Skirt. With nipped-in waistline. Jacket. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Skirt. Designed for sizes 27 to 36 waist. Size 16 requires 4⅛ yards 39-inch print. Width about 1⅜ yard.

THE CAPE LEADS

5265—A smart version of the flared and belted silhouette. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch material, 3¼ yards 39-inch fabric for lining, 1½ yard 3½-inch banding.



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NECKLINES AND SLEEVES ARE VARIED FOR SPORTS

A NEW BOLERO

5259—The bolero in a new variation, pointed and fastened to the belt. Designed for sizes 12 to 40. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 39-inch material, ⅜ yard 39-inch fabric to trim. Width about 2⅞ yards.

GORED SKIRT

5250—A summery frock made charming by the gored grace of its skirt. Designed for sizes 14 to 40. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 36-inch print, 2¼ yards 1½-inch ribbon to trim. Width about 2⅞ yards.

SPORT FROCK

5241—Simulating the "comfortable" two-piece frock. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 1¼ yard 39-inch material for blouse, 1½ yard 39-inch dark. Width about 1½ yard. Mon. 567, 3 in.

TENNIS FROCK

5244—An almost perfect version of the classic tennis frock, conveniently buttoned and gored for movement. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 16 requires 3 yards 39-inch material. Width about 1⅞ yard.

DRAPED COLLAR

5187—One of those very gay little frocks, distinguished by an adorable collar. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 36-inch material, ⅝ yard plain. Width about 2⅞ yards.

CAPED BLOUSE

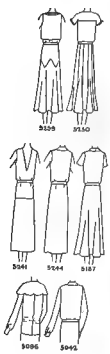
5096—The deeply scalloped capelet of this blouse develops interestingly into a softly shirred jabot. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 2½ yards 39-inch plain, 3 yds. binding.

TRIM TUCK-IN

5042—Smart women who are fashion-wise consider the tuck-in blouse the smartest type to wear with the new tailored suits. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 1⅞ yd. 36-in. dot.

JABOT COLLAR

5273—The little lingerie collar with uneven outline is favored by the leading couturiers for blouses. Designed for sizes 16, 20, and 42. Size 16 requires ⅝ yard 36-inch material for set.



atterns, including Pictograf—"step-by-step" directions for Cutting, Sewing, Trimming and Finishing—are obtainable at leading shops throughout the world, and at Pictorial Review offices; prices given on Page 119.

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1930 BRIDES FAVOR PICTURESQUE TYPES

BRIDES of 1930 may be as picturesque as they choose, and still remain in the fashion picture; for these new feminine fashions challenge the discriminating to a new expression of individuality, that must, of course, be in perfect accord with her personality and background. Thus the "young modern" who prefers to speak her lines 'neath the trees, will be simply adorable in a ruffled organdie, crisp net or lace gown, while the slim sophisticated miss borrows inspiration from the classic lines of the Grecian, or the svelte lines of the Directoire silhouette. For the simple home wedding, the practical young person may be just as charming and chic in a well designed, ankle-length frock, in an off-white tone of crêpe or satin, which may be worn again after the wedding.

5128

Paris—Chanel
5221

Paris—Ytob
5081

5221 5081 5128

CLASSIC LINES FOR THE BRIDE

5128—This picturesque era of feminine fashions is particularly adapted to the bridal gown that's to be worn on other occasions than the wedding. Here the sweeping lines of this slim model afford rare distinction and grace for the trainless gown. The uneven circular skirt joins the slim bodice in a shaped outline, while medallion-like shirrings relieve the straight lines at either side. Note the flattering shoulder capes, breaking the severe lines of the tailored sleeves. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards 39-inch material. Width about 4 yards.

DIGNIFIED GRACE THE BRIDESMAID

5221—A charming design for the bride's mother, featuring the bloused silhouette with circular drapery arranged so as to cascade beneath the sash-girdle, in the center-front. Circular flounces lengthen the three-quarter sleeves. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 5⅛ yards 39-inch sheer material. Width about 1¼ yards.

5081—Lace would be charming for this bridesmaid gown, in one of the delightful pastel tones. A deep circular capelet, dipping in the back, serves for sleeves, and is scalloped so as to harmonize with the full circular skirt. Designed for sizes 12 to 40. Size 16 requires 4¼ yards 36-inch material. Width about 3⅜ yards at the bottom.

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DIGNIFIED DESIGNS FOR MATURE FIGURES

L. H. 5278 L. H. 5193 L. H. 5275

LINGERIE NOTE

5194—Larger-hip. The curved seam-encrustations of the frock follow a long, slenderizing line that repeats the outline of the detachable bolero. Designed for sizes 35 to 45. Size 41 requires 5¼ yards 39-inch printed material, ⅞ yard lace to trim. Width about 3¼ yards.

SILK ENSEMBLE

5276—Larger-hip coat. Designed for sizes 35 to 51. 5113—Larger-hip frock. Designed for sizes 35 to 49. A printed silk frock with a seven-eighths coat of plain silk. Size 41 requires 4⅛ yards 39-inch plain, 3⅞ yards print, ½ yard to trim. Width of frock about 1⅞ yd.

"LITTLE" JACKET

5235—Larger-hip. Every frock has its jacket to elevate it to the importance of an ensemble. This frock of pastel sports silk has a wrist-length cardigan in striking contrast. Designed for sizes 35 to 45. Size 41 requires 4⅝ yds. 39-in. light, 2¼ yds. dark. Width about 3¾ yds.

L. H. 5194 L. H. Coat 5276 L. H. Frock 5113 L. H. 5235

SANS SLEEVES

5278—Larger-hip. Sheer afternoon frocks for resort wear are sleeveless. This graceful model has a bloused bodice over a shirred hip-yoke. Its skirt is circular. Designed for sizes 35 to 49. Size 41 requires 3½ yards 39-inch material. Width of skirt about 3 yards.

SOFT EPAULETS

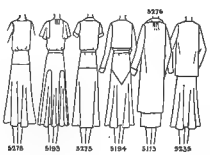
5193—Larger-hip. The youthful swing of the epaulets is repeated in the wide skirt by skillfully introduced godets. The frock is semi-fitted and belted at the natural waist. Designed for sizes 35 to 45. Size 41 requires 5⅛ yards 39-inch material. Width about 3½ yards around.

TRIM LINGERIE

5275—Larger-hip. This frock of coin-dotted silk opens in front to disclose revers and a vestee of plain silk. Wide pleats, inset at the sides give skirt fullness. Designed for sizes 35 to 51. Size 41 requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch print, ⅝ yard plain. Width about 2¼ yards.

SMART DIGNITY

Larger-hip patterns are designed for women of mature figures who require slenderizing adaptations of the outstanding fashions; with all the refinements of correctly proportioned lines and details that assure a smart and flattering appearance in the latest fashions approved by Paris.



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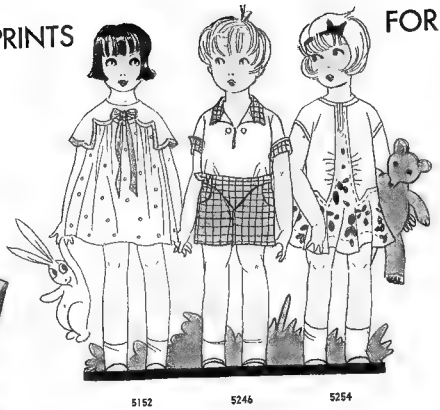
GAY NEW PRINTS FOR YOUNGSTERS

5270

TINY CAPED ENSEMBLE

5270—Designed for sizes 2, 4, and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅛ yard 54-inch material for coat, 2⅝ yards 39-inch dotted, ¼ yard 39-inch to trim.



5152 5246 5254

CAPE COLLAR

5152—Designed for sizes 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch dotted, ⅝ yard 36-inch contrasting.

YOKED SHORTS

5246—Designed for sizes 2, 4, and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1 yard 36-inch checked, ⅞ yd. 36-inch plain to trim.

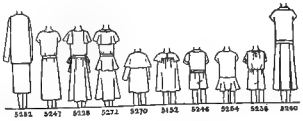
WEE FLOUNCE

5254—Designed for sizes 2, 4, and 6 years. Size 4 requires ½ yard 36-inch plain, 1⅛ yard 36-inch printed.

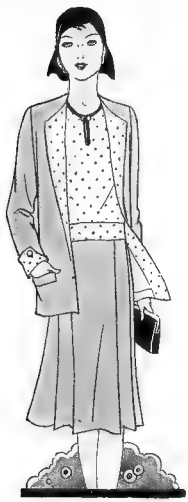
5238

BUTTONED-ON SHORTS

5238—Designed for sizes 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch dotted material, ¼ yard plain for pleated collar and cuffs.



5252 5247 5228 5272 5270 5152 5246 5254 5238 5260



5252

JACKET ENSEMBLE

5252—Designed for sizes 8 to 16 years. Size 14 requires 1¼ yard 39-inch dotted, 3 yards 39-inch plain, 1 yard binding. Attractive ensemble.

5247 5228 5272

GAY COLOR CONTRAST

5247—Designed for sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch printed, ⅝ yard 36-inch contrasting to trim. With kimono sleeves.

JAUNTY EPAULETS

5228—Designed for sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2 yards 39-inch material, 3½ yards ribbon for sash and bows. Note the capelet detail.

PEPLUM SILHOUETTE

5272—Designed for sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch printed, 4⅝ yards binding, 2⅞ yards ribbon. With circular capelet.

5260

SIMULATED TUCK-IN

5260—Designed for sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch checked material, 1½ yard 36-inch plain material for blouse and jabot.

Patterns, including Pictogram—"step-by-step" directions for Cutting, Sewing Together, and Finishing,—are obtainable at leading shops throughout the world, and at Pictorial Review offices; prices given on Page 119.

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Continued from page 88

at hour—what aspirations, what strange nd glorious consolations? For, foreseeing he bitter strait which had befallen that no nest might be near to offer her the last inistrations of the church, the head of that urch on earth, the pope, had sent her the oly wafer, consecrated by his own sacred and, with a great and mighty dispensation ever before given to one of the laity, that he desolate queen might administer it to erself in her heavy need.

Therefore the blessed Savior Himself stained her. And of His Passion she par-ook in her own, and peace and bliss un-peakable inspired her from the Source.

So with glory not of this earth upon her iscrowned brows she returned, shining ith the dawn of another world, having one with this, and thus earnestly desired hem to join her for the last time in prayer.

NOW, even as they knelt, the high sheriff beat upon her door to summon her, and he castle clock struck eight.

Fifteen minutes more they granted to rayer, and, that being done on the hour-lass, Shrewsbury and Kent and Sir Amyas aulet with others knocked again. The ttle company within still knelt, bowed in rayer, and the sheriff entered, and spoke ilteringly, for his heart failed him.

"Madam, I am sent for you."

Then with the help of her good physician ourgoigne she rose from her knees and, aking the emblem of the Passion in her and and leaning on Bourgoigne and one f her men servants, she said with good heer:

"Yes, let us go," and so entered upon the ast of her griefs. At the door the two men alted, and Bourgoigne spoke in a broken oice and with tears: "Madam, we will do ou any service. With you we will gladly ie, but to death we will not lead you. Our hearts refuse to endure it."

She smiled.

"You are right," and, turning to the sheriff, "My servants will not lead me to eath, yet walk without help I can not. ady limbs are crippled with illness."

He gave a signal, and two of Sir Amyas aulet's servants, advancing, supported er. Her own they thrust back at the door f the hall, and, halting, she begged earnestly or their company, and Kent refused, un-ike a gentleman of England, to his eternal hame.

"Madam, it can not be granted. They would not stick to put some superstitious rumpery into practise if it were but dipping heir handkerchiefs in your grace's blood."

She answered with majesty:

"My lord, I give my word, tho it be but lead, that they shall not deserve any blame. And I hope your mistress, being a maiden ueen, will vouchsafe for the sake of wo-manhood that I shall have some of my women about me at my death."

THEN, seeing that she could not gain her request, suddenly she broke into most womanly tears, saying:

"I am cousin to your queen and descend-d from the blood royal of Henry the Seventh, and a married Queen of France and anointed Queen of Scotland, and this thing is refused me!"

So at last, for shame's sake, they granted hat she might make choice of six of her nen and women, and, so being brought nto the great hall, where were many as-embled to see her, she was led to the caffold, raised, and with rails about it and he block draped with black. As she sat hereupon the commission for her execu-ion was read, and she heard it with smiling alm, having shed many tears.

Yet even then they could not let her be, but intruded upon her the Dean of Peter-borough, who exborted her lengthily, and after the Reformed fashion, to put aside her superstitions, praying also loudly for Elizabeth. But she, not regarding the man, prayed softly to God, kneeling, and men-tioned by name her cousin, the queen, desiring to forgive her and all for the wrongs done her; and, rising, addressed herself to death, summoning her two women to disrobe her.

So this they did, laying aside her satin gown and ruff, and presently she stood up tall and stately before them all, clothed in crimson like the dying fire of sunset. And ther two ladies knelt for her last blessing and received it, and Jean Kennedy bound her eyes with the handkerchief, and she and her companion wept aloud in such agony of grief as can not be told, clasping the queen's robe, and forgetting all else but clinging to her most passionately. Therefore she laid her finger on her lips, saying:

"Friends, do not weep. I have promised for you." And being compelled by the English lords, they withdrew from the scaf-fold, hiding their faces from what must follow, and the executioners guided her to the block, and there, kneeling alone, life receding swiftly from her like a dream at dawn, she bowed her head upon it in the name of Him Who also endured His Passion.

Now a shudder like a sob ran throughout the assembly of English gentlemen who had gathered to see her die, for her nobility exalted their hearts to God. Even Earl Shrewsbury, with unwanted tears running down his face, raised the baton, saying no word. And the executioner, striking, re-leased her. Three blows were needed for his butcher's work, before the executioner held up her head to the assembly, shouting:

"God save Queen Elizabeth!" "And so may all her enemies perish!" added the Dean of Peterborough. But there was no answer from any other present, excepting only the official "Amen" from the Earl of Kent, for many were in tears, nor could any triumph.

Then the ladies were hurried from her, and the base-born executioners plundered her body of whatever they judged of value. Yet let none mourn, for love had not de-serted her, but clung to her to the end. Nor was she alone upon the blood-drenched scaffold as her enemies would have chosen. Her little Scots terrier, following her un-seen, clung to her as she knelt to die, hiding himself in the folds of her garments, and was found there still clinging to her body and moaning aloud in grief for his beloved lady.

SOME wretch endeavored to force him to lap her blood that the parallel with Jezebel might be complete for Elizabeth's justifi-cation; and when he shuddered away, still moaning, flung him out to his fellows; but so, for a broken heart brought him release, he, like his queen, having done with a world emptied of all love and pity. And so never more touched food, but, creeping into solitude, died, faithful to death and beyond.

Is it worth while to write of Elizabeth's asseverations that she had never meant this death? That she had not signed the war-rant, indeed would never have ordered the execution, to rehearse her parade of grief, the ruin inflicted on Davidson, whom she avouched had sent it to the earls by stealth? It is of trimal importance. Possibly for once she spoke the truth. In that jungle of de-ception and base trickery who can tell? The grimace of pompous funeral rites at Peterborough for her who in life had known no peace—these were Elizabeth's expia-tion. Better forget these things. They do not trouble the realities of life and death.

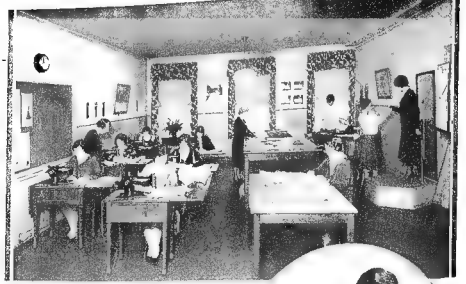
In France, where they had loved her, a more true and sincere funeral service was held at Notre Dame, where the Archbishop of Bourges spoke of that lost beauty in words to be remembered. And as this account began with her praises in the land she loved so it may well end, for there are none better.

"When I see your faces thus bathed in tears and hear your sighs and sobs in the silence, I doubt whether I should not my-self keep silence. Yet must I speak of her youth endowing us, of her endowments, of which it is not easy to find so many cen-tered in one human being, for besides that marvelous beauty which attracted all the world she had a nature so excellent and understanding, so clear, and judgment so sound, as to be rarely paralleled by her age and sex, and an undaunted courage tem-pered by the most womanly sweetness

"Many of us saw in this room, where we are now assembled to lament her, this queen on the day of her bridal, so covered with jewels that the sun itself did not shine more brightly, so beautiful, so lovely as never yet was woman. These walls were then hung with cloth of gold.

"Who could then have imagined we should see her a prisoner who had given liberty to prisoners, poor who gave so generously to others, treated with contempt by those she had made great, and finally the ax of a base executioner mangling the form of her who was doubly a queen, and that beauty which was a world's wonder fading in a dreary prison? Oh, vanity of human greatness! Marble, bronze, and iron shall pass, but the memory of her great example shall live."

Thus Elizabeth in that long struggle had



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won her victory, and the world shuddered from her. Yet that, too, passed, and none knows what she hid in her heart until her own miserable end, deserted and betrayed by those who worshiped the rising sun of James of Scotland, sitting for days of doting wretchedness, her eyes fixed on vacancy, her finger in her mouth, an aged doll tumbling into ruin, a picture of senile misery.

Death was kinder to Mary, he also her lover, visiting her in swift splendor, shining eternal and dazzling men's eyes to this day.

Forever she lives in the world's heart most beautiful, most unhappy, and in a glory spiritual yet shot with the red flame of human and most womanly passion, half saint, half queen of men, forever most royal, and immortally lovely

The two lie almost side by side in the great quiet of Westminster. Do the things which troubled them seem any longer such a flicker of passion to either? Are they not which lost, which won? Have they now hands and smiled together at the folly of royalty, once worth such rivers of blood and tears?

Who can tell? For the fashion of the world passeth away, but the things that are eternal abide.

THE END

And now that you have finished "The Bet of the Queens" turn to page 9 and begin "The Silver Swan." by E. Bertrand Collins, a amazing novel of an international marriage

THE MAN WHO WOULD BE BRAVE

Continued from page 21

Rennie's voice thickly. "You're just putting up a bluff——"

"Somebody ought to knock you down—" This came to Aleck, a cry for help. The moonlight seemed to flash ruby-red as he threw himself forward, facing his enemy.

"Look here, Falk!" With clenched fists he stood staring up at the lithe, murderous figure. "If you've got anything to say——"

"Well, if this isn't hop-toad!" Falk bent over with the white smile of a killer "What have you got on the program, huh?"

ALECK'S reply was not clear in his mind; said something about punishing Rennie as he deserved. Carol, in the background, was pleading, "Please don't!" and in that split second many things happened. Aleck had brought up his fists as best he knew how, and Rennie's elbow went back with the gesture of an experienced executioner when the screen door banged like a pistol. A tremendous figure in a dress suit seemed to pounce out of nowhere and lay hold of Rennie's arm in a torturer's grip which brought him wriggling to his knees.

"Hey, Hugo, what's the idea?" Rennie was bawling from the pain in his twisted arm.

"I want you to let Carol alone and get out of this club—by the back way, do you hear me?"

"But, Hugo——"

"If I hit you I'll kill you. Don't come back, understand?" It was all so quick, so splendidly clever. Aleck, standing aimlessly apart, Carol huddled against the door, witnessed the last swift action. Rennie had struggled to his feet, began to curse softly when Hugo, with a bearlike blow of his open hand sent him reeling down the steps. He stood just an instant, uncertain on his legs, then disappeared through a lilac-hedge.

When Aleck turned he saw Carol gliding into the house, closing the door after her. And her silent withdrawal did nothing toward heartening him. Her husband had stood by and let another man do the fighting for her.

"I'm sorry I butted in like that," said Hugo, straightening his tie. "But Rennie Falk's a nuisance. He should have been thrown out a year ago. He belongs in a speakeasy."

"I'm glad you pasted him," commented Aleck, but his voice was dead. "Only I—" Unable to express himself, he was comforted by a big hand on his shoulder. They had been schoolboys together, these two, classmates at St. Paul's, roommates at Princeton.

"You mean," broke in Hugo, "that you wanted to tackle Rennie yourself. Um."

"You think I wasn't able."

"He's got an awful reach, Al. And he's fast, even when he's plastered."

"Let's sit down," suggested Aleck, so they found chairs, passed cigarets, smoked. After a while Aleck inhaled deep, like a sigh. "It was darned decent of you, Hugo. Only it didn't get me anywhere—with her."

"You mean Carol wants you to fight." Hugo didn't need to be told what all Berry Hill knew. There in the semidarkness, under the guiding influence of his lifelong friend, Aleck could make confessions which daylight would have shamed away.

"It's funny about Carol and me. We've got along average well. I mean, we're devoted. But lately—well, I don't think she respects me any more."

"I like her nerve," blurted Hugo. "Why didn't you take her down to count and let her see you bluff the light out of Jesse Granning?"

"That wouldn't help any." Dreamily "Why don't you show her your cloven in the War? Didn't you bring back twenty-two of the enemy, practically single-handed?"

"That was nothing. They just fainted and surrendered."

"Well, what is it she wants you to do" In Hugo's question was that tinge of sarcasm which flavored his kindness.

"Fight," said Aleck

"Gosh, how I despise fighting. What are we, a bunch of prep-school kids? Why don't these women let us be our age? I'm not saying anything against Carol, understand. But I almost married a lot of girls like that. You break your neck, they get the thrill. They love you to demonstrate bravery. Fair enough."

But Aleck was not listening intently. "I always seem to get the wrong kind with her," he said "I mean—well, Carol's so good-looking I suppose she's bound to be annoyed once in a while. And arguments come up too—if a woman has any spunk she's got to argue. Only I can't see—here he flushed with a sudden passion and stormed out —"I can't see why the devil she never picks anything less than a six-footer for me to knock out. And now she's got me down as yellow. Yellow. By gosh, I can't stand it any longer. Some of these times I'm going to sail in and command under, just to show her——"

Hugo's hand, strong and heavy on his knee, had a steadying influence as his voice boomed, "Use your head, Al. Is you've got to show her." A short silence "Tell me one thing. How'd you get that red scar on your nose?"

"Fighting with a taximan the first week we were married He won."

"Yeah. You lost the first battle. That was your mistake." Hugo snapped his cigaret adroitly onto the lawn. "You've got to stage a comeback, Al. It's up to you to smash somebody twice your size. You've got to lay him out cold in the presence of witnesses—a lot of witnesses." Hugo sat brooding.

"Sounds reasonable." Out of patience, Aleck was about to rise and go back to the dance when Hugo smote his knee again, almost painfully this time.

"LISTEN, boy! Jed Baker, of course. Say, I'm stupid! How'd you like to slap a red-headed heavyweight down? Right in the midst of a violin recital?"

"Violin recital?" So Hugo Wyant had taken this chance to spring an useless joke.

"Sure thing. I mean when this Florian de Kalb plays. Of course you people pay cards to Diana's musicale."

"Next Saturday, you mean." In the midst of his agitation Aleck had a vision of Miss Diana Wyant, Hugo's aesthetic sister, who patronized music and inflicted an annual treat on the Berry Hill colony.

"Who wouldn't rather see a fight than hear a fiddle?" Hugo's voice was rising

Continued on page 102

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ATTRACTIVE NEEDLEWORK FOR THE HOME OR WARDROBE

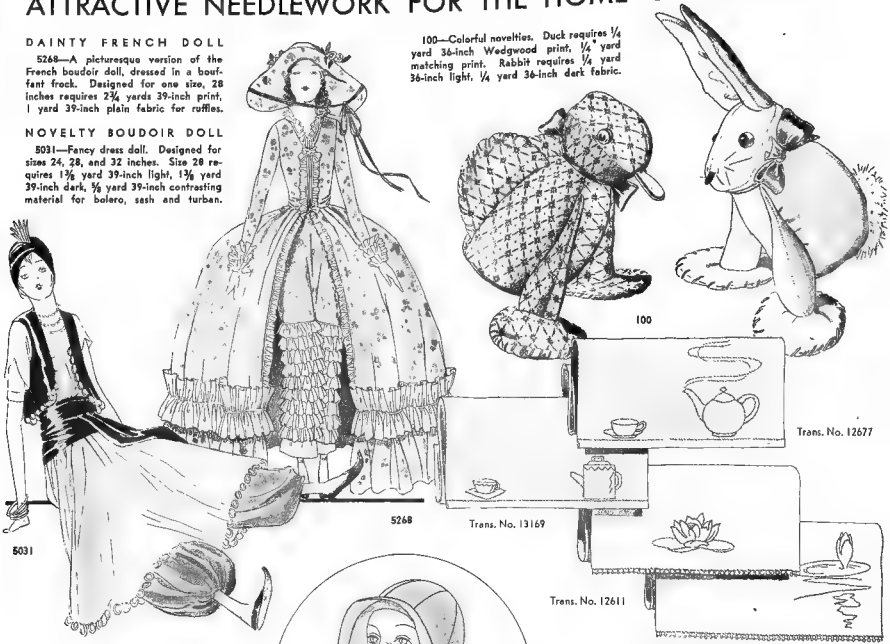
DAINTY FRENCH DOLL

5268—A picturesque version of the French boudoir doll, dressed in a bouffant frock. Designed for one size, 28 inches requires 2¾ yards 39-inch print, 1 yard 39-inch plain fabric for ruffles.

NOVELTY BOUDOIR DOLL

5031—Fancy dress doll. Designed for sizes 24, 28, and 32 inches. Size 28 requires 1⅜ yard 39-inch light, 1⅜ yard 39-inch dark, ⅝ yard 39-inch contrasting material for bolero, sash and turban.

100—Colorful novelties. Duck requires ¼ yard 36-inch Wedgwood print, ⅛ yard matching print. Rabbit requires ⅛ yard 36-inch light, ¼ yard 36-inch dark fabric.



5031

5268

100

Trans. No. 12677

Trans. No. 13169

Trans. No. 12611

12677—The teapot and cup-and-saucer motif is stamped and machine stitched with the new decorative thread Trim-stitch. Transfer pattern, b. only, supplies seven new designs.

12611—A water lily or a bud motif make the kitchen towels attractive with the new decorative machine stitching. Trans. pattern, b. or y., with twenty smart floral designs.

13013—A Wedgwood calico print fashions this patchwork quilt. The design is stamped on squares and stitched by machine or worked by hand. Transfer pattern, blue only.

13169—This attractive kitchen towel is worked in a colorful thread, with a coffee pot, and a cup-and-saucer design, or it may be stitched by machine. Trans. pattern, b. only.

5320 No. 1

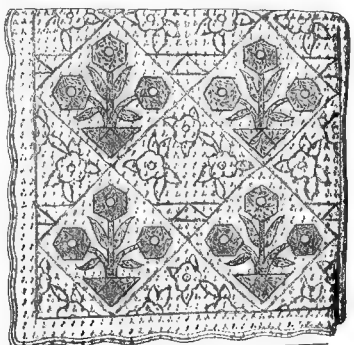
5330 No. 3

5320 No. 3

5320 No. 2

5330 No. 2

5320—Hats and Scarf. 5330—Bags. Hats designed for sizes 21, 22, and 23 inches. Size 22 requires ⅔ yard 39-inch plain, ⅜ yard print for hat and scarf for No. 1—⅝ yard 39-inch plain, ½ yard light to trim hat and line bag for No. 2—½ yard 54-inch fabric for hat and bag, ⅜ yard 39-inch fabric to line No. 3.



Trans. No. 13013

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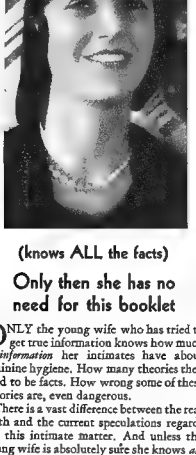
If the young wife knows



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Continued from page 100

"You'll have practically everybody rooting for you. These musical afternoons melt people's bones. They spoil golf. If you took a census you wouldn't find a soul around here who'd vote for Diana's musicales—except Diana. And she's got to get over it." This sounded irrelevant, until the sudden question, "Al, how much would it be worth to you to whip a very large bully in public?"

Aleck opened his mouth to estimate the treasure, but Hugo cut it enthusiastically. "You can get Jed Baker for a hundred and fifty dollars."

"Who's Jed Baker?"

"He's a vaudeville actor, and he does a shadow-boxing stunt that's perfectly grand. I happen to know about him because his father was Tom Baker—you know, died after the failure of Well, Westridge & Baker. This boy made the Columbia freshman crew before he quit and went on the stage. He looks a little like Red Grange."

"He'd be ideal," agreed Aleck after pondering a while. "But would he be willing to take a beating, the way you suggest?"

"He needs a hundred and fifty dollars, I tell you. I ran into him in New York yesterday. He's out of work and crazy to go to Hollywood. Queer ambition."

"And I'm to help him on his way," said Aleck.

"Don't you think that's a pretty snappy arrangement? And I'm not doing it all for love, old man. Somebody's got to stop Diana's musicales. She has 'em oftener and oftener, and she bullies me into helping. She owns half the houses you know, and the only way I can keep her from putting in a pipe-organ is to go out and blackmail the Country Club so they have to come or die a miserable death. You get my point?"

"Yeah." A warm conviction was growing in Aleck's mind. "But I'm afraid a fight—if it looks like anything—will mess up your ballroom a lot——"

"Forget it," chuckled Hugo. "We're going to have the house done over in the Fall, anyhow. If you wreck the place and drive De Kalb off the grounds it'll be a pleasure to me. Honestly, I'm selfish about it. What do you say, Al?"

For a time Al had nothing to say. Then, "I'll have to think it over. But it's awfully decent of you, Hugo."

"Don't be silly," said Hugo.

So they arose and passed into the clubhouse. Hugo, the dramatist, visioned a great battle scene in an unusual setting. Aleck, the lawyer, was going carefully over the conspiracy, seeking to pick flaws in a plot which seemed too perfect.

THE week before Miss Diana Wyant's musicale—which Hugo began absentmindedly referring to as "the big fight"—was a disturbing one for Aleck Howard. His prosperous little house on the slope of Berry Hill seemed to throng with strangely hostile influences. Hugo's well-meant rescue, when he had snatched his friend from the coils of Rennie Falk, had been a final blow to Carol's pride. An invisible, glassy wall was thickening between the Howards. Coming home at night, Aleck found meeting it as he met Carol's impersonal kiss and distant smile.

You will find something of interest to every housekeeper on page 1 of this issue.

The conspiracy was on his conscience too. Unsatisfactory mate he might have been, but never before had his mind so much as entertained a thought of domestic treason.

Once or twice he was on the point of going to Hugo, urging him to give up the elaborate comedy. At best it would be undignified, and the newspapers would make the most of it. But these considerations were secondary. He wasn't at all sure how his pretentious victory would affect Carol. His other attempts had run afoul of her ideal, and what would be her reaction after the gaudy scene in Wyant's ballroom?

However, things had gone too far now for any revision of program. Hugo had attended to everything and had called the actors together for rehearsal in a musty gymnasium of Columbus Circle. This Jed Baker proved to be an engaging young giant, rather collegiate in appearance, who could miss Aleck's nose by a hairbreadth, then receive the knock-out punch blankly, falling like a polled ox.

It satisfied Hugo, and Aleck too, up to a certain point. Even tho it were no more than mumming, the look of his antagonist writhing on the floor, bawling for mercy, gave him a pleasant delusion of physical prowess. But it didn't increase his confidence in what Carol would do. He grew still more uncertain as the days wore on, and on Friday afternoon, getting off at the Berry Hill station, he was visually aware of his wife's displeasure.

McCarthy, whose dismissal he had put off from day to day, was not at the wheel. An elderly chauffeur, a stranger, touched his hat and let his new master into the tonneau.

As Aleck entered the house he heard the children romping up-stairs. Following the noise, he went along a corridor and stopped to gaze at a pretty scene in a nursery-alcove. Carol was on the floor, reading to Betsy, the older one, who sat very prim in her little chair, dark eyes wide. The younger, who called himself Zu, ran unsteadily round and round, waving his arms at fan tom-tites. Suddenly Aleck Howard touched his hand to an aching spot in his throat. He was an outsider, looking in on their love.

Then Carol glanced up. "Hello, Aleck," she said casually, but without invitation. He took a step forward, leaned against the door-jamb. Sullen rage had hold of him.

"What's become of McCarthy?" he asked shortly.

She laid the covers of the nursery-book together, a soft, indifferent gesture. "I discharged him this morning," she said.

He turned and stalked down to his library. She had only made a statement, but in it she said a hundred disdainful things. Aleck wasn't man enough to discharge his own chauffeur. He left such things for his wife to do. She wasn't afraid, and she was adjusting herself to the fact. The way she closed that little book!

Frightened at first with a sure knowledge that he was going to lose her, he straightened out suddenly, caught himself in a black and wicked oath. Hugo was right. She'd have to be shown. And to-morrow she'd see.

So Saturday at one they lunched with the Wyants at Bellestaire. Aleck disliked buffet luncheons, and to-day the confusion of fifty people, picnicking in odd corners, trying to balance her food and cold punch in the face of a thundering herd, did nothing toward calming his troubled mind.

Hugo Wyant was working hard to introduce a festival air and was hilarious with a number of chronic golfers whom he had, according to his own words, "blackmailed into coming." Apprehensively Aleck gazed at this group, music-haters all. Why were they there in such large numbers? Had Hugo been talking?

This atrocious thought caused Aleck's plate to tilt until a shower of olives rolled off and bounced upon Miss Diana Wyant, who was, at that moment, guiding her musical prodigies through the mob. She was a tall, determined woman with the militant air which music-lovers sometimes cultivate. Florian de Kalb's pale, gentle, black-plumed face followed angelically. Diana shouldered by, unheeding Aleck; she had no time for olives.

Distantly he caught sight of a red-haired young man, making himself agreeable to one of the Colt sisters. He was plying her with coffee, smiling, being most attentive. "Isn't he wonderful?" Aleck glanced up and saw Hugo, glowing like a boy on a ball-team. "You'd think he did this every afternoon. He even talked Brahms with Diana. How's that?"

"Pretty good," agreed Aleck, but his mind was elsewhere. "Look here, Hugo. Have you been talking about this around the club?"

"No. What do you think I am?" The friendly brow clouded.

"But there's such a crowd of 'em here."

"I've got 'em in the hollow of my hand," whispered Hugo mysteriously. "And listen. We're going to play to a full house. We've set the chairs close. Two hundred and fifty. How's that?"

"Fine."

"It's perfect. Now you and Jed ought to have a final rehearsal. Be in the ballroom in about ten minutes and we'll look

Continued on page 104

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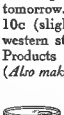

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or mouth and throat

● Its active ingredient is 70 times stronger than carbolic acid . . . yet if your children should accidentally swallow it, it would do them no harm

● This antiseptic, Hexylresorcinol Solution S. T. 37—powerful, non-poisonous—was discovered after years of research in the laboratories of a great university. It opens a new era in the care of mouth, nose and throat, and all open wounds.

Its active ingredient has seventy times the germ-killing power of carbolic acid. Yet the solution would cause no injury if a child should accidentally drink it.

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To give your mouth and throat *intelligent* care, Solution S. T. 37 should be used twice daily as a mouth rinse and gargle. It is odorless, it does not stain, and it has a sweet, pleasant taste. You should make it a practice to use it after exposure or the minute you feel any irritation in nose or throat.

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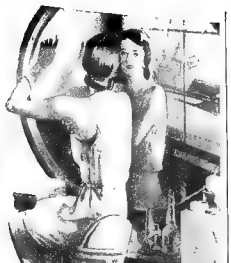

TIME TO GO- *but still time to use* MUM

Those times when you must be ready in a jiffy! Just time to slip on your dress. Not a moment more to spare—yet you must not chance perspiration offense. Then's when you're most grateful for Mum!

In no more time than it takes to powder your nose, your underarm toilet is made with Mum. One dab of snowy cream under each arm and you're safe. Slip into your dress, and step forth—with assurance. For Mum doesn't have to dry. It is soothing—not irritating—to the skin. And just as harmless to the daintiest fabric; Mum doesn't even leave the skin greasy.

This likable and usable deodorant has removed the last excuse for offending. It offers you permanent protection, for its daily use can do no harm.

Mum does not arrest the action of the pores, or interfere in any way with their normal, necessary work. It just neutralizes the odor completely.

Why chance embarrassment—ever—when you can always have absolute protection in this delightful form? Dip a finger-tip in Mum, dab it on the underarm—or any part of the body—and it will neutralize every bit of unpleasant odor. Not the slightest suggestion of any odor can possibly penetrate that protecting film of Mum. *You are safe for hours.*

Keep a jar of Mum on your dressing table and make its use a daily habit, morning and night. If you travel carry Mum with you. Many women keep it in the purse, just to be ready for any emergency. Be sure to investigate the important special use explained in the directions:

Spread a little Mum on the sanitary napkin and you will be serenely sure of yourself; confident of perfect daintiness at all times.

All toilet-goods counters, 35c and 60c.

Continued from page 102

things over. Billy Harlan's taking Carol and a crowd out to see the stables, so you'll have plenty of time."

Then it was convenient for Hugo to see Alma Drumm and swing blithely after her, leaving Aleck alone in the crowd, his head whirling with their meaningless noise. Occasionally he consulted his watch, and when ten minutes had expired he wandered across the house and into the Wyants' famous ballroom with its high-groined ceiling and expanse of glassy floor; but now it was crowded with row on row of gilded chairs.

At a far end there was a rostrum on which overalled men were setting an elephantine piano. Along the walls florists were running up and down step-ladders, arranging giant bunches of American Beauty roses in vases which stood taller than a man.

Hugo Wyant, leading Jed Baker, came in by one of the long French windows which opened on the veranda. "The scene of the battle of the century," he chuckled, patting the antagonists.

"Where are we planted?" asked the practical Jed Baker.

"Right here." Hugo led them down the aisle and indicated seats on the fourth row. "All Jed has to do is to watch you come in and see where you sit." With a fearful look over his shoulder. "We'd better go out of this before Diana breaks in on us. Go up to my room and lock the door if you want to rehearse again."

Up in Hugo's room they stripped to their undershirts, for the day was warm, and went through the motions of a comedy which was growing more and more real to Aleck Howard. Jed Baker's fists were red and freckled, his fighting face was terrible to behold, yet his voice remained pleasantly respectful.

"Now stick 'em up, Mr. Howard. Hey, stop waving 'em like that. You don't want this act to be a flop, do you? Make 'em believe it. Don't hit high; you might hurt me. Slam into my chest. Atta boy. Crouch, see. Crouch. You're so little I always swing over your head. Now we clinch. I'm just holding on. Break. Now soak me twice. Pow. I do a half fall. You bore in. I'm down. I'm out."

Jed Baker's collapse was dreadful in his realism. He rolled over, struggled to arise, fell back groaning.

"Hey, where's your line?" he asked, sitting up.

Aleck braced himself and spoke distinctly, "I hope this will be a lesson to you, young man."

"That's all right," agreed Jed. "Only get it across. And then my exit speech——"

Peering out of the window, Aleck saw many cars coming along the drive. "Better hurry and wash up," suggested the actor. "You go on before I do."

For Aleck Howard the subsequent scenes were blurred and spotty. He remembered seeing himself in the glass, knotting his tie; then somewhere down-stairs he found Hugo carefully, almost caressingly taking charge of his wife. Aleck was late, and she looked displeased, he thought.

Hugo said something elaborate about special seats for them—no matter what he said. But he found them two chairs on the aisle, and even in his confusion Aleck realized that they were farther back than the ones they had originally decided on. But trust Hugo. Hugo had managed it so far.

IT WAS a great turnout for Berry Hill, decided Aleck dreamily. All the rows were filling rapidly, just as Hugo said they would. Trust Hugo. Somebody from behind leaned over and engaged Carol in rapid conversation; they were talking music. De Kalb was going to play his "Indian Suite" for the first time in America. "Indian Suite.!" Sounded like hotel accommodations.

Aleck found that he was holding a program, and there he saw the "Indian Suite" divided romantically into compartments a, b, c, and d. Then there would be a song in German by a fellow named Schmidlap. Guiltily Aleck put his thumb over a spot in the program. He didn't dare look at Carol.

A doomful silence fell. Miss Diana Wyant, her diamonds clicking, large veins in her neck standing out, took the platform and introduced Florian de Kalb, who, she said, needed no introduction. Applause subsided, then after a threatening remark about unnecessary rattling of programs she spoke words which materialized Florian de Kalb's angelic face out of a misty background. Applause broke, the master chinned his fiddle, and broke into the first long, melting strain of his "Indian Suite."

For the first time Aleck Howard turned and studied his wife; her lips apart, her dark eyes languorous, she had the look of an adoring child. "She's worshiping a fiddle," thought Aleck in a sudden rush of anger. "She loves things that come up to her standard. But she never looks at me like that. Not any more."

The violin's sweet notes were lost on Aleck as he sat there, tense as steel, waiting for the fight to begin. And when De Kalb had drawn his bow across the last weeping strain and had come back with a jolly little encore on muted strings, Aleck was conscious of one insignificant thing. That spot on the program. His thumb was hurting him, he had pressed it so hard.

He held his breath. A hairy, wiry baritone stepped to the center of the platform, clasping his hands, waited for the pianist to arrange his music. "Auf dem Wasser zu Singen—Schubert." The title seemed to fly up from the program, a call to arms. Then the singer opened his bearded lips:

Mitten im Schimmer der spiegelnden Wellen
Gleitet wie Schwäne der wonkende Kahn—

Suddenly Aleck was aware of a change in the barytone's expression. His look of annoyance quite unsuited the words; his voice grew harsher, but he kept to his work. Miss Wyant's knotty hands made motions as she arose magisterially. Heavy feet were tramping up the aisle.

THEN events were huddled in an odd mass. A tall young man was leaning across Aleck and addressing himself to Carol.

"Hey, move over, kid. You've got my seat."

There was no doubt about what Jed Baker was saying. All the room could hear it. His chin was hanging over Aleck as tho to tempt an uppercut. Carol leaned back, her mouth open, her eyes wide. A heavy voltage had gone through the audience. The piano ceased with a slam; the song went out like a snuffed candle.

"I guess you don't remember me, huh?" asked the intruder, grinning down into Carol's astonished face

"Who are you? What——"

"Oh, come on, baby." Winsomely now. "Aren't you the kid I saw that night at the Green Hen—you know, with Susie Buck?"

"This is an outrage!" It was Aleck who spoke the words ringingly as he threw himself against Jed Baker, pushed him out into the aisle. Distantly Miss Diana Wyant was shouting a command, but Aleck heeded it not. His every atom seemed to be centered on the freckled face, smiling dangerously.

"Well, sweetheart!" mocked the freckled face.

"Look here, you bounder," shouted Aleck, "what do you mean by speaking to my wife like that? I'm going to give you a thrashing. I'm——"

"Yacs, are you?"

Aleck seemed to be looking through a funnel at the great, freckled hands, doubled for a blow. Then he threw himself into the maelstrom. The room became a ship, pitching and rolling in a tropic storm. Faces, people, walls went round and round; women screamed. He stumbled over somebody's foot, then found himself caught up in Jed Baker's powerful clinch.

Like a distant echo, Aleck thought he heard Carol's voice beseeching. Asking him not to make a monkey of himself, perhaps. What did he care? At the moment was his. Such, how intense strong biceps hurt, crowding his head against a chest which was like a brick wall. Yet he was hitting out, right and left.

"Break away, Mr. Howard," he heard the redhead grunting into his ear. It was time, for he was smothering. And now they stood apart, fists poised for a second clash. Things began to clear a little in Aleck's mind. He mustn't go at it so blindly; and in the berserk muddle he was aware of a human ring formed around him. He saw the glorified expression on Tommy Evans's face. And was that Hugo Wyant holding Carol back?

Then again he fell on his wife's insulter. One—two, one—two, he bruised his fists against that brick wall of a body. Again they closed in, and in their embrace Jed went on with his instructions. "Keep on hitting, Mr. Howard." But Aleck's breath was coming short, and as the two went whirling again round and round the unexpected intervened.

The polished floor betrayed them, sent them skidding over a row of gilt chairs,

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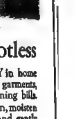

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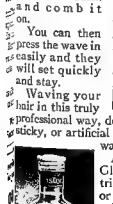
You can then press the wave in as easily and they will set quickly and stay.

Waving your hair in this truly professional way, does not leave it stiff, or sticky, or artificial looking, as ordinary waving fluids do.



A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

Try it!—You will be delighted to see how much more beautiful your hair will look, and how easy it will be to wave and manage.

Glostora

Aleck felt himself going up in the air, then coming down again as a heavy waterfall, clogged with American Beauty roses, immersed him from head to heel. One of those darned vases, he thought, and felt the sting of a sharp, metallic blow across his cheek.

HE WINCED an instant, but held on. His man was down. Underneath him he felt the heaving bulk and heard Jed Baker's raw whisper, "Hey, you got an awful bump. It's my cue to quit."

It was not until he had climbed off his prostrate foe that Aleck realized the weakness of his knees. The hand he drew across his wounded cheek was dripping red. He felt like sitting down, but the sight of Jed Baker, lying among the watery roses and writhing painfully, reminded him that the play was not yet over. A lawyer's memory came to his rescue.

"I hope this will be a lesson to you, young man," he quoted faintly.

"It is. And I apologize to one and all." Somewhat too firmly the vaudeville actor scrambled to his feet and disappeared through an open French window. His act was finished. He had earned his hundred and fifty dollars.

Somebody pushed a chair under Aleck, and he realized that the pretty lady, sopping his cheek and crying, "Oh, my dear, my dear!" was Carol.

Tommy Evans was leaning over with his ever-ready pocket-flask. "Here, take a long pull at this, Al. Gosh, I didn't know you had it in you."

Aleck swallowed the hot stuff and sputtered; the stimulant was a novelty to him, and the effect was most surprising. He wanted to sing out, to glorify himself; he had a vague memory of one morning in the Argonne, a lot of Germans filing past him in the mist, hands upraised. They were his. But why?

Again he felt his jaw was hurting him, and he leaned his head a little for the consolation of Carol's handkerchief. Then he saw Miss Diana Wyant swimming toward him, and his instinct was to dodge, as people did when Diana approached. But something had made him powerless—it must be the hot stuff, he thought. And how surprising! She had taken him by the hand and was telling him how splendidly he had behaved, putting that ruffian out. Aleck wanted to laugh, seeing Hugo's baffled look at that instant. Poor old Hugo's nice plot to spoil Diana's musicale— Missed fire—missed—

THEN he was just conscious enough to hear Hugo's gruff command, "Don't stand so close. Get him up-stairs." He felt an upward tugging at his knees and shoulders, and after a spell of semiconsciousness identified himself as a man in bed, staring at a large photograph of the Berry Hill polo team, 1921. Hugo's room. Carol's arms were around him, he knew that, and didn't care if Hugo looked so stricken as he talked to Leonard Pell, the family physician.

"No bones broken," Leonard Pell was saying, "and it's just a superficial cut He got a pretty bad jar, though—out of condition, let him take it easy—"

Hugo whispered something in the physician's ear; the two men passed into a room beyond and closed the door. Blessed silence. Aleck and Carol were left alone.

"My dear," she murmured, and laid her cheek against his. Emotion so overcame him that he wanted to spoil it all and blubber like a boy. But he controlled himself and held her a little tighter.

"I'm sorry," he said.

"Sorry? Aleck, honey, what for?"

"Making that rowdy scene. But I wanted to show you, Carol—"

"Aleck, dear, were you—were you doing that just for me?"

"You know I was, Carol. I couldn't have men saying things to you—like that. It's up to a man to defend his wife—"

"He might have killed you." And as if to hide a terrifying vision she buried her face in his breast.

When she raised her head again and he saw the admiration in her eyes he would have gone to the rack for her. "Aleck, I've been selfish about you. I'm not good enough—you've spoiled me—that's what's the matter. I've made you—"

So deep was his rapture that it was an instant before he realized that somebody was knocking at the door, sharply, insistently. Annoyed by a consciousness that their moment had been violated, he saw Carol spring up, open the door a crack, thrust her head out.

"Do you think I could see Mr. Howard a minute?" It was a man's voice.

"Mr. Howard can't see anybody just now," he heard her say coldly. "He's not—" The rest of her speech was smothered behind panels, for she went swiftly out and closed the door. How long she was gone he didn't know, but it was too long. Something Dr. Pell had given him had brought on drowsiness. Or maybe it was that terrible stimulant.

His back hurt him, and he faintly realized that he had strained it. But it was all right. A feeling of well-being, of peace with the world soothed him like a healing touch. He'd brought Carol back. She'd told him she was selfish—the very idea! But it was fine to hear her say that. Fine!

When he opened his eyes the room was dark, but he could feel her cool hand on his cheek and hear her say gently, "Go back to sleep, dear."

"Who was that?" Drowsily. "Somebody want me?"

"People asking fool questions," she replied. Then she kissed him very sweetly and tiptoed into the next room, where, distantly, he could see Hugo smoking a big pipe and playing Canfield.

THE week's rest was good for Aleck; almost literally it made a new man of him. His hours with Carol were honeymoon hours; he had chased the devils out of the window; the Howards were reunited Maybe he had cheated his way into paradise, but he was there, established. He had satisfied his wife's craving for heroism.

But one afternoon he drove alone to Bellestaire to settle a little question in his mind. "Hugo," he asked, "don't I owe you some money?"

"What for?" His large friend looked up from his habitual solitaire.

"Why, you slipped Baker that hundred and fifty, didn't you?"

"I? No. I never set eyes on him after the fight."

"Pshaw." This made Aleck uneasy. "He was in such a hurry to be paid, it seems to me he'd have struck you for the money. Careless of me. Where could I find him, do you think?"

"I've got the address of his agent in New York. Let me see." Languidly Hugo pawed a desk, found a card. "I'll call these people up," he volunteered, "and see what I can learn of him." And when Hugo came back from the telephone his information was definite. "He's got his fare to California some way. They say he's at Hollywood, in care of an agent named Bernard Rand."

This made it very simple for Aleck to wire his man at Hollywood, "Sorry forgot to pay you am sending money."

But the reply which came that night, shortly before bedtime, was not so simple. "Don't send it everything okay writing." The message was telephoned to his bedroom, and Carol, who was loitering about, caught at her heart in alarm. But what had come over this beamish boy who, less than a week ago, had thirsted for his hundred and fifty dollars? Surely he hadn't gone through Saturday's performance just for the artistic pleasure it gave him. And what was he writing about?

IT WAS not until Tuesday of the next week that Aleck really knew. They were having a delightful dinner by themselves, he and Carol, when a maid brought in one of those red, white, and blue envelops which designate the air-mail. Postmarked "Hollywood." There was nothing to do, of course, but open it; so under Carol's friendly but not too curious gaze he unfolded the sheet and read:

DEAR MR. HOWARD: I'm sorry there was a mix-up about the money, but I got it all right from Mrs. Howard. I couldn't see you because you were resting, and I had to make the train Thank her for the dough. It was a big boost for me. I landed a job yesterday, and everything is slick. Give my regards to Mrs. Howard, and I'm tickled to death that you both liked the act so well. I thought it went big.

As ever,

JED BAKER.

The sheet fluttered a little between Aleck's fingers as he passed it over to his wife. Carol's expression, as she read, told him nothing. Then very gently she laid the letter down; came over and put her arms around his neck.

You can't generalize about women, that's all.

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Cleans Teeth as Nothing Else Can

For Cleaner, Whiter Teeth . . . do as your dentist does, when he cleans your teeth—use POWDER

There is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth so quickly and leave them so gleaming white—as POWDER.

Science has found nothing to take its place.

That is why your dentist, when cleaning your teeth, as you know—always uses powder.

As it is only the powder part of any dentifrice that cleans, a dentifrice that is ALL POWDER just naturally cleans best.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder IS ALL POWDER—100% cleansing properties. This is more than twice the cleansing properties of tooth pastes.

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For over SIXTY YEARS—dentists everywhere have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, because—teeth simply cannot . . . remain dull and film coated when it is used.

It cleans off all stains and tartar, and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that leaves them sparkling—many shades whiter.

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Being an ALL POWDER dentifrice, Dr. Lyon's contains no glycerine, therefore does not soften the gums. It is free from all grit or pumice and cannot possibly scratch, or injure, the softest enamel, as years of constant use have shown.

Dr. Lyon's is the only dentifrice old enough to prove it can be safely used for life.

Neutralizes Acids

In addition to cleansing, it is probably the greatest neutralizer known for ACID MOUTH, being many times more effective than Milk of Magnesia.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN and clean teeth mean—firm, healthy gums, freedom from pyorrhea and the least possible tooth decay.

Brush your teeth with Dr. Lyon's regularly—consult your dentist periodically—and you will be doing ALL that you can possibly do, to protect your teeth.

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Once you use Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, you will never be satisfied to use anything else. It leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, your mouth so refreshed, and your breath so sweet and pure.

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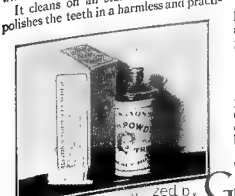

In use over 60 years

EARLY MOON

Continued from page 2

guess what that means. To know exactly what it means we would have to know exactly what is emotion, what is tranquillity, and what we do when we remember. Otherwise it is an escape from words into words, "passing the buck," or winding like a weasel through language that ends about where it begins. "He came out of the same hole he went in at."

There is a science called "esthetics." It is the science which tries to find the laws of beauty. If as a science it ever became perfect then the books dealing with that science would become very important. Then when a builder finished a house and wished to know whether it was a beautiful house he would only have to open the books on esthetics and the books would tell him.

WHAT is beauty? And when shall we call a thing beautiful? These, too, are questions no man has ever answered in such a way that all men have said, "Yes, now we know what beauty is and now we know how to tell the beautiful when we find it." The nearest that men have come to answering the question, "What is the beautiful?" has been in their saying the beautiful is *the appropriate*, that which serves.

No hat is a beautiful hat which does not fit you and which the wind can easily blow off your head. A five-gallon hat on a cowboy riding a horse on an Arizona ranch is beautiful, but the same hat on a crowded city street-car would be out of place, inappropriate.

No song is beautiful in a room where persons desire complete quiet. No polite behavior has beauty unless it has thought and consideration for others. The most beautiful room is the one which best serves those who live in it.

The most beautiful sky-scrapers are those without extras stuck on after the real structure is finished. Why should a good, honest sky-scraper have a dome or a mosque or a cement wedding-cake plastered on top of it? Nearly always what serves, what is appropriate to human use, is beautiful enough without extras. A farm silo, a concrete grain-elevator, a steel barge hauling ore on the Great Lakes, or a series of tall coal-chutes rising as silhouettes on a moonlight night, may, any one of them, have as complete a beauty as the Greek Parthenon or a Gothic cathedral.

Steichen, the photographer, declares he occasionally meets newspaper photographs which in design and as works of art are superior to many of the proclaimed masterpieces of painting and etching.

Now, poetry is supposed to be the esthetic art which gathers the beautiful into words. The first stuff making poetry is words. No poems, strictly speaking, have ever been made without words. To make poems without words would be like a painter painting without paint or a bricklayer bricklaying without bricks. Of course, a feeling or a thought, or both, must come to a poet before he begins using the words that make a poem. But the right words, the special and particular words for the purpose in view, these must come. For out of them the poem is made.

The words for a poem sometimes come swiftly and easily, so that at last when the poem is put down on paper the writer of them says, "I do not know how these words came. What is here was not my own absolute doing any more than a dream that should come to me in a night of sleep." Yet again the words may come slowly, out of years of toil, and sometimes anguish, of changing phrases and arrangements.

While we do not know very much in an absolute way about the questions, "What is poetry? How is a poem made?" we do know the one little fact that poems are made of words and without words there can be no poetry. Beyond this we do not know much. However, there is one other little scientific fact we know about poetry. That is, what is poetry for any given individual depends on the individual and what his personality requires as poetry. This links up with one of the few accepted propositions of the science of esthetics: Beauty depends on personal taste. What is beauty for one person is not for another. What is poetry for one person may be balderdash or hogwash for another.

Each of us has a personality different from all others. It has even been said that no two leaves in a forest are the same; no two human characters are precisely alike. This personality that each of us has is strangely woven of millions of little facts, events, impressions, out of the past and present.

Your personality and mine goes back to many mysterious human connections before we were born—and since. And what any one of us loves to-day with depth of passion, and what each of us tries to shape his life by, goes back to strange things in personality, things so darkly mixed and baffling that it is not easy for any of us, at a given time to answer the questions, "Why do you love this and not that? Why do you want those and not them?" The old tag with its line, "I want what I want when I want it," is not entirely comic in its backgrounds.

We do not know the start of the old folk saying, "Every one to his taste, as the old woman said when she kissed the cow." We are sure a blunt Indiana philosopher knew his ground well when he wrote, "What is one man's lettuce is another man's poison-ivy." These are humorous contrasts on the deeply serious and involved realm known as human personality. They connect directly with the fact that what is poetry for some is not poetry for others. They indicate that sometimes we can not help it that we do not merely dislike one poetry; we go farther and *hate* it.

And why we should hate any particular poem, thing, or person is no more clear than why we love others, for hate is usually expensive in many ways and is a waste of time that belongs elsewhere. Charles Lamb said he believed an old story he had heard about two men, who had never before met each other, meeting one day in a street in London—and the moment they saw each other's faces they leaped and began fighting.

Lamb said those two men who began hitting at each other's faces the moment they saw those faces, had "imperfect sympathies." Something clicked in each one saying, "Hit him! Kill him!" They couldn't help it. Tho they met in a crowded street of a great city, and there was room on, they attacked each other like two soldiers with bayonets in front-line trenches.

And exactly like those two men meeting in a London street, some of us register instantly—often not so violently—the faces of meat, buildings, colors, neckties, poems, designs, pictures, books, plays—and poems. Something clicks in us and we know like a flash whether we like this or that new thing we meet for the first time.

And then may happen afterward a slow change of our view-point. What we see nothing in to begin with takes on a glow or two we had not noticed at first; then at time passes we gather values, ironies, gleams, that interest us and lead us on till we know we were ignorant, possessed of "imperfect sympathies," in our first expression of hate or dislike. The change of view-point from dislike to interest, from indifference to enthusiasm, often has happened with the finest of men and women in respect to great masterpieces of literature.

Sometimes we do not know what a poem is talking about in his books because as life we have not met the people, facts, impressions which he is trying to deliver his mind and heart about in his book. Said a great modern artist, "Going along as we do to-day I see a thing I have seen many times. But this day I suddenly *see*. "This" did you *see* new, but things have prepared you for *a new vision*."

AS THE years pass by and experience writes out new records in our mind life, we go back to some works of art that we rejected in the early days and find value we missed. Work, love, laughter, pain, death, put impressions on us as time passes, and as we brood over what has happened.

Out of songs and scars and the mystery of personal development, we get eyes that pick out intentions we had not seen before in people, in art, in books and poetry.

Naturally, too, the reverse happens. What we register to at one period of life, what we find gay and full of fine nonsense at one time, we find later has no interest for us. A few masterpieces of the last across the years, but we usually discard some. A few masterpieces are ever-new. Why this is so we do not know. For each individual his new acquisitions and old discards are different.

The books and poems at hand ready for

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each of us are so many and so different that we use and throw away, acquire and discard, according to personal taste, and often merely guided by whim like the man in the song, "I want what I want when I want it." Too often, both among young people and grown-ups, there is a careless drifting and they take the easiest way in books and poetry. Millions read without asking themselves why they read and whether in all their reading they have learned anything worth the spending of their time.

It was not for nothing Thoreau said an old newspaper would do for him just as well as a new one. Each of us can sit alone with our conscience for a while on the proposition of Robert Louis Stevenson that the intelligent man can find an Iliad of the human race in a newspaper. And any kindly philosopher could write a thick book on why the shrewd, tolerant reader enjoys even a stupid, vain, hypocritical book, because the writer of the book is etching his own portrait on every page, stepping forth and talking off lines like one of the fools, clowns, or pretenders in a Russian play.

HEALTHY questions for each of us: "Why do I read books? What do books do to me? Can I improve my form as a reader? What does poetry do to me? Why do I need this or that poetry?"

We have heard much in our time about free verse being modern, as tho it is a newfound style for men to use in speaking and writing, rising out of the machine age, skyscrapers, high speed, and jazz. Now, if free verse is a form of writing poetry without rime, without regular meters, without established and formal rules governing it, we can easily go back to the earliest styles of poetry known to the human family—and the style is strictly free verse.

Before men invented the alphabet, so that poems could be put down in writing, they spoke their poems. When one man spoke to another in a certain time-beat and rhythm, if it happened that his words conveyed certain impressions and moods to his listeners, he was delivering poetry to them, whether he knew it or they knew it, or had a name for an art which the poet was practising on himself and them.

We may go through thousands of pages of the reports of songs, poems, and spoken dreams of American Indians as recorded in the volumes of the Bureau of Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, and we find it all to be in the free-verse style. The poems of the ancient Chinese writers Li Po, Tu Fu, and others, as read in translations, and as notated by the translators, show how strange and marvelous moments of life can be captured and compressed in the manner called "free verse." The Bible is one of the sublime sources of free verse. The orations of Moses, the Book of Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, the Sermon on the Mount, the "love chapter" of the Apostle Paul, these are in the free-verse style of writing poetry.

If those who write in the free-verse style fail at getting onto paper lines worth reading twice, they are in the same class with those who in regular, ordered, formal verse fail to get onto paper lines worth reading twice. The crimes of free verse have been many. The same goes for sonnets, ballads, ballades, triolets, rondeaus, villanelles, and the forms of verse which are governed by hexameters, pentameters, iambics, strophes, and by laws which dictate how many syllables shall be permitted to perch on each line of the poem.

Perhaps no wrong is done and no temple of human justice violated in pointing out here that each authentic poet makes a style of his own. Sometimes this style is so clearly the poet's own that when he is imitated it is known who is imitated. Shakespeare, Villon, Li Po, Whitman—each sent forth his language and impress of thought and feeling from a different style of gargoyle spout. In the spacious highways of great books each poet is allowed the stride that will get him where he wants to go.

Should children write poetry? Yes, whenever they feel like it. If nothing else happens they will find it a training for writing and speaking in other fields of human work and play. No novelist has been a worse writer for having written poetry. Many a playwright, historian, essayist, editorial writer, could have improved his form by experimenting with poetry.

At what age should a child begin writing poetry? Any age. Poems are made of words, and when a child is learning to talk, to shape words on its tongue, is a proper time for it to speak poetry—if it can.

A "Beauty Shampoo" in 10 Minutes

Quickly, Easily, at a few cents cost, you can have a Real "Beauty Shampoo" that will give Your Hair a Loveliness, quite unobtainable by Ordinary Washing.

YOU CAN SAVE TIME, expense and inconvenience, by adopting this simple method of "beauty shampooing," which gives truly professional results at home.

The beauty of your hair, its sparkle .. its gloss and lustre .. depends, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt —hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will remove this film and let the sparkle, and rich, natural . . . color tones . . . of the hair show.

Ordinary washing fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not clean the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

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That is why women, by the thousands, who value beautiful hair, are now using Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

It cleanses so thoroughly; is so mild and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure, no matter how often you use it.

You will notice the difference in the appearance of your hair the very first time you use Mulsified, for it will feel so delightfully clean, and be so soft, silky, and fresh-looking.

Try a Mulsified "Beauty Shampoo" and just see how quickly it is done. See how easy your hair is to manage and how lovely it will look. See it sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store, or toilet goods counter . . . anywhere in the world.

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To set your hair, or put in a finger wave, use a few drops of Glostora.

Apply with your fingers, or add a few drops to a little water in your wash basin and comb it on. You can then press the waves in easily and they will set quickly and stay.

Waving your hair in this truly professional way, does not leave it stiff, sticky, or artificial looking, as ordinary waving fluids do.

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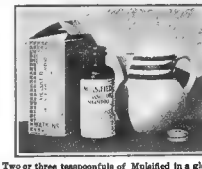

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a glass or pitcher with a little warm water added, makes an abundance of . . . soft, rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

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The woman who thinks all permanent waves are alike is due for a gratifying surprise . . . The Eugène Methodis gentle, safe, natural. Its perfect waves are close to the scalp, and the hair is left in flawless condition . . . Paris and London will have no other! . . . . The great Eugène contribution to permanent waving—the feature that makes a Eugène wave worth many times its slightly higher cost—is the ingenious Eugène Sachet with its patented perforated steam tab . . .

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Does it help a child poet to have praise for its poems? The child should be told that poetry is first of all for the poet, that great poets usually die saying their best work is not written. Perhaps it is wise for every child to be told that it is a mistake for either a child or a grown-up, accomplished artist to be satisfied with any past performance.

The foremost American woman poet, Emily Dickinson, had scarcely any of her poetry published in her lifetime What she wrote had to be. And it is doubtful if her poems would have had the same complete glory they have if she had been taken up and praised. On the other hand there have been poets saved to live and write beautiful pages because they found friends, an audience, and enough money to keep the wolf from sniffing round their little doorways.

The father of a great Irish poet once remarked, "What can be explained is not poetry." There are people who want a book of verse to be like the arithmetic—you turn to the back and find the answers

Once a little girl showed to a friend a poem she had written. "Why didn't you make it longer?" asked the friend. "I could have," she answered, "but then it wouldn't have been a poem." She meant she left something in the air for the reader of the poem to linger over, as any of us do over a rose or a sunset or a face. Roses, sunsets, faces, have mystery. If we could explain them, then after having delivered our explanations we could say, "Take it from me, that's all there is to it, and there's no use your going any further, for I've told you all there is, and there isn't any more."

If poems could be explained then poets would have to do without roses, sunsets, faces, from their poems. Yet it seems that for thousands of years poets have been writing about roses, sunsets, faces, because they have mystery, significance, and a heavy or a light beauty, an appeal, a lesson, and a symbolism that stays with us as long as we live. It was something like this in the heart of the philosopher who declared, "What can be explained is not poetry."

FLYING IS CHANGING WOMEN

Continued from page 30

hangars, when they step from their planes and doff their flying-coats and -goggles, men will want them simultaneously to shed their freedom and independence, and women won't be able to do it.

The hero-worshiping attitude, or what little there is left of it, will have to be done away with entirely The older generation will resist this; the coming generation will take it for granted. The lad of to-morrow will expect his sister or fiancée to fly as long and as hard as he does; he'll expect her to manifest an equal degree of physical stamina and imperturbability.

IF a ship sheds a wing she'll be expected to go over the side and pull the rip-cord without assistance, since it is the sort of thing one does alone. She will look out for herself, and he will look out for himself. It is the type of independence aviation breeds in its adherents.

It will do away with the adoring attitude of man as a superior being; but women need the sense of emotional balance, the stability, and the capacity for making decisions; women need these liberating qualities far more than men need hero-worshiping.

"It hurts a man's pride to see a woman capable of doing the same work he does," people have said in explanation of man's objection to women entering aviation.

It goes far beyond mere hurt pride.

Since time immemorial man has been woman's protector. From the man's standpoint the greatest satisfaction to be found in his relations with a woman lies in his ability to give (of his protection, his largess, his care) and in her willingness to receive.

Men want their strength to be needed. They want to shield and shelter some one who is weaker than they. And it is an insult to their protective instinct for a woman to flout this proffered chivalry, to say by her actions, "Let me alone! I don't need any help. I can look after myself!"

That is just what a woman does say, figuratively speaking, when she gets into an airplane, opens the throttle, tosses her head, and goes sailing off alone into the sky.

This new order may become annoying to man's possessive instinct, but it will prove a tremendous step forward in the solving of woman's problem. A woman who has gained the self-reliance and self-control necessary, and has found a satisfying mode of self-expression which does not depend in the slightest degree on the personal element, has achieved a serenity of mind which is without price.

Aviation points the way. And aviation is in need of women. What gave it its wonderful impetus? What lifted it overnight to the very pinnacle of success?

It was carried forward on a wave of emotion that swept the world. The idealism which lifted aviation to its present height must be sustained if there is to be a steady advance; and woman can supply this note because the moral or ideal lies closer to her heart. On the practical side woman's support is just as greatly needed. Where would the automobile industry be to-day if not a woman drove a car?

Where will the aviation industry be in twenty years if not a woman flies an airplane? But women are going to fly when they realize the mental and moral benefits that will accrue. It isn't merely the mechanical motion that satisfies; it isn't only the miracle of being lifted physically above the earth.

There is something in the very nature of aviation that tends to unite individuals as well as nations, and it is creating a bond among women, knitting womankind into a better understanding of their common problems—first on the field, then in the business world and in the home. It is fostering sympathy and sex-consciousness (a consciousness of one's own sex) and is arousing a sincere desire to submerge the personal in the ideal.

This subordination of the individual means, of course, that one must get out of oneself to a certain extent. But flying fosters this broader view-point. One is lifted out of oneself when one flies, and the physical action is carried over and reflected in the mental attitude.

One finds an inclination among women on the field to bicker very little over rivalries. Sex-loyalty comes first.

"No one can go through the sky, with its beauties and perils, and remain petty," some one has said.

It is the truth. Flying lifts one above trivial or unimportant things.

Flying is going to make many women mechanically-minded. There is nothing to prevent them from developing an interest in machinery. They have a delicate touch and extraordinary patience, both of which are essential in mechanical work. Mechanical-mindedness has been considered a masculine attribute exclusively, only because women have never had any special reason for developing it. Now they are about to find a reason.

Airplanes have individuality. Some are as sensitive to the touch as a high-strung horse; others are sluggish. No person can fly several types of planes without becoming aware of this marked difference in response and handling.

ONE is bound to develop preferences. And what more natural than to want to know all about a thing for which one conceives a preference? If enthusiasm for a certain type of plane is aroused, curiosity is bound to be aroused, too. Why does this plane behave differently from other planes? Than other motors? The desire to find out will eventually lead even a woman to investigate. Another reason why women will develop a mechanical sense is because forced landings in sparsely populated districts will demand it.

Women haven't been in aviation long enough, as a class, to have acquired the personal feeling, which amounts almost to affection, for a good ship, a good engine. When they do acquire it they will become as mechanical as men.

The precision, the perfection of a good piece of machinery which is in faultless working order can not help but arouse the admiration of a person who entrusts his life to it. Its faithfulness will arouse respect.

When one begins to respect a piece of machinery one is becoming mechanically-minded.

Women can master flying as well as men

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Tells How to Rid Your Complexion of These Ugly, Rusty-Brown Spots

If you freckle easily, yet find these blemishes hard to remove, read what thousands of women do to fade out every last freckle and gain a clear, beautiful complexion. They use Othine and no longer dread the summer sun and winds.

You, too, will find that after a few nights' use of this dainty white cream even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to clear the skin of these ugly blotches.

Be sure to ask at any drug or department store for Othine—double strength. It's always sold with guarantee of money back if it does not remove even the worst freckles and give you a lovely milk-white complexion.

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Ask your Doctor

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can. It does not demand a great deal of strength, but requires mental qualities mainly; perseverance, grit, stick-to-it-iveness, and determination. There is nothing to prevent women from cultivating these traits. It seems to have a decidedly beneficial effect on a woman's nerves. She who is nervous on the ground, or when riding in an automobile, will be cured of her squeamishness in the air.

But what it is going to do, above all else, for women is to free them from the so-called inherent feminine weaknesses: emotionalism, instability, indecision, and dependence on the male sex. A woman who can find fulfilment in the skies will never again need to live her life in some man's spare moments. It constitutes a glorious release and freedom to a woman to be lifted above dependence on personal relations in her search for happiness. And the less personal she is on the field the more satisfaction she will find in aviation, and the better it will be for her flying.

"Freedom as yet undreamed of awaits woman—half-way between the earth and sky!"

IT'S TIME TO MAKE JELLY

Continued from page 38

delicious products may be made at small cost by the use of pectin. In fact strawberries will not make jelly without it, altho blackberries and raspberries, if not too ripe, will form jelly without additional pectin. Better color and flavor are obtained if the juice is boiled only once, so we extract it from the uncooked berries. Draining the juice through flannel or muslin filters out the pulp, which may be made into jam. The quantities given below call for 4 quarts of raw fruit.

Strawberry, Blackberry, or Raspberry Jelly

PUT 4 quarts of prepared berries through the food-chopper or mash them thoroughly. Allow them to drain through a fine mesh-bag until 4 cupfuls (1 quart) of juice have been extracted. Make this at once into jelly, as raw juice may ferment if allowed to stand for several hours.

4 Cupfuls (2 Pounds) Juice — 7¼ Cupfuls (3½ Pounds) Sugar
1 Cupful Liquid Pectin

COMBINE the juice and the sugar in a kettle large enough to hold 4 times as much as this makes. Bring to a brisk boil. Add the pectin at once, stirring constantly, and rinse out the measure with hot juice. Bring once more to a full, rolling boil, and boil for ½ minute. Remove from the fire, let stand for 1 minute, skim, and pour into sterilized glasses. This amount fills about 11 half-pint glasses

Peach Jam

2 Quarts Peaches — 3 Pounds Sugar
Juice 1 Lemon

WASH the peaches, remove all specks, and slice thin. Measure after preparing and pack into the measure, letting the juice run freely to make sure you have 2 full quarts. Add the lemon-juice and sugar and stir until dissolved. A few of the peach-pits may be cooked with the jam for flavor, but should be removed when the cooking is finished. Cook over a slow flame, stirring frequently to prevent burning, until thick and transparent. Pour into hot, clean glasses, and seal with paraffin.

Strawberry and Rhubarb Conserve

2 Cupfuls Strawberries — 7 Cupfuls (3 Pounds) Sugar
2 Cupfuls Rhubarb — ½ Cupful Liquid Pectin

SLICE the strawberries and measure after slicing, packing the cup until the juice flows to the top. Use tender, pink rhubarb, and slice without paring to enrich the color of the conserve. Pack closely in the cup as you did the strawberries, and fill the cup with water if the juice does not run freely enough to give a solid measure of material. Add the sugar, stir until the sugar is moistened with the juices, and bring to a full, rolling boil over a hot fire. Boil hard for 3 minutes, stirring continually. Remove from the fire and stir in the pectin. Then skim and stir alternately for 5 minutes to prevent the fruit's rising to the top of the glass. Pour into sterilized glasses and seal.

"I don't perspire enough to need it—" *dangerous words*

When the underarm is kept always dry with ODORONO you are absolutely safe from offending

by Ruth Miller

WHEN I was making a recent study of perspiration annoyance, I was astonished to have hundreds and hundreds of women tell me in all seriousness that they "did not perspire enough" to need Odorono! Because their dresses were not stained, they actually thought there was no danger of perspiration odor.

They had no idea of what doctors know so well—that perspiration odor actually precedes noticeable moisture. By assuring yourself with Odorono of a dry underarm, you are absolutely safe from offending.

A Physician's Formula: Odorono was originally made by a physician for his own use. The familiar ruby colored Odorono, Regular Strength, is for use twice a week on normal skins. The new colorless Odorono, Mild, is made especially for sensitive skins and for frequent use—or in an emergency. At toilet-goods counters, 35¢, 60¢ and $1.00.

Just 3 Simple Gestures

1. PAT ON . . . Wash underarm with clear water and dry. Pat on Odorono—don't rub.
2. LET DRY . . . Let underarm dry thoroughly before clothing touches it. If using Odorono Mild, let dry at least fifteen minutes. If using Odorono Regular Strength, let stay on and dry overnight.
3. RINSE OFF . . . When entirely dry, wipe thoroughly with a damp cloth. If used last thing at night, rinse off in the morning.

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ends perspiration annoyance and odor

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Ruth Miller, The Odorono Company, Inc.
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TREAT that

corn

sensibly

It's hard to keep your mind on your work and on a miserable throbbing corn, all at once. The business-like course is to apply Blue-jay and return to your dictation!

This is the sensible treatment—perfected through thirty years by one of the foremost makers of surgical dressings. It ends pain instantly, by ending the pressure that causes pain. Then mild medication makes the relief permanent, penetrating the corn and preparing it for removal. Millions of corns have been banished this way—*safely*, avoiding the risk of infection that lurks in paring.

Why nurse a corn when relief waits at any druggist's? End yours today with Blue-jay, the clean, pleasant, bath-proof 3-day treatment. 25 cents (in Canada, 35 cents).

Blue-jay

CORN PLASTER

BAUER & BLACK

DIVISION OF THE KENDALL COMPANY

Chicago . . New York . . Toronto

Strawberry, Blackberry, or Raspberry Jam

(Made from the pulp left over after the 4 cupfuls of juice have been extracted. For raspberry jam the amount of sugar may be reduced by ½ cupful.)

MEASURE the pulp into a large kettle, mix with the sugar, and bring to a full, rolling boil over a hot fire, stirring constantly. Boil for 1 minute. Remove from the fire and stir in the pectin, rinsing out the measure with hot juice. Then skim and stir alternately for 5 minutes to allow the juice to cool slightly and to set enough to keep the solid matter evenly distributed. Pour at once into hot sterilized glasses and cover with paraffin. For a soft, slow set use about ½ cupful less sugar. This amount fills 9 to 10 half-pint glasses.

Grape Conserve

1 Quart Grapes (Concord or Similar)	1 Cupful Seeded Raisins
2 Cupfuls Orange	3 Cupfuls Sugar
	1 Cupful Walnut-meats

MEASURE the grapes after they have been washed and stemmed. To seed them slip off the skins and bring the pulp to the boiling-point. The seeds can then be removed easily by rubbing the pulp through a wire sieve. Wash the oranges and cut them lengthwise, remove the cores and seeds, and cut into sections for easy grinding. Put through the food-chopper, using the medium knife. There should be 2 cupfuls of orange pulp, juice, and rind. Cut the raisins small. Add the sugar and cook until the mixture gives the two-drop test. Then add the nuts. Pour and seal.

WHY I WOULD LIKE TO BE A MAN

Continued from page 18

He took out a box of matches and lighted a cigaret while he thought a moment. "If she were intelligent and witty and not coquettish, I'd think it was all right, but if she were old-fashioned I'd think it queer."

"You mean that unless she was an exceptional person she'd have to be indirect if she invited you, but you could be direct if you wanted her."

"I guess that's right."

And there briefly you have the main reason I'd like to be a man. As a woman I hesitate before I invite a man to have dinner with me. As a man I should have no such hesitation. And part of that is due to the fact that if the dinner is to be at a restaurant I know he will expect to pay for it, and even tho I know the small sum means nothing to him, it embarrasses me.

No, things have not changed yet as much as they seem. My very modern young actor said that women still seldom approach a man with proposals. They give him an opportunity in an indirect way and he takes advantage of it if he wishes. Now, since I am absolutely incapable of cajoling people, and since I prefer the direct way to the indirect, I should like to be a man in these circumstances.

Suppose you go into a high-class restaurant at night. There is always a man or two eating alone. What do you think when you see him? You think that he prefers solitude. There is also a woman eating alone. What do you think of her? That she can't get a man to eat with. Or you see two men eating together. You think they're having a fine, manly, cigar-smoking time. You see two women eating together. Unless they are beautiful, you think, "Poor things——"

The other day I was drinking tea with a friend of mine, a very famous writer indeed. The telephone rang, and when she had answered she sat down resignedly. "Now, isn't that a nuisance!" She explained that she had to go that evening to a very important party. "And now Timmy can't take me. He's sick."

Timmy is a person of far less consequence than herself. Beside her he is entirely insignificant. And yet this famous woman, whom her hosts wanted so much, felt weakened because she had to go unescorted by a man. It's nonsense, but it's—true

WHY I WOULD LIKE TO BE A WOMAN

Continued from page 19

Civilization is distinctly a man's invention, and women have never grown quite accustomed to it. Man invented virtue, too; it will probably go down in history as his most noble experiment.

I think that one of the most attractive features of being a woman is that she can be virtuous with dignity, but few men can —and it is a most difficult thing to do. If a woman does not care for a man's advances she can tell him so, and usually does. Therefore upon she acquires a new luster in his eyes. He is defeated and humbled. He goes home and bows in fancy before her shrine. But just let a man try it, and see what happens.

"Madam," we can imagine the gentleman saying to the lady, "I can see that you are in love with me, and would surrender yourself to me if I would say a word, but I want you to understand that I do not love you, and that you would greatly oblige me if you would leave me alone." That—or words to that effect. Thereafter that gentleman is looked upon by the unworthy of notice or respect. I want to be virtuous with dignity, and that is another reason why I would like to be a woman.

From this pack of emotional reasons there emerges at least one that may be considered intellectual. It is a way of looking at facts and logic. Long ago I cured myself of the vicious habit of believing facts, but it took many years. Men have a sort of senseless craving for the facts about any given situation. They seem to think that if they know the facts and figures they have the whole thing in a nut shell.

Being a man myself, I followed this useless practise for a long time, until I began to realize that no human problem can be solved by a study of the bare facts of the case. Everything worth while comes from the heart, the purpose of the mind, with its logic and its categories of fact, is simply to make an excuse for psychic impulses.

Women know instinctively that no fact can ever be the whole truth; that a fact merely conceals something deeper and more vital. I think it a most admirable way of looking at things.

Women are saturated with realism; they are intense realists. I am a thoroughgoing realist myself, and at times this attitude of mine makes it rather hard for me to deal with men, who are virtually all complete romanticists. Men win by attempting the impossible. It is true that most of them fail to carry out their romantic dreams, and the wrecks of their nameless little barks are the driftwood on the shores of civilization. But a few come in under gallant white sails; so we have Edison and Columbus and Julius Cæsar and Benjamin Franklin.

Women are too sensible to try anything of the kind. They prefer to enjoy life rather than to strive for something which may not be worth having after they get it.

One rarely finds idealists among women, for they feel instinctively that the central, unconscious motive of the idealist is a hatred of his fellow-men. It is a curious thing that women hate individuals and not people in mass. Even when they tell you that they dislike certain races or nations you can learn readily enough, by questioning, that their hatred pivots around a few special individuals. On the other hand, men frequently acquire a sort of abstract, cold mass-hatred. I don't like hatreds of any kind, but if I do any hating at all I want to do it like a woman.

I give all the foregoing as the more outstanding reasons why I would like to be a woman, but when I think them over, there comes to the front of the picture that pretty girl I met the other evening. I can see her now, in fancy, with her jaunty *cloche* hat,

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her fine eyes, her lovely chin, her silver-gray frock, and her shoes of the color of young, freshly minted gold. I had rather be that girl than to be Thomas A. Edison.

It sounds like the rankest kind of heresy, I know—almost blasphemy, in fact—but that's the way I feel about it, just the same. She is going to have a grand time in life, tho very likely she will believe, to the end of her days, that men have the better of everything.

THE SILVER SWAN

Continued from page 13

the last weeks that she was rather weary of the thought of him. A little diversion would be very pleasant. That evening they had coffee with Barran in the smoking-room.

"A most agreeable young man. Very much of a gentleman," pronounced Miss Bulkley. "I took him for an Englishman. Is he an Irishman?"

Claire never analyzed personalities. She desired or ignored. Derek Barran was good-looking. Almost handsome. Short, straight nose. Bright, mocking eyes. And most amusing. Quite different from Ian. Claire felt herself entitled to a respite after this last month of demure simplicity. She spent a great many hours with Derek Barran in the smoking-room and on the boat-deck, and he made her laugh with observations that Ian never would have uttered. Ian was very sweet, but—Claire sighed—just a little dull. Before they reached Brindisi she had asked Derek Barran to join Miss Bulkley and herself and stop over in Naples.

"It will be so nice to have a man to go about with. They say the Neapolitans are simply too appalling, really."

Miss Bulkley accepted the explanation. She had begun to feel that if she were an honorable woman she would communicate with the Bulteel family as well as with the Watsons. Being a hired chaperon, with her bread to earn, she did neither.

NAPLES was divine, and then, the bay . . . once seen, supremely dull. The fishermen had all become Fascisti. Rubber raincoats, and boots from Lynn, Mass., had replaced the capes and *spadri* of other days. There was no place one could go to dance, nothing one could do of an evening save sit in the hotel's American bar. Or go to the opera. Barran suggested they motor out to Pompeii. Claire refused to look at further ruins.

"Ah, well, but if you knew what they've found in those same ruins!" He took her to the Museo, and up a short flight of stairs to a small suite of rooms, outside whose entrance stood a guard. An hour later Claire emerged, somewhat disturbed. There had been a statuette of a dancing faun that looked so uncannily like Derek.

"You had no right to take me in there."

"You didn't have to stay, you know," he grinned. "Sure you know how to find them again? See, they're marked '*Camera Segrete*.'"

"I think you're perfectly horrid."

Three days of Naples and Claire suggested Capri.

"The pictures all look too divine. And everybody goes." She was positive that once upon those lavender cliffs Derek would stop laughing that mocking laugh of his and become more sensible. Make love to her. He had an assurance, a way of swinging his stick as he walked, that irritated her. In a city there were too many distractions. So they went to Capri.

The Quisisana was filled with tourists from the Middle West, whose accent warned Claire they might know her family. She lived in terror of being recognized by some one from Ohio. For two days rain fell without cessation and the hotel was cold.

"You would come," Derek reminded her, and grinned. "So much wiser to have bought a pretty post-card and preserved your illusion. I don't fancy you've got many left to chuck about."

"You annoy me frightfully. No one had ever told me Capri was just scenery. I thought it was going to be fun."

"Fun? On Capri? Oh, no! You've been grossly misinformed. Delights, and odd ones at that, but never fun. For good, clean fun one must always go to some God-forsaken place like Brighton. Or Dieppe. Have sand and a boardwalk."

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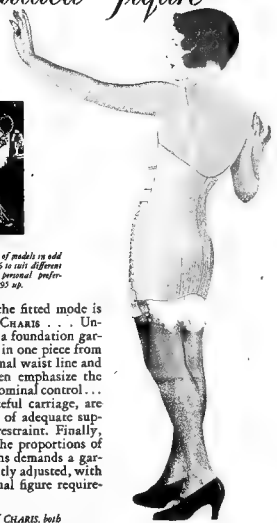

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"I don't know what you're talking about"

He did not appear in the least perturbed, even when she would not speak to him in the funicular going up from the Marina. He whistled, and talked Italian to the guard and to a peasant woman. Claire was ashamed to be seen with him. That evening Derek asked Miss Bulkley to go and see the tarantella-dancers, imported from the mainland to amuse the hotel guests. Claire refused to go. They went without her.

Claire flew to the manager and demanded a boat to take her back to Naples at once. The manager, all suave apologies, informed her there was no boat that night. At dawn Claire dragged Miss Bulkley out of bed, onto the Naples boat, and, that afternoon, onto the train for Rome. She hoped never again, so long as she might live, to see that cursed island. Or Derek, either! The most insufferable man she had ever met.

For a day Claire adored Rome. The Spanish Steps. The Flower Market. The fountain outside the Villa Medici. St. Peter's dome, at sunset. The change of guard before the Quirinal. A great pity, she told Miss Bulkley, that English officers didn't wear long capes and high black boots. They motored out to Tivoli.

A young lieutenant, in a black tunic and black breeches with a scarlet stripe, followed them all over the Villa d'Este. From time to time Claire cast him sidelong glances. Once he stooped and plucked a flower. Claire was sure he meant to give it to her. But Miss Bulkley, tiresome old thing, never left her side. Life with only women was a bore, she felt. That night she sent a telegram to Derek Barran. Three days later he answered from Siena.

No, not Rome. Too many fat priests and fatter pilgrims. Here neither priests nor pilgrims. Not even tourists, thank God. But a marvelous Chianti, which you would enjoy, and the most gorgeous frescoes in the world—molten reds and blues and golds—which you would not enjoy at all. And a charming person named Cesare, who plays forward on the Siena football team and, in his spare moments, is head waiter at this hotel. Last night he took me to the maddest ball at the Teatro di Lizza. Mi-Carême. Much confetti and sweet, bubbling refreshment.

Some one appropriated my cigaret-case. No matter, one can buy oneself another. But the ball was altogether delightful. Cheap and gay. You would have adored it. Infinitely more entertaining than prowling through the ruins of the House of the Vestals. My best regards to the holy father, in case you happen on him anywhere, and to Miss Bulkley. They should meet. The powers temporal and spiritual. Mussolini might decorate you, might even make you *dame de palast extraordinaire* to Her Royal Highness of Apulia. The man's imagination knows no bounds. I have no address and am leaving here for nowhere, or perhaps immediately, so don't answer me. No matter. We shall meet.

She threw the letter away, was intensely rude to Miss Bulkley all afternoon, and said, at dinner, "I heard from Derek Barran to-day. The greatest lot of rot you've ever read. All about the Pope and a head waiter. I think we might as well go on to Paris. There's nothing here in Rome. No, I don't want to go to Florence or any of those places. I'm sick of seeing things."

CLAIRE'S letter of credit was practically exhausted. Miss Bulkley suggested they telegram an inexpensive hotel for rooms in Paris. Claire refused.

"What! Stay in some second-rate hotel? Indeed I will not! I'm going to cable father for more money. He's got to send it to me."

"But, Claire, when you sent that last draft you promised——"

"I don't care. Father'll have to let me have some more, that's all." They went to the Crillon, and Claire cabled Wilbur she was drawing on him for money to come home. Wilbur answered she could draw two thousand. Claire drew four, spent a week in the most expensive shops and instructed them to forward her bills to Columbus. "I've got to get some new things," to Miss Bulkley's expostulations. "I can't go home in rags. Oh, dear! I don't see why we spent so much sightseeing when there's everything one wants right here in Paris."

Urgent cables demanded her immediate return. At a distance Wilbur dared be imperative. It was an excuse not to go to England and visit Ian's sister. Claire wrote Ian from Paris that her family were insisting she come directly home. Ian was often in her mind, in Paris. If she were marrying him and buying a trousseau she could have all these frocks she coveted. Till she stood one day, staring at a cloth-of-silver coat in the smartest place in Paris, she had not been really sure she wished to marry Ian. Then she knew she did. And she would come back to Paris for her trousseau.

The afternoon before they were to sail Derek Barran suddenly walked into her sitting-room. "I saw your name in the *Herald*, in Milan, day before yesterday, and here we are, all over again. I've been looking for you in every hill-town in Tuscany."

"You might have known I wouldn't go to any of those places." She was surprised to realize how pleased she was to see him again. But he must be made to do penance for Capri, and for not having come to Rome when she had telegraphed him. "What are they like? Amusing?"

"Very!" He grinned. "Especially Orvieto. There was a street fair in progress. 'Pagliacci' in the original. Chap in yoke tights performing on a wire stretched across the Piazza between the roofs of two *quattrocento* palaces. Marvelous. A starlit night, dancing in the night sky, against a background of stars, with a gas-flare playing on him. Piazza filled with peasants, dancing on the cobblestones. And all around, in the wings as it were, lighted *trattorie*, filled with more peasants, drinking and singing."

"It sounds too ordinary."

"Possibly. But it wasn't.

Derek regarded her critically.

"At times, you know, you're quite beautiful. Why, I say, what's the matter? Are you annoyed with me? I'm frightfully sorry. I'm constantly annoying people." He took one of her hands. "I can't help it. A leprechawn jumped into my crib the night I was born."

"What's a lepre——?"

"A leprechawn? Well, really, I can't explain. You'll have to come over to Ireland and let me show you one. You'll like them. They're dears. I say, when shall we start? Any old time will do me." He put his arm about her and took her face in one hand. "Tell me, Claire, when shall we start?"

SHE waited till he had kissed her, then slowly disengaged herself. "I'm sailing to-morrow for America."

"You're not! But why to-morrow when I've only just arrived in Paris?"

"The family've cabled me to come home. They're furious at me for having spent so much money."

"How very tiresome of them! You should be an orphan, like me. Makes life so much less complicated. I say, d'you get on with your family? Oh, I beg your pardon. I know it's none of my affair." A pair of tears slid from beneath her lashes and coursed down her face. She had not realized how much she had wanted him to kiss her.

"Oh, don't do that. Please," he was saying. "I'll do anything you ask if only you won't weep. I can't endure tears." He kissed the palms of her hands. "Let's go somewhere. Let's have tea or something."

"I can't. I have a thousand things to do."

"Of course you can. Where's the Great Bulkley? Out? So much the better. Leave a note for her. Say you're running over to Warsaw to have your nails done. Or anything. Claire, really you're lovely! You're the most lovely woman I've ever seen."

"Why wouldn't you tell me that in Capri?" She looked up reproachfully.

"In Capri?" He began to grin. "Oh, no! That would have been too obvious. And, anyway, when did I have an opportunity?" He drew her to his side. "Some day will you let me paint your portrait? I do that sort of thing, you know. Quite well, too. Venus Anadyomene, rising from the sea-foam of the Adria——"

"As Venus! With no clothes on?"

"Just as you prefer."

"Really, Derek! That's insulting. Let go of me. I'm not going out with you."

"Oh, yes, you are! We'll get a taxi and nip over to the Dome for a bit. D'you know the Dome? And then we'll dine somewhere, preferably on a sidewalk. How about it?" A knocking at the door interrupted him. "Some one trying to get in. Possibly The Bulkley." He opened the door, and a *chasseur* handed him a cablegram and a *chasseur* handed him a cablegram. Claire opened it, gave it a glance, and crumpled it up. How tactless of Ian to have intruded at just this instant! "No other cable from the family, what?"

"No," she said, and then, "Is the Dome amusing?"

It was after two the next morning when Claire returned to the hotel. Miss Bulkley, her hat and coat on, was in the vestibule talking to the night *concierge* and the assistant manager. "Claire! Wherever have you been? I've been frantic. For hours! She began to weep. "I was just going on

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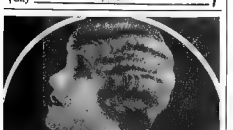

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to try to find you. I didn't know what might have happened to you."

That afternoon, as she stood on the deck of the steamer, watching France fade into a thin gray smudge across the east horizon, Claire tried to remember what it was that she had forgotten to do. Ah, yes! Of course. It came back to her. To cable Ian. Now she must send him a wireless instead.

CLAIRE was apprehensive about her home-coming. There would be, she was sure, scenes. Inquiries regarding drafts. And, presently, more bills from the Paris shops. A most unpropitious atmosphere into which to introduce the subject of Ian Bulteel. It might be a month before she could mention him with safety. It would be madness to speak of so startling a development to an already irritated family. She arrived in Columbus to find any annoyances on her score overshadowed by something infinitely more formidable.

There was a general strike throughout the factories. Driving through town from the station the night she reached home, they passed thousands of idle men standing about, listening to the harangues of hired demagogs. Claire asked her father what it meant. He told her something about martial law, a strike, and a coming arbitration.

"They're all Bolsheviks," said Jenny. "Every one of them. Your father and all the other owners have made all manner of offers to them. They don't know where their own best interests lie. And now all the works are shut down and every one may be ruined. Did you have any trouble with the customs, dear! Well, I think you were very wise. I have never been able to see the sense of declaring everything."

To Claire the situation sounded most ominous. The daily papers were filled with scare-heads. If they should be ruined, she wondered, what would become of her? She had no faintest notion of her father's affairs. She knew he owned a certain plant and that he was a director in several other companies. He paid her bills and honored her drafts. Till now that had been sufficient. She tried to elicit some information regarding their affairs from her mother. Jenny was too occupied with her various activities to have any time to explain the complications of Wilbur's businesses.

"I'm really too busy to-day, dear, to go into it all with you. It's most involved. There's something about the bank. And there's something else about the plants. The men want stock in the companies or they won't take stock. I've forgotten which. A most serious situation. The telephone?" to the maid who had appeared. "For me? Who is it? Well, why didn't you take the name?"

Jenny was, at the moment, deep in a project whereby the school-children of the city were to contribute pennies to be spent on bird-seed, the seed to be placed in little bags hung on all the trees in the residential districts. A scrapetress was at Norwood, making small red cheese-cloth bags in which the bird-seed would be placed. She sent word into the library, where Claire and Jenny were sitting, to know if she might speak with Mrs. Watson. As her mother rose Claire looked at her with astonishment.

"How can you go on fussing with that silly bird-seed when we may be ruined?"

JENNY was already gone, hurrying out into the hall to greet a reporter.

"The admission to the Bird-seed Tea," Claire heard her saying, "will be a handful of pennies, or as many as each child may bring. Yes, put that in. Little red bags will be distributed to each guest with the teacup and wafer."

Busying herself with cheese-cloth bags while a mob was threatening to burn their factories! Claire turned to her father.

He seemed so happy to have her home. Not one word of reproach had he uttered for all her extravagance. In an access of grateful sympathy she developed a sudden tenderness for him. The morning the arbitrators were to convene she dressed herself carefully in black, without a sign of jewelry, and appeared in the dining-room as Wilbur was at breakfast.

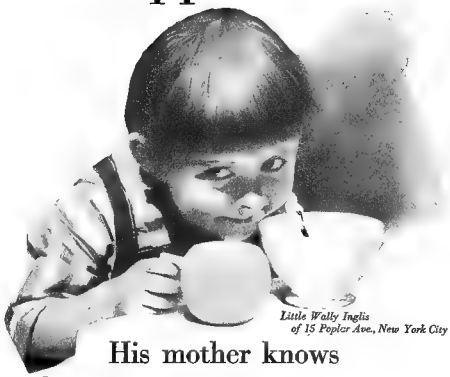
"I'm coming in with you, dear," she announced. "I can't bear to think of you there, with all those strike-leaders."

"But my dear child."

"I don't care I'm coming in. I won't have you there alone."

He smiled at her gently. "I'm afraid, my dear, it really wouldn't do, deeply as I appreciate your intentions. But will you come and lunch with me at the club to-day?" He was immensely touched. He did not

Nothing the matter with *his* appetite!



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ask that she understand. It was enough that she should be interested in him. For the first time in their lives they met on a footing of friendship. Wilbur talked to her as he had never talked to Jenny. Claire sensed it and was elated. Relieved, too, to discover that, no matter how the strike might go, there was no question of ruin. They would never have to sell Norwood.

"And now let's talk of something else," he said as they were having coffee, "besides this wretched strike."

"Oh, no, dear! Go on. I'm really terribly interested." Poor dear, she realized, how little attention he had ever received from either Jenny or herself. She made a definite effort to be captivating, and was amazed how readily he responded. That evening she told him about Ian.

"I didn't write, dear, because I knew you'd be so terribly upset. You know you can't explain about a person in a letter. And, dear, I wanted to tell you first. Because you know the complications mother will raise. You'll help me, won't you, dear?"

He took her hands in both of his. "Claire! My little Claire!"

SHE had never seen her father moved, had never really thought of him as possessed of any emotions. "I'm so sorry," she said, "that I spent so much money. I am, honestly. I didn't mean to. Every time I dress at Worth I promised myself I'd never do, it again. But the money just vanished. Everything's so horribly expensive."

"That's quite all right, my dear. That's all behind us now. We won't think of that any more. But this matter—this chap —what's his name again? You'll have to tell me a little more about him. It's come rather as a surprize, you know."

She put her arm about his neck. "I know it, dear. I didn't mean to mention it till after the strike was settled. But Ian keeps writing to know if I've told you yet. He's so old-fashioned, you know. He thinks he should have asked for your permission before he proposed to me."

That night Claire cabled Ian that she had told her father. Then, as they were having coffee in the library after dinner, the news was broken to Jenny. For possibly five minutes Jenny sat staring into the fireplace. She was overcome. That Claire should have come home engaged and not told her was a blow. That Wilbur should have been told first was a double blow. Before she finally spoke, a dozen schemes to stop the marriage had rushed through her mind. Claire and Wilbur in league against her! Treachery! The engagement must be, should be, broken off!

"Just who is this Ian Bulteel?" she asked at last.

Claire tried to explain, against a wall of silence behind which Jenny crouched, elaborately bored with everything.

"I see," with an enigmatic smile toward the dying embers. "Some one you met in Egypt. A chance acquaintance. Some fellow who possibly imagines you have money." She had been mortally wounded, and wished to give back hurt for hurt. Wilbur rose and crept off to his room. Claire was thankful to have him go. His absence left her freer to argue with her mother. Claire's voice rose. Jenny maintained her smiling incredulity. Claire raged and stamped her foot. Neither gained nor gave an inch. At last they separated for the night. The next day and for days afterward the house rang with dispute, Claire vehement, Jenny soft-voiced, alternately smiling or weeping.

"This Ian, as you call him, why doesn't he come out here and meet your father and myself? Why doesn't he come with proper credentials and let us meet him?"

Duty? Unable to get leave? Who were his family? Who were the Ashtons? Jenny had never heard of any of them. More casual acquaintances of Claire's? Surely Ian will come to America. Surely an honorable man would not wish to place a young girl in the position of pursuing him half-way across the world.

"I'm not pursuing him!"

"I can't imagine what you call it, then, expecting to go back to Europe to be married."

Scene upon scene. Jenny's devilish ability to twist all Claire said into a trap.

The evening Wilbur came home and announced that the strike was settled Jenny did not even listen to him.

"Wilbur!" she interrupted, "I insist that something be done to put an end to this affair with this good-for-nothing Englishman. I want it stopped! What do you know about him? What does any one know about him? Nothing!"

"Miss Bulkley, bah!"

If Jenny had been less insistent, or Wilbur less kind, it is quite possible Claire might have let Ian Bulteel go the way of so many other men. But Jenny gave her no respite. The set smile never relaxed. The hard, bright eyes followed Claire's every move. Whether Jenny was speaking, or was silent, or was weeping, Claire was conscious of her mother's determination that the engagement should be broken. And every act of her mother's strengthened her determination to marry Ian.

It went on all Summer. Wild anguish in Jenny's soul that Wilbur should have usurped her place in Claire's affections.

One evening in the late Summer—a lengthy correspondence had taken place among Wilbur, Ian, and all Ian's family—Wilbur said to Jenny, "Frankly, my dear, I can see no reason for not giving my consent to this engagement. By every account he seems a most splendid young chap."

"Wilbur Watson!" Jenny sank down on the foot of her bed. "Do you mean to tell me you are willing to allow your daughter, your only child, to marry a man you have never seen? A man of whom you know absolutely nothing?"

"My dear Jen, you exaggerate. I have had letters from his father, from his sister, from his colonel, from the boy himself. And, besides, the bank here has been in communication with their bankers. I have even made inquiries through our embassy. And from every source the most excellent reports."

"But none of that means anything. Who is going to tell you the truth about him? His sister? His father? Really, Wilbur, you are such a child. People never tell the things one wants to know about a man until too late. For all you know he may have half a dozen women."

"I have a copy of his service record."

"Oh, really, Wilbur, as if they wouldn't give him a good record if it's a question of his marrying a rich American. No, I shall never consent until I have seen him."

Claire entered the room at that moment. "You can consent or not, I don't care. I'm going to marry him, in spite of anything you do. I'm going to marry him and live in England, where I'll have some sort of life. I detest it here. I always have."

Jenny began to weep. They were both against her. Every one was against her. Her one thought was for Claire's best. No one appreciated her. She wished that she were dead. It was some time before they stilled her sobs. Wilbur was completely unnerved. Even Claire, who knew that Jenny's tears were deliberate, was disturbed. Finally it was agreed that Claire and her mother should go abroad in order that Jenny might inspect Ian and draw her own conclusions.

"And if I am satisfied that he is a man who will make Claire happy, that's all I ask. Then I shall only too gladly give my consent." Jenny wiped her eyes and put on a brave smile. "That's all I want to know, dear, that your future is secure."

"But," said Claire to her father when they were alone, "what she said just now means nothing. I know her so well. She'll find objections to him. If she can't actually discover anything she'll invent something. You know as well as I do that the truth means nothing to her."

SADLY Wilbur admitted the verity of what Claire said, and patiently let Jenny reproach him for having suggested Claire's going round the world.

"I don't know why I ever let her go abroad. I never wished her to go with that woman. I was against it from the start. But I was overruled. And now this wretched man is the result. And I don't feel I know Claire any more. She's not open with me. And you are aiding her. Yes, you are Wilbur! Don't deny it."

Claire wished to have her engagement announced before they went abroad. Jenny refused to hear of it. To spare her father further scenes Claire forbore to press the point. Jenny was ruthless with him, conscious of his own sensitive, too gentle, to combat her.

"You know," she told her mother one afternoon, "if you or father belonged to my generation he'd have divorced you years ago. Yes, honestly! I mean, many nowadays don't stand being tormented as you torment him. No, really. I don't know how he's stood it as long as he has."

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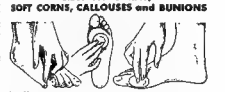

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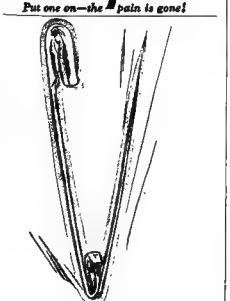

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Jenny looked at her with terror. "Oh, Claire," she said, "what a dreadful thing to say to your own mother! Why! Your father and I are the most devoted couple." Her mind turned back on itself. "Is that your idea of marriage? Is that the sort of marriage you and Ian have planned?"

Claire did not answer. She no longer cared what arguments her mother used. She was going to marry and live in England. Marry Ian and be quit of Jenny and Norwood and all the humdrum life about it. Already she was planning her trousseau.

ON THEIR way through New York, Claire saw George Andrews for the first time in over a year. He had been out of town when she had landed in the Spring. George had done very well: was with a well-known broker, had got himself into several good clubs. He dined with Claire and Jenny several times. Jenny made him most welcome, effusively so, to Claire's annoyance, and told their few friends in New York that she believed American girls should marry nice American men.

"American girls," she said, "are so impressionable. All one of those foreigners has to do is kiss their hands and they completely lose their heads, and come back home and won't look at perfectly splendid young men who would make them wonderful husbands."

"Oh, stop it!" Claire finally told her. "If you mean George Andrews, why did you break it up two years ago?"

"I? Break it up? Why, Claire. You know that's not the truth. I had nothing whatsoever to do with it. You went off round the world. You wanted to go. You said so. He asked you to wait a year and you wouldn't. Claire, how can you say I broke it up? I consider that most unjust."

She had frequently questioned herself, in the past weeks, if it would not have been wiser to have let the Andrews engagement run its normal course. Certainly better than to have Claire marry a foreigner, an Englishman. Very difficult people. She shook her head. No, this marriage would be prevented. Means would be found. It was for this very reason that she was now on her way to Europe.

They sailed on the *Mauretania*. Two rooms and a bath on the upper deck. Jenny was terrified of the sea, and if the ship were going to sink she wished to have to climb no stairs to gain the life-boats. It was many years since she and Wilbur had made their one trip to Europe. The increased luxury of travel delighted her. All the first day she talked of the trip she and Wilbur had made, and how much nicer everything had become. At dinner Claire, lulled into a false security by Jenny's amiable mood, mentioned her wedding. "We'll want to have the American ambassador."

"I," said Jenny, "there is a wedding. Yes, I think it would be very nice to have him."

"What do you mean—if there is a wedding'?"

"Just that." Jenny was stirring her coffee. "I'm not at all sure, as yet, that there is going to be a wedding."

"Or, aren't you?" In a frenzy of irritation Claire leaned across the table and slapped the smug face, and then leaned back, soothed and exhilarated as Jenny rose and tottered out of the salon. Why, Claire asked herself, as she finished her coffee, had she never done it before?

THEY did not speak again till they landed at Cherbourg. Jenny remained in her cabin, in bed. It was her habit to go to bed and remain there for long intervals, completely relaxed, when she had no particular business afoot. From time to time she ordered meals. When Claire came to the door Jenny would feign sleep or, smelling-salts in hand, would groan faintly and turn a pained face to the wall.

Claire knew her mother was not ill, but merely performing an intricate rôle intended to undermine her determination to marry Ian Bulteel. She knew she had but to go into the semidarkened stateroom, weep a little, ask her mother's pardon, and allow Jenny to upbraid her for an hour or two, and Jenny would arise, brisk and refreshed by her long rest, and begin busily to plan a tour of antique-shops on the letter of credit Wilbur had given her to purchase Claire a trousseau.

It had been arranged that, the week-end following their arrival in Paris, Ian was to come over from England and meet Jenny. Jenny had installed herself in a suite at the Plaza Athénée. "This sitting-room," she informed Claire, "is a frightful

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A. A red hair showing how nature distributes the color throughout the inner fibers of the hair.

B. A gray hair, colorless and drab because nature no longer implants pigment in the fibers within the hair covering.

C. A gray hair dyed with a "coating" dye. Notice the crust of dye which plasters and makes it coarse, stiff and brittle.

D. A gray hair recolored with Notox. Notice that the Notox coloring is implanted throughout the inner fibers of the hair, with no thickening of the hair's transparent covering—exactly as in the natural hair (marked A).

If you're ever going to have a permanent wave don't use any tint but NOTOX to recolor your gray hairs. Other dyes, which plate the hair with a crust of color to conceal the gray, make the hair so stiff and wiry that it cannot be waved successfully. That kind of dyed hair resists taking a wave; sometimes it breaks off in bunches; sometimes it fades to queer colors in the permanent waving process. Don't risk such horrid possibilities with your hair. Insist on Inecto Rapid NOTOX, the modern scientific hair tint.

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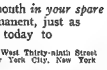

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additional expense. I don't know what your father will think of me. But I am forced to take it. I wish to be able to see Ian privately. I refuse to have you talked about in the hotel."

Claire did not care what rooms her mother took. Her sole preoccupation was that Ian might appear well at this initial meeting. Claire wished that she might see him alone, first, and prepare him for her mother. Since her Egyptian sojourn and her glimpse of other worlds she had come to regard her mother as a social catastrophe. Jenny was a type which Ian would never have encountered. What, Claire wondered, would he think of her? And he could so innocently do some trifling things that would give Jenny's prejudices a semblance of justification. There was no limit to which she would not go, given the least opportunity. The day Ian was to arrive Claire announced she was going to the Gare du Nord to meet him.

"Indeed you will do nothing of the sort!"

"But why not?"

"I won't have you running about meeting men in public places."

"Oh, Mother, you're the most irritating human being I've ever known."

"Claire," coldly—ladylike, no matter what—"Ian will come up here, to the rooms, for tea, and meet me properly. Correctly. I have ordered dinner up here, too. A delicious little dinner. Afterward we can sit here and visit."

"But I want to see Ian alone! Can't you understand that? I haven't seen him for months. I don't want to stay cooped up in these rooms all the time he's here. Mother! D'you hear me?"

"Yes, I hear you."

"Well?"

FINALLY, after an hour of argument, when each was choked with the dust of her own acrimony, Jenny agreed that they should have tea down-stairs in the tea-room, dinner in their sitting-room, and then, later, Claire and Ian could go to a theater and somewhere afterward to dance.

"If that was what you had in mind, I can't see why you didn't say so in the first place. Really, Mother, you're impossible. You've made me so nervous I'm ready to scream!"

Claire was in no state to meet a *fiancé* and present him to a prejudiced parent, and she waited for Ian's arrival in an agony of nerves. When he was announced she was on the verge of hysterics. Never had she seen Jenny quite so maddeningly affected as she was at tea. During dinner Claire thrice avoided shrieking by sheer force of will. She was so nervous, so fearful lest Ian say or do anything to which Jenny could take umbrage, and so acutely aware of Jenny's antagonism to him, that she could not be natural.

But Ian seemed quite unaware of any situation. He met them in the foyer, was presented to Jenny, smiled at Claire, and drank his tea most calmly. Jenny's innuendos passed him by. A very restful person. No nerves. Once or twice he raised his brows involuntarily at remarks of Jenny's, but otherwise they might have been most casual friends, dining together anywhere. Did Claire wonder, sometimes, how nastily Jenny was behaving? If he did, how adroit of him to ignore it! Or was that merely ingenuous simplicity?

When Claire and Ian returned, late that night, the lights in Jenny's bedroom were out. Claire stole into her own room and locked the door. Yes, Ian was both ingenuous and adroit. And very understanding.

"But, Claire dear, I quite understand your mother's feelings. It's the most understandable thing in the world. She doesn't know me from Adam, or Eve, either. Naturally she wants to meet me. And meet my people. You know, dear, it's a most difficult position for her. Yes, it is, really. Sibyl wants you both to come over for the races and a smallish house-party at Steyning. No, truly, dear, she doesn't make me in the least nervous. We've had some jolly nice letters from your father. I'm awfully keen to meet him. So's the governor. I know we're going to be great pals."

The week-end passed as it had begun. Jenny, a smile always upon her lips, was very little. Ian's courtesy baffled her. She did not know how to proceed against a man who refused to be made uncomfortable. Always heretofore, when she had fastened her little eyes on any man and stared at him without speaking, he had flinched. But Ian did not flinch. Did not even color. Merely smiled and asked her some polite banality. He was, she decided, deep.

Sunday they motored out to Fontainebleau for luncheon. A trying journey. Jenny was polite to Ian, but each time he spoke she leaned past him to give some order to the chauffeur. Between interruptions she sat silently smiling at the landscape. It was a pose Claire knew she could maintain for days and weeks on end.

Claire had seen her use it times without number on Wilbur when he had refused her something. Rather amusing to see it fall like a spent arrow before Ian's blank urbanity. Wonderful to be urbane. She tried herself to be urbane, and failed. Nothing short of physical violence could shatter the spell her mother's benison had cast over her. When they returned to Paris she went into Jenny's room.

"Well? Are you satisfied with him? Certainly you have asked him every conceivable question, and each one to the most disagreeable way."

"I am reserving my judgment. One can not come to a decision about a man's character from having seen him at a luncheon and a dinner I wish to be he. He seems a nice enough fellow. Not a strong type. Nor a serious one. And, of course, I know nothing of his prospects."

"You don't? Why not? Can't you read English? Haven't you seen all the letters? All the reports, from Colonel Lloyd, and their bankers, and their trustees? What more do you want?"

"Claire dear, don't excite yourself. I wish to be fair. Impartial. He is not a type I care for, but if he is a good man—"

Claire started to speak, and choked. Jenny was changing for dinner. "Well, no matter what kind of man he is, stop being so elegant. You're too awful. Yes, honestly!" Before Jenny could utter a reprimand Claire had gone into her own room.

Claire was still disturbed when they met Ian before dinner. But Jenny was all smiles. They were dining at the Café de Paris. They arrived to find they had been given an awkward table. The restaurant was crowded with American buyers. Jenny continued to be brisk. The *sommelier* presented the wine list. Jenny stared sagely at the page at which it was opened. *Bordeaux Rouges.* Claire snatched it away from her. "Oh, Mother, really! You know you can't see anything without your glasses. *Bordeaux!* Euh! We don't want that. Where're the champagnes? Oh, yes." To the *sommelier*, "*Pommery Sec.* Two bottles."

"One bottle will be quite enough, dear."

"Two bottles," said Claire, furious at her mother, more furious at herself for letting Jenny upset her before Ian.

"What do you think, Ian?" Jenny smiled toward him. Now she had him. He must disagree with one of them. "Don't you think two bottles rather— Oh, I forgot. You English are all great drinkers. Of course." She gave a happy little laugh. Another argument which she could use against him. "Two bottles, by all means."

"One," he answered blandly, "should be sufficient. If we wish another we can always order it." Smiling, he turned to Claire and asked her to dance.

"It's so crowded," she said as the music ceased. "But of course mother would come here. Some one at Vionnet's told her it was the smart place. She is so invitative."

"Oh, but, my dear, she simply idolizes you."

"Oh, well! What's the use of being idolized if it's only used as an excuse to do anything one wants to do! My dear, you don't know what she's been like this last Summer."

Ian was going back to England the next morning. During the whole of his first visit Jenny did not allow him to mention the engagement. But this Sunday night, as they faced him good-by at the door of the hotel, Jenny gave his arm a Judas pat, and told him he must come over soon again, and told him he must come over soon again.

"Very soon. You and I must have a little talk. About a number of things." She smiled her most disarming smile.

PERHAPS, thought Claire, her apprehensions had been groundless. Perhaps Jenny had sincerely wished to meet Ian before giving her consent. They entered the lobe giving her consent. They entered the lobe giving her consent. They entered the lobe

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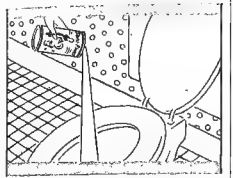

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"Oh, Mother stop it! The maid will clean the room. Why don't you say something!"

"I am not prepared to say anything as yet." The slamming of Claire's door put an end to the evening.

IN THE days following Ian's first visit Jenny was intolerable. Vague. Mysterious. The most unexpected moments she would break her silences to recall some speech of Ian's and repeat it with a little laugh. She seldom spoke directly to Claire. Always before when Jenny had adopted this particular means of showing her annoyance Claire had been able to escape. But alone with her in Paris there was no escape. All day long Jenny dragged her from shop to shop. Jenny adored shopping. It exhilarated her. She could stand for hours without a murmur of fatigue while tradespeople displayed the entire contents of their shops. Then, her curiosity satisfied, she would complain of feeling faint, send Claire to fetch a taxi, be driven back to the hotel, undress, and go to bed.

They spent hours shopping. Jenny, pencil in hand, would crouch beside the English-speaking *vendeuse*, watching each frock that was shown and smiling enigmatically as Claire would cry:

"Oh, my dear! That white model. The one with the rhinestones. Isn't it too divine! How much is it? Eight thousand. Oh, my dear, I'd give anything for that dress."

A drama of temptation, as Claire was aware. Jenny, turning to the *vendeuse*, would say, "Yes, it is a pretty model, isn't it? But, of course, no earthly use to any one who was going to bury herself in some little English garrison town."

From time to time veiled allusions to George Andrews. "Just the sort of dress that would look so smart if one were living in New York."

Again, oblique remarks to which one could not take exception without putting oneself completely in the wrong. Fatal to argue with Jenny. Useless to use tact. Jenny interpreted such as signs of weakness.

Weary promenades through the Faubourg St. Honoré and the Rue de Provence, picking over countless antique-shops—shopping but never purchasing.

By evening Jenny would be tired. Her feet would ache and she would insist they dine in their sitting-room. To the theater she refused to go. Her French was less than rudimentary. She could not understand a syllable the actors said. But rather than admit that, she declared all Paris playhouses were flimsy fire-traps and that she would not risk her life. Claire was beside herself with boredom.

"To-night," she said one evening as they came back to the hotel, "do let's do something. Let's go somewhere to dinner. And somewhere afterward. Anything. I don't care. I'll even go to the Opéra, if you want to. Really, Mother, I can't stand it. I won't stand it. Shopping all day long and then coming back to sit in our rooms. Oh, I don't care if you are tired. So am I."

"Very odd," said Jenny to the chandelier, "for an engaged girl to wish to go about without her *fiancé*!"

"But am I engaged!"

"You say you are." The question of dining out was lost in the scene that ensued.

"Of course, I am only your mother!" murmured Jenny when Claire had exhausted herself. "I am helpless. I must sit here and allow you to abuse me." The facile tears. Claire subsided. It was she who was powerless. Jenny had the letter of credit. What money her father had given Claire had long since been spent. Once she considered borrowing a few hundred francs from the *concierge* and running off to England. She told her mother that one morning while they were arguing over a hat that Claire had ordered.

That afternoon, when Claire came up from luncheon—Jenny had been too ill to go down—Jenny had the contents of Claire's writing-case, all Ian's letters, and Wilbur's too, carefully spread out on the desk to dry.

"I'm so sorry, dear," said Jenny. "I upset a vase into your writing-case. I do hope nothing is spoiled."

"But when I went out this morning it was locked."

"Was it, really? Mercy! Then the chambermaid must have picked the lock. I never did like that girl's looks. We must speak about it to the office."

It was after that incident that Claire thought of Derek Barrat. She had almost

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decided she never wished to see him again, but three weeks alone with Jenny and she welcomed any diversion. So amusing, Derek. It would be rather fun seeing him again. She did not even know if he were in Paris, but risked a note to an address he had once given her. It would be a relief to laugh again, with some one who did not behave like a melancholy Bellona. Ian was coming over again in a fortnight.

That night she wrote Derek that she was in Paris, and wouldn't he meet her, if he were in Paris, the next Thursday, at the Ritz. It would be fun seeing him again.

AS CLAIRE came through the glass doors from the Rue Cambon into the lounge of the Ritz, Derek Barran was standing by the windows looking into the garden. A patch of bright September sunlight lay on the latticed garden wall. Above the wall towered the trees of an adjoining garden. A white urn filled with vivid flowers made her think of Capri.

He turned as she came up the steps toward him, and her mind fluttered back to the bronze faun in the *Camere Segrete*. It was months since she had thought of it. The same lithe, reckless figure; the same mocking, innocently wicked grin. He might have had a reed pipe in his fingers instead of a cigaret.

"Oh, hello there!" he said. "When did you arrive?" He took her hand and smiled. "You're looking most beautiful. How was America? And the family? I say, shall we have tea over on the Vendôme side, or what shall we do? Go somewhere else?

"Whatever you suggest." She was delighted to see him again. "I don't care at all. Anywhere you say. I simply want to be amused."

"Then let's go in here"—he led the way toward the ladies' bar—"until we think of something more original." He paused on the threshold of the crowded little room.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of Pictorial Review, published monthly at Jamaica, N. Y., for April 1, 1930.

STATE OF NEW YORK } ss.
COUNTY OF NEW YORK }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared William F. Ahnell, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the PICTORIAL REVIEW, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

Publisher—THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

Editor—ARTHUR T. VANCE, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

Managing Editor—PERCY WAXMAN, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

Business Manager—WILLIAM F. AHNELL, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

2. That the owners are: THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY, a corporation, 222-226 West 39th Street, New York City.

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: NONE

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Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of March, 1930.

[SEAL] SADYE SHAW,
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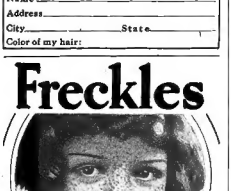

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"Quaint place this, isn't it? Sort of a purgatory, in which those who have misbehaved in their former American existences are damned to pass a certain time before they are released to the delights of the Elysian Fields."

The room was thick with smoke. The low ceiling intensified the shrill, chattering voices rising from each table. "Tell me, have all these gay ladies husbands or fathers or any of that sort of thing? How do they manage to get about so, alone? Oh, well. No matter. What have you been doing? And what're you doing here?

"The Ohio was still there when you got home, I take it. And do you came away again, and are now off to Biarritz or somewhere. And then what? Why don't you go to Spain? You know I think you'd be a great success beyond the Pyrenees. Matadors, and all that sort of thing. And have we still the Great Bulkley? No?"

SHE laughed. "No," she said, "I've come over with my mother."

"Oh, really! How extremely un-American!"

She did not like his questions. Still less did she like the thought of Derek and Jenny meeting. No. That must be avoided. "And what," she asked, "have you been doing with yourself all Summer?"

"What have I done? Nothing. Thinking again, and am now off to Biarritz or somewhere. And then what? Why don't you go to Spain? You know I think you'd be a great success beyond the Pyrenees. Matadors, and all that sort of thing. And have we still the Great Bulkley? No?"

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"What have I done? Nothing. Thinking again, and am now off to Biarritz or somewhere. And then what?" Claire smiled. "And fishing."

"Fishing! Oh, my dear, not really. Where?"

"Down off the coast of Spain. Coruña way. Tuna-fishing, in the same sort of archaic craft in which Jean Bart crossed to Canada some centuries ago."

"Oh, my dear! It sounds too ghastly."

"Wasn't, tho. Quite the most delightful Summer I've spent in years. Nothing to do but drink, and fish, and sing. The boat's name was *Je Crois en Dieu*. Nice, that, isn't it? And the most charming crew. Quite illiterate. Naive sophisticates. In the cabin was a statue to Sainte-Anne."

"Oh, Derek, really!" She smiled, looking at him through her lashes. "And is that all you did?"

"Almost. You see, the *patron*, Yves Moallic, is a great ally of mine. Oh, yes, we've been friends for years. He refused to let me work. Implied it would be undignified. So I sat on deck, in red dungarees and sabots, and drank dippefuls of *vin de Nantes* just the color of the dungarees, and discussed religion and politics and the origins of the Arthurian legends. Occasionally, when the *thons* were giving themselves with reckless generosity, one used to lend a hand. But not often. Such tact, those Bretons. Celts unspoiled by Anglo-Saxon contact."

She would have adored to have seen him in red dungarees. And wooden shoes. "But don't they hurt your feet?"

"The pain," pausing to light a cigaret, "is excruciating. But they were adamant. Insisted leather shoes damaged the cargo. One might slip and fall overboard. I used to get them off, tho, when no one was watching. And we did the pardons. Sainte-Anne d'Auray and what not. Auray. A great gray church in a field in a grove of oak-trees. Mistletoe and a spring, you know. Used to be a druid sanctuary.

"Before the midnight mass there was a torchlight procession. Amazing spectacle. Thousands of peasants, thousands of them, all in black, carrying lighted torches, weaving in and out amongst the trees, chanting. All in costume. Men in velvet jackets and great round hats with streamers, and women with head-dresses all stuck with jewels, and embroidered aprons. And all utterly oblivious of the background of Protestant tourists. Oh, yes, masses of those. They had all the beds in the inns. We had to sleep out in the fields. I can't imagine why they came. They didn't get it at all. I made some sketches. You must come over to my place some day and have a look at 'em. Or would it bore you to tears?"

"Oh, no! I'd adore to." She glanced at the clock. "Oh, my dear! It's after six. I must be off."

"Oh, don't go. Stay on, and then let's dine somewhere. You haven't told me anything yet. Why you're here, or for how long, or anything."

"Yes, I must go. Really. I had no idea that it was so late."

"When am I going to see you again?"

Claire shrugged, knowing it would be difficult to arrange.

"How about Monday? At my place. Avenue Vavin. You've never seen it, have you? Derek had a bit, you know. I might do your portrait." He smiled. "Just the head of Venus, to begin with. How about it?" The doorman had stopped a taxi. "Where shall I drop you? Plaza Athénée. How very chic, and American!"

"What d'you mean?"

As they turned into the Boulevard des Capucines the street lights had been lit. A blue veil had been drawn across the city, tho the sky was still vermilion at the end of the Rue Royale. "Really," he said, ignoring her question, "it is the most beautiful city in the world, now, isn't it? All these lights. And those fountains." They were crossing the Place de la Concorde. He turned and kissed her.

"You shouldn't have done that," Claire murmured.

"But why not? Why else does one ever take a taxi in Paris? If one merely wishes to get from one place to another one takes the Metro. You see?" He kissed her again. "And, Claire, d'you mind my telling you something? Well, never be naive. It's not your type."

JENNY was sitting in a chair in the foyer when Claire walked into the hotel. "Had a pleasant stroll?" Her tiny eyes were hard with annoyance. "You might at least have told me you were going out." She rose, and, taking Claire's arm, strolled toward the lift. "When I woke up from my nap you were gone and I couldn't imagine what had happened to you. I never want you to do that to me again."

Claire was about to offer some excuse when she heard some one call her name. Coming toward them was Lady Kitty Lloyd.

"Why, Claire Watson! But how awfully nice! You staying here? Fancy that. So are we." Lady Kitty's manner was that of an old friend. "What a pity we haven't met before! We might have dined, and done a play or something. How are you? And when did you come over?"

Claire turned to Jenny. "Oh, Mother, this is Lady Kitty Lloyd."

Lady Kitty smiled and held out her hand. "Oh, how d'you do?" heartily. Jenny barely bent her head, ignored the hand,

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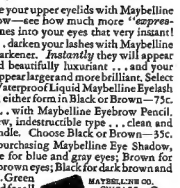

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and gave her a withering look. Her lady-ship's brows quivered slightly as she turned back to Claire. "I saw Ian just before we came over. He told me he had seen you." She included Jenny. "Charming fellow, Ian, isn't he? We're all devoted to him."

She waited half an instant. Jenny's gaze was riveted on some imaginary object far down the corridor. "What fun," said Lady Kitty gaily, "you two must be having, doing all the shops and everything." Another almost perceptible pause. "Are you coming over to England? Oh, do! And do let us know beforehand. Now, really." Jenny's aloof silence had become embarrassing. "I'm so sorry, we're off to-night. Otherwise we might have done something. How long will you be——"

"Claire!" Jenny's voice was peremptory, "the elevator is waiting for us."

"Good-by, my dear. Good-by, Mrs. Watson. It's been so charming meeting you. And do let us know if you come over." Lady Kitty's smile did not wane, even as Jenny, seizing Claire's arm, stepped past her into the lift. But as she walked back to join her party it became faintly quizzical.

"And just who, may I ask," said Jenny loftily, as the car shot upward, "was that? Some one of your Egyptian friends?"

"That was Lady Kitty Lloyd. Her husband's Ian's colonel. And her brother's the Earl of Doncaster."

"He is!" Jenny's face underwent a swift transformation. "Are you sure? Well, why didn't you tell me that? Oh, dear! Was that the earl with her? Really, Claire, I wish you would train yourself to speak more distinctly. I didn't catch the name at all. And she was so anxious that we have dinner with her. And she spoke so nicely of Ian. But I dare say it's only politic of her to speak well of the officers of her husband's regiment. That sort of praise means nothing, really. Oh, I do wish you'd told me who she was."

They had reached their sitting-room. Jenny sank into a chair. Suddenly she raised her head. "Oh, Claire, while you were out this afternoon that Madame Beremble came with some things she said you ordered. I refused to take them."

"But it was you who ordered them." Claire knew this mention of Madame Beremble was a deliberate distraction. Jenny wished to lead the conversation away from Ian and Lady Kitty.

"Oh, no," said Jenny, shaking her head. "I did nothing of the kind. I looked at some of her things, but I didn't order anything. No, indeed. And, anyway, I've found another woman who has things I like better. She can just pick out the monograms and sell them to some one else. I'm not going to take them. I told her so. And, Claire, in the future I wish you would consult me before you have things sent collect to the hotel here. She was most unpleasant. I don't like it."

"But you ordered them! I was with you. I heard you. She took your measures and I heard you give the order."

"Well, Claire dear, we won't argue about it. As I say, I have found another place I like better. Now, Claire, I'm not going to have you quarrel with me about some wretched little sewing-woman. I'm tired. I've had a most exhausting day."

"What doing, may I ask?"

Jenny opened the *Paris Herald*. "Ring for the waiter, will you, please? I'm her eyes on the paper. I want to dine at once."

"Mother, you have absolutely no sense of honor about anything, have you!"

WITH a look of injured dignity Jenny rose, tottered across the salon to her own room, went in, and closed the door.

A *chasseur* brought up a packet of letters. Amongst them was one from Ian. Dear Ian. So sweet. A pity, rather, that he did not possess a little of that recklessness of Derek Barran. But life with Derek would be extremely wearing. All very well for an hour or so, but dreadful to think of living with a man who might at any moment rush off to the strange ends of the earth. And with men like Derek the woman was always secondary, whereas Ian was so wonderfully considerate.

Ian, Lady Kitty. How awfully nice she had been! So gracious. Friendly. And how outrageous Jenny had been and how taken aback on hearing who Lady Kitty was! Typical of her! Typical of her, too, her attitude about poor little Madame Beremble. The twinge of conscience which Ian's letter had aroused regarding Derek Barran vanished. There was no earthly reason why she should not see Derek. No reason why she should not go to his studio. Those two kisses had meant nothing. He might be in love with her. Claire felt he was. All men were in love with her, but so long as she was not in love with him that did not matter. It was quite all right for him to do her portrait. Why not? Quite all right, too, for her to see as much of him as amused her.

WHEN Jenny reappeared in the sitting-room Claire informed her that an artist she knew called Derek Barran, whom she had run into quite by accident that afternoon, wanted to do her portrait.

"Who is he?" asked Jenny.

"Oh, some one I met last year. An Irishman. Quite well known. He did a portrait of one of the ministers and got a ribbon for it. I'm going over to his studio Monday to see some of his things."

"Do you think Ian would approve of your going to an artist's studio? Really, Claire, if you are going to be married in November——"

"But are you going to let me be married in November?"

"That," with a tight smile, "depends entirely upon Ian."

"Oh, I can't stand it." Claire threw up her hands. "All that all over again. If you wanted to find out about them, why wouldn't you go to England first, and meet them? Are you afraid to? Why wouldn't you accept Lady Maitland's invitation for the races?"

"Because it was more dignified, more ladylike for me to have Ian come first to see me. And as for accepting Lady Maitland's invitation, I should consider it too significant under the circumstances. Besides, I would never accept an invitation from any one I had not met socially."

"Oh, rubbish! What's significant about going to a horse-race? Really! All this sudden elegance. You're too ridiculous. But I don't care. I'm going to marry him. Yes, I am. You're opposing Ian just the way you opposed George Andrews. And every other man I've ever liked. For no reason at all. You drive me frantic. I mean, if you knew how perfectly wild you make me!"

"Claire! I won't have you talk so to me. Remember, you are speaking to your mother."

"Who cares!" She went into her bedroom and slammed the door, to pace the floor, twisting her fingers and talking to herself. All the scenes through which she had gone all Summer gone for nothing. All these weeks in Paris gone for nothing. She flung open the door. Jenny and a waiter were deep in conclave over the dinner menu. Food! All her mother lived for. "Mother, you'll either say now when we can be married, or I'll go over to England to-night and marry him to-morrow!"

"Claire!" Jenny raised her eyes. "You're a wicked girl. A wicked, wicked girl to talk like this to your mother." She fumbled for a handkerchief, oblivious of the waiter. "How dare you talk to me? We'll start for home to-morrow. I'll take you right back to Columbus, you bad——" She looked up. She and the waiter were alone.

"*Mademoiselle est sortie.*"

"What?" Jenny staggered to her feet and rushed to Claire's door. "Claire!" she screamed. "Claire! Oh, Claire! Come back!" She tottered across the salon and out into the corridor, a fat old woman in a chiffon dressing-gown. "Claire! Oh, Claire! Oh, somebody run after her! Claire! Oh, I never meant her to do that! Claire!"

The assistant manager and a bevy of excited *femmes de chambre* and hotel guests were hovering about Jenny's dishevelled figure when Claire returned ten minutes later. "What is it?" she inquired. "What on earth's the matter?"

"Oh, Claire!" sobbed Jenny. "You're here! You didn't run away." She looked up. Her terror vanished. Clutching her dressing-gown, she demanded, "Claire! Where have you been? What do you mean by rushing out of the room while I am speaking to you? Answer me!"

"Why, I simply went down-stairs to cable Ian that we'll be married the fifth of November. I sent father a cable, too."

The second instalment of "The Silver Snare" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published June 11th. If you prefer to read this serial novel all at one time keep those issues in which it appears and read the whole story later on

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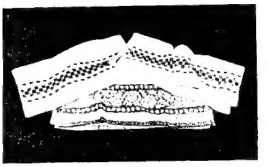

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Such a tooth paste at such a price is made possible only by extraordinary power to buy raw material, and by mass production—the same system that makes the Ford automobile a shining example of merit at low price. Get a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste today and judge its quality for yourself. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE 25¢

Go gle

reducing the care of your floors

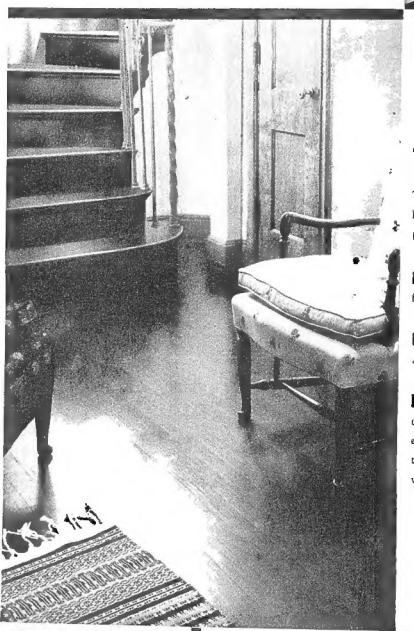
an entirely new method that keeps floors clean, polished, protected — without scrubbing and without slipperiness

■ a free 25c sample to begin

A woman wrote a letter to an editor saying that the varnish on her floors was showing wear in certain places. Could it be prevented? The editor printed an article on the subject.

Other women wrote and said that scrubbing linoleum was taking the life out of it. Yet they couldn't keep it clean otherwise. What did the Institute think about that?

Other women observed that oil on floors made them sticky. After a few oilings, dirt and dust settled into the film and could only be removed by scrubbing. Could the Institute suggest a remedy?



The remedy—

"Don't scrub your floors," the Household Institutes say —and who wants to?). "It damages them. Wherever they are soiled, use Liquid Wax as a cleaner. Wipe over it with a few clean rags and you'll pick up the dirt without leaving a sticky film for dust to cling to."

If you want to prevent wear on varnish and linoleum, see that your cleaning cabinet contains an Electric Polisher. If you don't want to buy one right away, at least rent one at slight cost from one of the stores in your neighborhood and give your floors a protective wax polishing. It's no effort to run—the machine runs itself—and once a month is plenty.

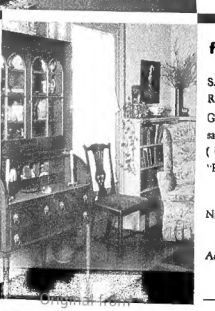
Remember—you are doing this as a remedy for certain "troubles." BUT—after your first waxing, you will also notice an amazing transformation. The floor apparently comes to life. Almost better than new—because the effect of wax is to mellow and enrich anything it touches.

You will discover a new depth to your floors, as though you were seeing deep into the grain of the wood and the pattern of your fine linoleum. Not just one dimension, but two.

Here's the way to try it—

If it sounds new to you, don't give it up for that reason! Try it. Millions of women are using this method and they know—as you will—that their floors were never so beautiful or so simple to take care of.

Beautiful floors. Yes, really. Just send the coupon at the opposite side for a free 25c can of Johnson's Wax, and have them—in your home—now.



The new Improved Johnson Household Polisher —and Johnson's Wax in paste and liquid form

three steps

This treatment applies to all floors—wood, linoleum, composition, tile, etc., varnished, painted, lacquered or shellaced.

1 Where floor is soiled, apply Liquid Wax freely as a cleaner. No scrubbing.

2 Wipe up liquid solution with clean rags. All dirt and dust come with it.

3 Apply thin coat of wax (paste or liquid) over entire floor and when dry, burnish with electric polisher to clear mellow lustre. This treatment at intervals of a month or two will keep floors in perfect condition.

free 25 cent can

S. C. Johnson & Son, Dept. P. R. 6, Racine, Wisconsin.

Gentlemen: Please send free 25c can (not a sample) of Johnson's Wax Polish ( ) paste or ( ) liquid (check one) and illustrated booklet "Reducing the care of floors and furniture."

Name_____ (Please print)

Address_____

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